



CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

ALEXANDER HARVEY

ROBERT A. PARKER

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

EFFECT OF RUSSIA'S COLLAPSE ON THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

WHATEVER hopes had been excited, by recent exchanges between President Wilson, Count Czernin and von Hertling, of the possibility of peace in the near future, seem to have been nipped by an early frost since the collapse of Russia. Germany's occupation of the Baltic provinces, her seizures in Finland and the Aland Islands, her "rectification of the frontier" of the Ukraine, her treatment of Polish districts as pawns in a game, her occupation of Odessa, have been taken, in America at least, as indications that nothing can be hoped for in the way of an honorable peace until a sweeping military defeat is administered to the Central Powers. Lord Lansdowne, in England, continues hopeful that further negotiations may bring peace into view; but his voice seems to evoke little but derision and indignation, even the journal—the *London Telegraph*—that printed his letter last month repudiating his sentiments editorially and declaring that "so long as Germany is engaged in breaking with both hands the principles which she is at the same time professing to accept, it is useless to think of negotiations." The speed with which events have moved in Russia may be seen in reading Prof. Gilbert Murray's eloquent plea published in February. He was defending Lansdowne's position and pointing to Trotsky as "not only the hero of the hour but perhaps the most outstanding and startling figure of the whole war." Of Trotsky's duel with the Germans, Professor Murray said, "he paralyzes them by merely publishing their proposals." Before a month had elapsed Trotsky was down and out, publicly assailed by Lenin as ruining Russia by his phrase-mongering; German armies, which he had "paralyzed," were within a few miles of Petrograd; the seat of the Russian government was being hastily

A General Conviction that Germany's Course Has Rendered All Peace Talk Futile and Perilous

shifted to Moscow; German troops had taken possession of Odessa; India, Indo-China and Manchuria were being threatened and Russia was virtually under the iron heel of her conqueror.

Peace Parleys Deprecated As Weakening Our Will to Fight.

THESE events in Russia have had a visible effect in stiffening the resolution of America. Notable protests have been heard, especially from Republican leaders, such as Roosevelt, Hughes, Taft and Beck, against further parleying about peace. A formal document addressed to the President has been issued, signed by fourteen well-known New Yorkers, including Democrats like Charles S. Fairchild and Everett P. Wheeler, declaring: "We are opposed to peace negotiations with an unbeaten and unrepentant Germany. We believe that the war can be won only by fighting. We believe that peace discussions while Germany is consolidating her successes will prolong the war by encouraging Germany and weakening America's will to fight." Ex-Justice Charles E. Hughes acknowledges his solicitude over the present situation and considers it no time, when Germany is laying her foundations for an extended empire, to discuss peace. The only way to get a peace worth having, he thinks, is by a military decision or by convincing the German people that their cause is a hopeless one; and the quickest way to either of these results is by a demonstration of our invincible determination to throw all our resources into the contest "without any thought of peace" until a final decision has been obtained. "Let us quit talking peace," says Colonel Roosevelt, until Germany "is beaten to her knees." Otherwise she will trick us as she has tricked the

Bolsheviki. "Every peace utterance pleases the Germans, renders our allies uneasy, strengthens the pacifists, the pro-Germans and the various seditious elements in our own country and bewilders, disheartens and weakens our honest citizens."

The Disintegrating Force in Phrase-Making.

THE most measured utterance made on the subject is that by James M. Beck, former U. S. Attorney-General. In August, 1916, Mr. Beck relates in a recent address, when he was visiting the front in France, General Joffre, bidding him adieu, said with a quiet smile: "Come back in twelve months and the war will be over." General Haig, says Mr. Beck, was of the same mind at that time. What has caused such a change in the outlook is the collapse of Russia and the cause of that collapse, says Mr. Beck, quoting Lenin, has been chiefly "the spirit of doctrinaire phrase-making and visionary pacifism." Mr. Beck sees the entire cause of the Allies now threatened with the same disintegrating force of phrase-making. He admits that there are phrases and phrases. He sees real vital force in the phrase, "making the world safe for democracy"; but "too proud to fight" was a deadly phrase, and "peace without victory" was even a deadlier one, which sowed seeds of disintegration in Russia and elsewhere. In "the freedom of the seas" and "the right of self-definition" he finds misleading phrases that do not correspond to the realities of life or the real policies of America and which con-

sequently tend to obscure judgment and paralyze the nation's will. Other utterances of the President's, such as (describing the imperial government of Germany) "a thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace," are virile phrases that reconcile the American people to the task ahead of them. In the death-grapple of war, all pacifist platitudes, we are told, are mischievous, and for this reason Mr. Beck questions the wisdom of the recent peace parleys. He does not question the President's wholehearted purpose to carry the war to a successful conclusion; but regrets to see him whittling down the great cause of punitive justice to fourteen formulas, some of them vague and illusory, and then whittling these down to four "exceedingly vague formulas" that "tend to dissipate the great moral issues of the war into meaningless phrases" and which even von Hertling had no difficulty in accepting. "Nothing more unfortunate," in Mr. Beck's opinion, "has happened since we entered the war."

Wilson's Speeches Not Peace Parleys But New Declarations of War.

A WIDE-SPREADING conviction of much the same sort finds utterance in the press. As often as not it is couched in terms of confidence in the President and merely expresses the feeling that Germany's course in Russia has unmasked her purposes so as to render further parleying useless. Thus the *Charleston News and Courier*, while it believes that "there has never been a time when peace with Germany through negotiation was more clearly out of the question than at the present moment," declares that it was essential that President Wilson should have made the effort to drive a wedge between Austria and Germany, and the effort, but for the Ukraine treaty, might have proved successful. The *N. Y. World* is no friend of peace parleys; but it interprets Mr. Wilson's utterances not as peace parleys but as "renewed declarations of war," which, it thinks, have inspired the nation and "stiffened the determination of the Allies." "Not one word," says the *World*, "spoken in Washington has interrupted for an instant the most gigantic preparations for conflict. Not one word has lessened the ardor of the people or given the enemy reason to hope that our purpose has changed in the least." The *Brooklyn Eagle* thinks that "the futility of even informally discussing peace while Germany is despoiling Russia, coercing Rumania and giving the lie to her own solemn protestations of unselfishness" is as apparent to-day to Mr. Wilson as to Mr. Hughes and Mr. Beck. The *New Republic* has a long and earnest defense of Mr. Wilson's course. It sees in Russia's collapse a new reason why "the Wilson diplomacy is more than ever necessary." This war cannot be won, it holds, by exclusively military and economic agencies. Winning it is "essentially a political job." The collapse of Russia is "a political victory" for Germany, a deplorable defeat for Allied diplomacy. In other nations than Russia "the craving for peace is daily becoming more widespread, more articulate and more importunate." The people will not be kept keyed up by an exclusive program of military victory. Wilson, by tying up the war to an unequivocally democratic settlement, is providing the needed answer both to revolutionary Socialism and to victorious Prussianism. While his policy cannot succeed without intro-



WISCONSIN: "I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO THROW MUD AT YOUR UNCLE SAM"

—Morris in N. Y. Mail

ducing some temporary divisions among the Allies, it is a necessary, even if dangerous, process of purging, and provides "the only basis for enduring unity in and among the Allied nations."

We Must Defeat Germany Or Be Trampled Into Subjection.

THIS plea for a continuation of the peace negotiations finds little support. The *Philadelphia Press* thinks that with Germany's course in Russia before its eyes the Allied world "would be quite mad to take the German word for anything." The *Rochester Post-Express* thinks the only choice before us now is "to be bled of blood and treasure, bled white perhaps, or to be trampled into subjection." It calls for an end to peace talk, saying: "Realizing as we do, tho late in the day, all that this war means for mankind and that victory is the only road to a just and permanent peace, let us muffle our pacifists, imprison our criminal aliens, hang our traitors, shoot our spies and with no more unfortunate phrases to be interpreted as weakness, press onward to our goal." To talk of a negotiated peace now seems to the *N. Y. Telegraph* "little short of criminal." It adds: "The time to settle the future of Germany and of the world is now. It may take years, and it may cost men and billions, but to determine upon a different course would be merely to postpone the day of reckoning. Germany can be beaten on the western front. She can be driven across the Rhine; she can be brought to her knees. The task is not an easy one, but the will to do it will insure its consummation." The *Springfield Republican* fails to find in von Hertling's reply to President Wilson's "four-principles" speech "the slightest basis for peace negotiations." Tho von Hertling professed to accept these principles, it reminds us that Germany has already ruled out of such negotiations the questions of Poland, the Baltic provinces, Rumania, Alsace-Lorraine and the subject nations of Turkey and Austria. The *Chicago Evening Post* would not think of demanding that the President cease his negotiatory messages; but it evidently hopes that he will, for:

"We are approaching the time when it is wrong, if we are not already there. Insensibly the President, as one wise and friendly observer has put it, is laying aside the rôle of fighter and assuming the rôle of negotiator. This

change may be weakening the war fiber of Germany, tho we see no evidence of it. But it is assuredly deadening our own war perceptions. It gives us a double-headed objec-



Joe Cassel

A BLACK EYE!

—Cassel in *N. Y. Evening World*

tive when what we supremely need is a definitized single purpose."

The *N. Y. Tribune* sees a divided diplomacy among the Allies as already the result of the President's "all-American peace offensive." The *N. Y. Globe* also thinks it has confused not Germany but the Allies, tho it has done some good in exposing Germany's duplicity. The *Deseret News* deprecates earnestly (without referring to the President's course) all talk of early peace as dangerous in the extreme: "Dreams of early peace, at this crucial stage of the desperate game, are worse than futile; and if their effect is to slacken our patriotic endeavor in even the least degree, they may be at once set down as born in evil, filled with peril, tinctured with treason, and spotted with such infamy as to make them hateful to every loyal man."

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, THE GERMAN-AMERICAN ALLIANCE AND THE AMERICAN BUZZ-SAW

Feeling Against Pro-Germanism Growing in Intensity

FOOLING with the American buzz-saw is not always as safe a diversion as it seems. It is a gentle sort of buzz-saw, but it *has* teeth and when angered its purr changes to a dangerous snarl. Senator La Follette and the German-American Alliance are finding this out. For six months the Senator has gone his way englobed in silence. He who was always wont to ride the storm has taken almost no part in the stirring scenes in Washington where important history is being made. His fellow Senators have been very cautious about stirring him up. The special committee appointed to investigate his alleged seditious utterances has met ten times and ten times has adjourned without doing anything. But the death of Senator Husting, La Follette's colleague from Wisconsin, has brought about a special election

to fill his place. The question of loyalty, and especially La Follette's loyalty, is made the uppermost issue in the primaries and in the election (April 2). The contest is viewed with national interest as an index of the extent to which the German-American elements in American life have thrown off their attachment to the Fatherland and become loyal citizens of the new country. In Wisconsin nearly 30 per cent. of the population are downright German and 20 per cent. have close German affiliations through intermarriage. There are entire communities where even native-born Americans speak nothing but the German language. Since the Socialist Party, at its national convention in April of last year, branded our declaration of war as "a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of

the world," it has been largely swelled in Wisconsin, and its state leader, Victor L. Berger (candidate of his party for Senator), is now under indictment for violation of the Espionage law. Not long ago legislators had to be elected in Marathon and Manitowoc counties, and in each case the Socialists won over the combined forces of the Republicans and Democrats.

The Legislature of Wisconsin Rebukes La Follette.

ALTHO La Follette has refrained for the last few months from speeches, the effects of his speech in St. Paul September 20 are still rankling. In that speech he deplored our entering into war to defend the "technical right" of American citizens to sail on the *Lusitania*. Prior to that his personal journal had said that our war is "no more a war of democracy than that which was forced upon the German people by the German autocrat." Last fall the State Central Committee of his own party demanded by a unanimous vote his expulsion from the United States Senate. Last month the Wisconsin legislature took action. By a vote in the upper house of 26 to 4 and in the lower house (after a stormy, continuous session of seventeen hours) by a vote of 53 to 32, a resolution was passed condemning La Follette by name for failing "to see the righteousness of our nation's cause," and for failing "to support our government in matters vital to the winning of the war," and denouncing all seditious utterances by him or others. Many of the men voting to condemn him have heretofore been La Follette men. There is no parallel, says the *N. Y. Times*, in American history for this rebuke; "never before, in any foreign war, has any Senator conducted himself in such a fashion as to earn this dreadful rebuke at the hands of his own people." "It must be a comfort to the loyalists in Wisconsin," says the *Sioux City Tribune*, "that approval of pro-Germanism is not now considered by politicians as a safe personal record in that State. This state of mind is distinct progress in Wisconsin, as compared with one year ago." There is very little defense of La Follette's course to be found in the press either in Wisconsin or elsewhere at this time; but the *Brooklyn Eagle* distrusts the prediction that he is "done for," and thinks the loyalists of that State will make a grave mistake if they assume that he is. The *Chicago Herald* thinks that almost any other Senator, in the face of this legislative rebuke, would resign and appeal to the people for a decision. "But La Follette is not of this stamp." What he seeks is "a vicarious vindication," or something that looks like one. The *Herald* hopes he will not get it: "He should be stripped of every pretense and left to face the bitter blast of public disapproval with nothing but his egotism for shield and shelter." The *Des Moines Register* thinks that "the worst blow which could befall Americans of German extraction would be the election, at the polls next month, of a Wisconsin senator who represents the war views of Senator La Follette," for such a result would "be taken everywhere as evidence that German-Americans are disloyal." The *N. Y. Times* sees in the contest "a battle between Germany and the United States for the possession of one of the United States."

Effort to End the German-American Alliance.

THE battle against La Follette in Wisconsin and the battle in Washington for the repeal of the charter of the German-American Alliance may be considered parts of the same fight. The Alliance was organized about seventeen years ago and received a District of Columbia charter about ten years ago. Among its stated purposes are: "to awaken a sense of unity among the people of German origin in America"; "to foster and assure good friendly relations of America to the old German fatherland"; to centralize the powers of its members against "nativistic encroachments," and for other aims less clearly defined. Its former president, Dr. C. J. Hexamer, stated in its official bulletin that "Germans should stand together and the man who did not uphold the ideals of his fatherland was a hound." He also sent out appeals to the local alliances to take action against our declaration of war with Germany. In 1915 he declared "we want to spread German ideals and consider the hyphen an honor." Another quotation from his tactful tongue (uttered in 1916) is this: "This form of government [the United States] is a failure, and the only correct form of government is a constitutional monarchy." In 1904 Dr. Hexamer received from the Kaiser the fourth order of the Red Eagle for his "services to German Kultur." The chief lines of work of the Alliance seem to have been to fight prohibition and to extend the teaching, especially in the public schools, of the German language, German literature and German history. In Wisconsin, according to testimony given to the sub-committee of the United States Senate now investigating the Alliance, it attempts to make German the common spoken language wherever there is a chance of success, and it has secured control of the school boards in many counties, its state president, Leo Stern, being the state superintendent of schools. The effort in the United States Senate to take away the national charter of the Alliance meets a favorable response in many directions. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* thinks that not only should the national charter and all the state charters be revoked but the leaders of the Alliance everywhere "should be arrested and interned," most of them, it holds, being German spies. The American Defense Society issues an appeal to "throw German text-books and the pro-German teachers out of the public schools; make German a dead language, so far as the rank and file of America are concerned!" Mr. Roosevelt, while insisting that "the great majority of Americans of German descent" are showing a fine and gallant loyalty in which we should take peculiar pride, thinks it an outrage that such an organization as the German-American Alliance should continue to exist, and thinks also that the teaching of German in our public schools should be prohibited. The *New Republic*, while it hopes the Alliance may be able to disprove the charges against it, questions the political expediency of all such nationalistic organizations. It says: "America has been hospitable to the immigrant. She has been tolerant of his individual peculiarities. But she cannot remain tolerant of organizations that cut squarely across the lines of our common life and plant on our soil the racial factionalism that distorts the political life of the states of Central Europe."

War seems to have reduced the visible supply of everything except red tape.—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is really only one nation that the United States should fear in this war, and that is procrastination.—*St. Louis Star*.

JAPAN'S PROPOSED ENTRY INTO SIBERIA—AN INVASION OR A RESCUE?

Decision on Japan's Course Seems to Await Word from Washington

THE collapse of Russia and the penetration into her territory by the Teutonic powers have brought the Allies face to face with a new crisis. "I do not think," said Lord Robert Cecil, Great Britain's Minister of Blockade, a few days ago, "that it is generally realized how tremendously serious the German penetration of Russia really is, or what a gigantic scheme of world conquest the Germans now have undertaken." In the new treaty forced on Russia by Germany is an article declaring that Persia and Afghanistan are "free and independent states" whose "political and economic independence and territorial integrity" are to be respected. Persia and Afghanistan are the gateways leading into India. By the middle of last month, German and Turkish agents, acting through the Bolsheviki, were reported active in northern Persia, cutting British wire connections with Tiflis and South Russia and barring out the British mission of relief on the way to Armenia. Equally ominous reports came last month from Siberia. German prisoners of war in that country were being organized into an active military force and a Prussian general had been despatched to take command. With the aid of this force, apparently, the Bolshevik troops had driven General Semenoff and his force of anti-Bolshevik troops into Manchuria and were threatening an advance into that province. In the treaty with Rumania, one of the provisions required by Germany is passage for her troops to Odessa, a great grain port. By March 13 her troops were reported entering Odessa in force. These things indicate to many that the Central Powers are planning for a wide range of activities not only in the near East but in the far East as well. Sir Robert Cecil is obviously disturbed. Dr. Iyenaga, a sort of unofficial spokesman for Japan in this country, sees in these developments "a deep plan to strike at the most vital part of the British Empire," and, afterwards, an invasion by German legions of French Indo-China and China itself.

Shall Japan Be Asked to Enter the Lists in Siberia?

WHAT forces are available to check these activities in the East? Great Britain long ago cut down her forces in India to the lowest possible proportions. China is reputed to have an army of between three and four hundred thousand men, no larger than is necessary to maintain order in her own territory. Dubious reports come from China of efforts by Russian princes to raise an anti-Bolshevik force in Peking and there are other sporadic attempts, in Siberia and elsewhere, to do the same thing; but none of them seem able to cope with the Bolsheviki, let alone coping with German or Turkish armies. The one force in the East that has a naval and military power adequate to meet the Teutonic forces is Japan. The question whether Japan should be encouraged to send a military expedition into Siberia has become, for the time being, the most momentous question of the war. It is a question, too, in which American sentiment is recognized as perhaps a determining factor. Four months ago General Foch, military adviser of the French government, foresaw the necessity of calling in Japan, and Clemenceau and Pichon (minister of foreign affairs) are said to be

keen for such action at once. Public sentiment in England, as voiced by the press, seems to be strongly in favor of it. The Manchester *Guardian* is more than dubious, but journals like the *Times*, the *Chronicle* and the *Westminster Gazette* call for immediate action by Japan. Japan herself is represented to be willing, if not eager, to place a force in Siberia; and China, according to Associated Press reports, formally signified on March 5th her willingness to cooperate, to the extent at least of supplying 20,000 men for such an expedition beside continuing to guard the Trans-Siberian road in Manchuria. With Great Britain, France, Japan and China all apparently ready for such a move, action seems to wait only on America's assent.

Disappearance of the Yellow Peril.

SOMETHING of a revelation comes from a perusal of American press utterances on the subject. The feeling against Japan seems to have been dissipated in the last few months to a remarkable extent. The press opinion is overwhelmingly in favor of Japanese action in Siberia. The recent statements of Viscount Ishii, Secretary Lansing, ex-Secretary Root and Ambassador Gerard, to the effect that German propagandists have been secretly fomenting trouble between the United States and Japan for years have had a marked affect upon newspaper sentiment, and altho the Hearst papers are flaunting the "yellow peril" more vigorously than ever just now, few journals pay any serious regard to it to-day. There are influential journals like the N. Y. *Evening Post*, the *Springfield Republican* and the *New Republic* that vigorously opposed Japan's entrance into Siberia because of its moral effect; but the yellow peril has become so exclusively a Hearst property that in most of the discussion it does not even enter into consideration, and when it does is usually denounced as a form of pro-German propaganda. The N. Y. *Tribune* recalls that Dernburg's last words in this country were: "Do you not see that your real enemy is not Germany but Japan?" It declares that if Japan were willing to break faith with England she could to-day "divide the whole of Asia with the Teuton"; but "there is no dishonored treaty in her diplomacy." The *Omaha World-Herald* also reminds us of the rewards Japan might reap by treachery. It says:

"If Japan is determined to go in, what power is there on earth that could safely and effectually forbid it? How, in particular, could the United States, Great Britain and France forbid? Suppose they tried—and that Germany thereupon renew its diabolical suggestion that if Japan would but make partnership with the Kaiser there would be rich rewards in store? Could not Germany as readily promise Japan all of Siberia as it previously promised Texas, New Mexico and Arizona? Would the enemies of Germany be ready to take on Japan as an additional enemy? If not, is there anything left but to deal with the situation in a rational way that will retain Japan as an ally?"

The *Detroit Free Press* thinks Japan's entry into Siberia is of "the utmost importance to the Allied cause," and says:



JAPAN: "THE TIME TO CLEAN UP IS BEFORE THE DIRT BECOMES A MENACE"

—Ireland in *Columbus Dispatch*

"Suppose Japan does possess certain ambitions for the establishment of her hegemony in eastern Siberia, is it for us to interfere or complain? Did Japan complain because we took over Santo Domingo, and Hayti and Nicaragua and some other sections of this hemisphere for their own good and our protection? Why should we object if the Nipponese show a similar inclination to bring order out of chaos in an anarchy-ridden country, both for the good of the country and to protect itself against the effect of unbridled disorder near its own borders?"

Considerations Calling for Japan's Intervention.

JAPAN'S interest in Siberia is threefold. First, as one of the foes of Germany, she does not wish to see that country extend its control to eastern Siberia in close proximity to her own possessions. Second, she has sold Russia munitions whose value is variously estimated all the way from twenty to one hundred millions of dollars, which are now piled up at various points along the Siberian railway, for which she has not been paid and for which the Bolshevik government does not intend to pay, and which are in more or less danger of falling into German hands. Then, third, there is the possibility of general disorder and anarchy in Siberia which may react upon Manchuria, China and Japan. "Japan," says Premier Terauchi, "holds herself responsible for the maintenance of peace in this part of the world," and "will not hesitate a moment to take the proper measures" if it is found necessary to protect her interests. The *Providence Bulletin* sees already "a very real menace not merely to Japan but to the whole Allied cause" in the situation, and considers that Japan is "entitled to full measure of confidence" in such action as she sees fit to take. The *San Francisco Chronicle* thinks the case an urgent one, and one that calls for our cooperation with Japan. It says:

"It is a time for some swift international thinking. Delays are dangerous. The Allies must take immediate grasp of the situation, and they can make no better beginning than by sweeping away all prejudices against the Japanese, all fears of an Oriental empire ruling the world.

Either the Japanese must be permitted to occupy as much of Siberia as they want or the Germans will take all they can get."

The *Atlanta Constitution* hopes that Japan will waste no time in taking action. "Here," says the *Mobile Register*, "is her [Japan's] chance to do a brilliant part and to earn a standing in the society of civilized nations. She should accept it eagerly; for success in this field will prove of lasting benefit." The *Florida Times-Union* thinks no one should object even if Japan seizes and retains a part of Siberia. The *Sioux City Tribune* thinks that it would be a fine thing for American troops to march with those of Japan, and that thereby "the last spark of the race prejudice Germany assiduously cultivated would be stamped out." The *Columbus Dispatch* calls attention to the fact that Siberia "lies only forty miles from our back door"—Alaska—and thinks Japan would be a much safer neighbor than Germany. The *Chicago Tribune* thinks that our recent agreement with Japan (in the Ishii-Lansing notes) recognized that Japan's location gives her special interests in the East, and while it has misgivings it feels that America should cooperate with Japan and make the expedition an international one. The *Baltimore American* thinks Japan might "save Russia from itself and its futility" and we ought to help her do it. All over the land the press is talking in much the same way.

Japan's Intervention a "Moral Catastrophe" to America.

BUT there are protests, few but emphatic. The *N. Y. Evening Post* sees another "critical blunder" being prepared by the Allies. If Japan goes into Siberia, it thinks, it will go for the same reason Germany has gone into the Baltic provinces, ostensibly to restore peace but actually to seize territory. There is but one step that can justify such a course and that would be a call from Russia herself for such action. The *Springfield Republican* sees "a moral catastrophe" for America in even being exposed to the charge of taking part in an invasion of Russia by the Allies. The effect of such an invasion would be "to neutralize the great wave of antagonism" which the *Republican* sees rolling up in eastern and central Europe against the present German aggressions. The *Philadelphia Press* says that we can not dodge the issue by neither protesting nor assenting. "We cannot be impartial toward a project to violate the territorial integrity of a former cobelligerent and a potential future ally; we must be for it or against it." It sees a lot of gratuitous nonsense in the talk about the peril to Japan from a German occupation of Siberia. "Siberia is as safe from German armies as the German armies are safe from the Japanese." There would be no military advantage in Japan's intervention six thousand miles away. The political effect would be to put an end to Russia's resistance to Germany even if it did not drive her into a defensive alliance with the Teutons. The *N. Y. World* does not exactly oppose action by Japan, but it emphasizes the necessity of her telling the world just what such an undertaking is to mean. The distinction between her purpose and Germany's, while it may be very real, must be made plain and unmistakable to the world. It is a case where open diplomacy is demanded, and the least the United States can do is to demand a full public statement from Japan as to her intentions. The *New Republic* thinks that if Japan is

allowed to intervene, "the diplomacy of the Allies will have committed its most egregious and probably its most costly mistake." It adds:

"In truth the one way of encouraging the Russian to seek in despair the protection of Germany would be to occupy eastern Siberia with Japanese troops. The Russian revolutionists would inevitably interpret the intervention as a declaration by the Allies of war against the Russian Revolution. They would consider it as the infallible evidence of a conspiracy on the part of the capitalist nations to overthrow the first socialist republic. . . . If the Allies consent they will be granting to Japan a privileged position in the far East which will place insuperable difficulties in the way of a successful peace conference. They will, in substance, be acquiescing in von Hertling's plan of a 'peace of shreds and patches,' based on the triumph of special national interests over international authority and justice."

Mr. Hearst Tries to Resurrect the Yellow Peril.

BUT in all the foregoing protests there is no recognition of the "yellow peril," so stressed a few years ago in Europe (especially by the Kaiser) as well as in this country. To get the full effect of that to-day, one must go to the Hearst papers. Mr. Hearst himself, in a signed article, March 4, began as follows:

"Japanese entry into Siberia is not to aid the Allies but to entrench Japan.

"She is taking advantage of the European conflict to build a great Asiatic empire which will be a menace to all the white nations of the world.

"Count Okuma says that this European war means the destruction of European civilization, and Japan is going to see that it means the creation and the domination of Asiatic civilization.

"The yellow man's civilization is being built from the ruins of the white man's civilization just as the Barberini built their palaces with the stone from the destroyed palaces of the Cæsars.

"The white races are blinded by the fury of their internecine strife.

"They are so crazed by jealousy of each other that they cannot see the real danger which threatens them and their civilization and their world dominion.

"What does it matter how the white races are grouped among themselves; what does it matter what the shifting lines and confines of the white nations are; what does it



A FREE TICKET, BUT—

—Ding in N. Y. Tribune

matter whether this or that group of white people is embraced in the Muscovite dominions or the Teuton dominions or the Anglo-Saxon dominions?

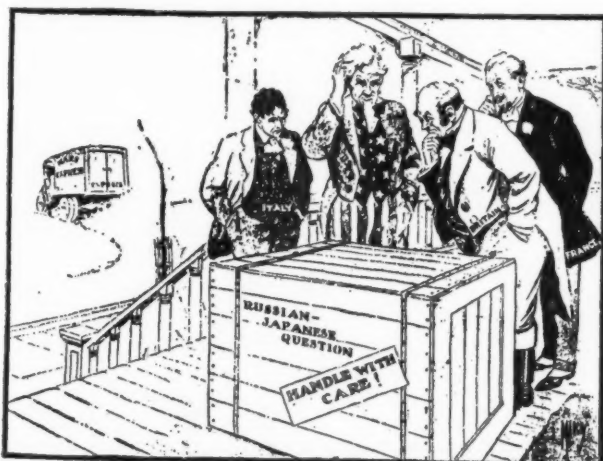
"In any case the white man's civilization, the white man's religions, the white man's standards of living and of morals, the white man's ideals, will be maintained, and that is all that counts."

In another signed editorial, four days later, Mr. Hearst continues his crusade. Whether or not Japan has asked our approval, he says, "we should not hesitate a moment to notify her directly and emphatically of our definite disapproval," and if she goes ahead we should "remove our ships and troops from Europe and transfer them to Asia." The Brooklyn Eagle sees in all this simply a new form of pro-German propaganda. It says:

"Opposition to the Japanese plan in this country seems to proceed mainly from people who in the past have openly sympathized with Germany, but who at the present time hardly dare to denounce our European allies who are supporting Japan.

"They feel that they can denounce Japan herself because the vicious jingoism of the past has created in some sections and among some classes a feeling that Japan is our bitter and implacable rival in every field of Oriental enterprise, ready to turn and rend us at the first convenient opportunity.

"That criminal propaganda has continued in spite of American participation in a war in which Japan is arrayed on our side. It is revived to-day with peculiar virulence in some quarters because there is no Japanese vote which politicians are compelled to coddle and no Japanese circulation which Yellow-Peril specialists in journalism find it profitable to pursue as they do the circulation obtained from catering to the pro-German, anti-war and anti-American currents of sentiment which are still visibly flowing in this country."



"OH, SEE WHAT THE EXPRESSMAN LEFT!"

—Marcus in N. Y. Times Magazine

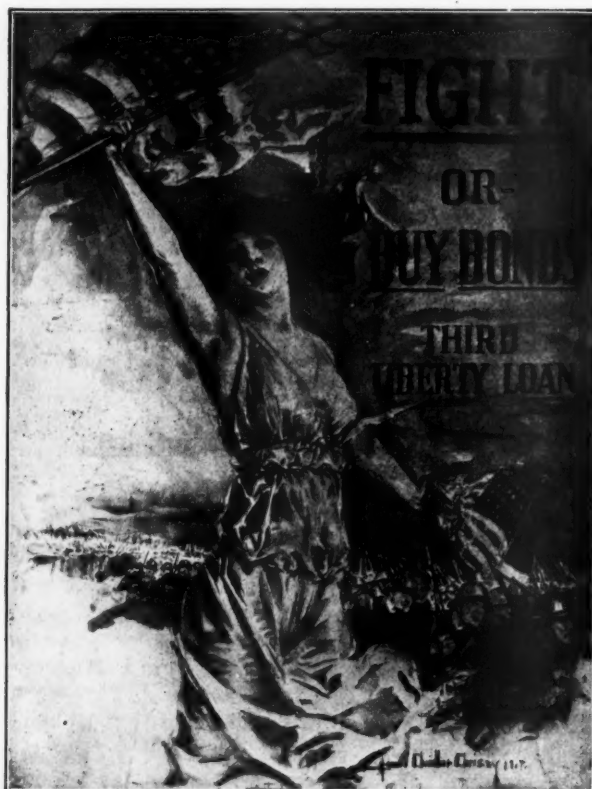
WHY THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN SHOULD BE OVERSUBSCRIBED

WE assume too readily that we live in an age without precedent. History repeats itself with such fidelity to type and circumstance that a little research will often startle us out of our complacency. Almost exactly fifty-five years ago, for example, we find the country was papered with this broadside:

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS AND CAPITALISTS!

You have a solemn duty to perform to your government and to posterity!

Our gallant army and navy must be supported by every man and woman who have any means, large or small, at their control. The United States Government, to which we owe our prosperity as a nation, security of person and property of every sort, calls on each individual to



ONE MILLION POSTERS OF THIS DESIGN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, IN LIGHT COLORS, HAVE BEEN LITHOGRAPHED FOR GENERAL DISTRIBUTION

rally to its support—not with donations or gifts—who could withhold them—**BUT WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS TO HER LOANS**, based on the best security in the world. . . .

Your nearest patriotic Bank or Banker will supply this loan, on which so much depends!

In the early and dark half of the year 1863, Jay Cooke employed this document and many others of a similar import to rouse the nation to the need of investing heavily in the famous five-twenty loan, the pioneer among our great popular war loans. On the eve of our third Liberty Loan campaign his appeal has a strangely familiar ring, and its success should be considered a splendid augury for our own great venture.

Fifteen Million Subscribers Are Expected in the Great Drive for War Sinews Which Begins April 6

A Duty That We Owe to Posterity.

BUT what of our duty to the present government and to our posterity? Is it any the less fraught with the solemnity of a major crisis? Let us look ahead fifty-five years and consider the point of view and feelings of our children, as we are able now to experience the point of view and feelings of the children of those men who came up to scratch at the call of Jay Cooke. We may be sure that history will repeat itself in this particular as in the others noted, that, as Cooke has put it, "What our Revolutionary Fathers are to us, WE will be to coming generations, if we fail not in our plain and simple duty." We haven't



ONE OF THE STRONGEST POSTERS FOR USE IN THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN HAS BEEN DRAWN BY HENRY RALEIGH. HALF A MILLION OF THEM ARE BEING DISTRIBUTED

to-day half the excuse for failure which our fathers had who "came through." Instead of a divided country to deal with, we have a remarkably united country with a will to victory which is practically one hundred per cent.

A Schedule to Stagger the Imagination.

SECRETARY McADOO and Congress have not at this writing decided upon the size of the loan, upon its rate of interest and terms, tho the Secretary has set April 6, the anniversary of our entrance into the world

war, as the date on which he prefers to open the loan campaign. But in advance of details we know that this third Liberty Loan is to be the biggest yet, that its rate of interest will render it attractive as an investment, and that to make it the complete success necessary it must enlist the subscriptions of at least 15,000,000 Americans, or approximately one, on an average, in every family in the land. Here is a schedule, then, to stagger the imagination. And yet Jay Cooke's five-twenty loan, for half a billion, obtained a number of subscribers which, according to the estimates of the time, amounted to three millions. In that day the country was infinitely poorer per capita and contained only about 33,000,000 people, 10,000,000 of whom belonged to the states which had seceded from the Union. There were left for his purposes, therefore, only about a fifth as many inhabitants as the united country supports to-day. But exactly a fifth as many subscribers responded to his summons as the

An Opportunity for Fifteen Million Patriots.

THE provocation to war with which this country bore to the breaking-point is now familiar to all. The issue involved, thanks to the interpretations of President Wilson and to the no less illuminative procedure of German brutality and tyranny in the meantime, must have become seared into the brain of every patriot with a brain to perceive and a heart to feel. Ours is the unsullied and unbeaten banner of democracy, borne aloft not only for our own sakes but for the benefit of mankind. The whole of civilization has come to depend for its salvation on the efforts we can put forth in the home as well as in the trench. Our boys by the million are offering their lives for this cause, than which there has never been a nobler, not even in Jay Cooke's time. We who are sending them across the Atlantic to shed their blood might at least be expected to give our dollars to the same



THIS POSTER IS BEING WIDELY DISTRIBUTED IN THE FOREIGN-LANGUAGE SECTIONS OF THE LARGER CITIES. THEY GO AMONG THIRTY-FOUR RACES OF PEOPLE

number necessary to the success of the third Liberty Loan. And there seems no reason to believe that with every circumstance in our favor we cannot equal in its proportionate results what he accomplished in the face of tremendous odds. But no loan of such proportions can be successfully absorbed unless the entire nation responds to the offering and every citizen prides himself on the practice of self-denial that he may subscribe to the limit of his ability. He should have two compelling incentives, one of pure patriotism and the other of thrift.



AN INITIAL ORDER FOR A MILLION COPIES OF THIS DESIGN BY SYDNEY RIESENBERG HAS BEEN PLACED FOR DISTRIBUTION IN EVERY FEDERAL RESERVE BANK DISTRICT IN THE COUNTRY

sacred end. But this is not what we are asked to do—"tho who could withhold them," in the language of the five-twenty campaign. We are asked merely to lend our dollars by investing in a security which for safety has no equal, and at a rate of interest amply profitable from any standpoint. The dictates of thrift alone should impel an overwhelming subscription for the best bonds on any market.

THE PERSISTENT EFFORTS TO OVERTHROW LLOYD GEORGE

TAKING at their face value the confident predictions of the *London Post*, powerful organ of the Tories, David Lloyd George will soon cease to be Prime Minister of England. His position, it tells us, is greatly weakened and his fall will come when the opposition has decided upon his successor. It will be recalled that the Tory organ had most to do with the rise and progress of the campaign that caused the fall of Mr. Asquith. The trouble with Lloyd George, as set forth in the influential English newspaper, is the very fault it found conspicuous in Mr. Asquith. The Prime Minister knows neither how to prosecute the war nor how to govern his country in a crisis. He is afflicted with an unfortunate theory, we are told, that he is a great strategist. He imagines himself a born administrator. He is wrong on both points. Then he does not know how to deal with Ireland, where confusion becomes daily a welter. Nor can he reorganize the foreign office on a basis of efficiency. He spends his time in creating hordes of supernumerary officials who know nothing of the business entrusted to them, who waste millions of the public revenue. Finally he evades the Commons, grows reticent, is caught in inconsistencies of statement, makes incoherent speeches and fills all members of parliament with a growing suspicion of his incapacity. He would have gone weeks ago but for the difficulty of finding a successor. "Mr. Lloyd George," it tells us, "is a little like a burglar who has run away with a red-hot safe. He is allowed to keep it because no one will take it off him." Likewise:

"Misleading statements, that convey one impression and conceal a quite different fact; the indignant reprobation of questions that have never been asked in order to evade the questions that it is inconvenient to answer; devious and insidious methods of attaining ends which dare not be confessed or attempted directly—these are not recommendations to the confidence of the House of Commons or of the British nation; and the Minister who adopts them can no longer be tolerated. We have had enough of a Prime Minister who, in the manner of an Oriental potentate, surrounds himself with his Janizaries—the Janizaries of the Press—ready at a lift of his eyebrow to bow-string and fling into the Bosphorus any distinguished soldier or sailor who dares to cross the arbitrary Sultan's will. The country cannot afford to entrust its destinies to such direction."

Causes of the Troubles of Lloyd George.

THE true explanation of the crisis involving Lloyd George, in the opinion of liberal and radical papers like the *London News* and the *London Chronicle*, to say nothing of weeklies like the *London Nation*, is to be found in his reactionary affiliations. When he succeeded Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George went into a combination of conservatives with laborites. The orthodox liberals went into opposition. The Irish sulked. The theory, as the *London News* believes, was that the war would be "gingered," won by fighting. Men would be poured into Flanders. There would be a drive in the West. The navy would attack the submarine with fury. All went fairly well until the Russian crisis developed fundamental differences in the

Nature of the Discontent That Is Rendering the Prime Minister's Hold Upon Power Insecure

diplomacy of the associated democracies. The Tories in the Lloyd George combination, according to liberal papers like the *Manchester Guardian*, have done their best to repudiate the democracy for which the war is being fought. Instead of dealing with his Tory supporters firmly, Mr. Lloyd George has straddled. He has tried to reconcile the opposing views of democratic labor, represented by men like Arthur Henderson, with the secret diplomacy of the aristocratic cliques represented by the Cecils and the Balfours. When Mr. Lloyd George woke up to the fact that German propaganda was just as dangerous in its way as German arms, he began to lean heavily upon the section of the press controlled by Lord Northcliffe, Lord Beaverbrook and journalists of their school. He has put these men in responsible posts, with the result that his government seems at times in direct antagonism to the policies of President Wilson and the liberal section of British opinion. The situation is put thus by the *London Nation*:

"The peoples of the Allied nations and of the civilized world have now two policies before them—a policy of renewed hope and of eventual deliverance, and a policy of pure negation and despair. The one message dates appropriately from the seat of the ancient glory of absolutist France; the other issues from the capital of western democracy. The nations must choose between them, and we need not doubt what that choice will be. In his magnificent message, incomparably the ablest and the most enlightened State document issued since the war began, Mr. Wilson not only exhibits himself as a dialectician of unequalled skill and a master of the art and practice of diplomacy, but as the grand liberating force against the moral imprisonment of the war. . . . Mr. George and Mr. Balfour will not look to Count Czernin; they despise the Reichstag resolution; they reject the Christian aspirations of the Pope; in contrast with Mr. Wilson, they apply to every enemy pronouncement the familiar forensic plan of underlining the worse interpretation and scoring out the better. They and their Press keep Germany reactionary by telling her, in effect, that she has nothing to gain by being progressive."

Government by Newspaper Over Lloyd George's Head.

IT is to government by newspapers over the head of the Prime Minister that we must look, complains the *London News*—not to be confused with the *London Evening News*—for the unhappy differences between Washington diplomacy and British diplomacy. Mr. Lloyd George has given his political destinies in keeping to the Northcliffe press and he defends that press from all attack. That press is hostile to democracy, declares the liberal *London News*, and still it is the pillar of the Lloyd George ministry. It is a press in passive resistance to the Wilson diplomacy. It rules England through the Prime Minister. The *London Dispatch*, the *London Mail*, the *London Evening News* and the *London Times* combine to turn out Sir William Robertson, and that great soldier retires from the general staff to the delight of the Germans. These dailies are the organs of the industrial or financial element, the left wing of the Lloyd George combination. The

Tory wing is in revolt, as the *London Post* proves by its sudden opposition. The internal crisis thus manifesting itself may bring on the fall of Lloyd George or it may not; but meanwhile the British constitution is in abeyance, or so says the *London News*:

"The Prime Minister of this country and his associates for the time being, whoever they may be, determine upon a certain enterprise. Parliament knows nothing about it. Ministers as a body know nothing about it. It does not necessarily follow that all the members of the War Cabinet know about it. The people who are privy to what, on a meaner stage, would be called, vulgarly, the plot, vary in number and character with the nature of the objects aimed at, which again vary from such high aims as the appointment of an Allied Generalissimo to such details as the silencing of some voice supposed to be hostile to the Government. The same secrecy which attends its conception is observed throughout the execution of the new policy. Wherever possible, victims are removed without noise. It is all done by kindness. At a certain stage, whispers of the design get abroad. Questions are asked in Parliament. Then one of the Ministers not in the play is put up to 'affirm a negative,' in Mr. Bonar Law's classic phrase—in other words, to lie to Parliament and the nation, and to persuade them for yet a few days or hours that a thing is not happening because the particular Minister happens to know nothing about it. Then, at the accepted time, the mine is sprung. Parliament is presented with the 'fait accompli,' and assured that any protest is hindering patriotic Ministers in their great task of 'getting on with the war.'"

Lloyd George the Secret Press Agent.

A SUSPICION prevails in England that Mr. Lloyd George connives at the campaigns of the Northcliffe press against individuals for the sake of getting rid of them. That is how Sir William Robertson was

overthrown and there are hints that the next victim is to be Mr. Balfour. Nothing could be more disastrous than such suspicions, says the *London Spectator*. They indicate that the Prime Minister is sly, that he is a trickster, that he is afraid to oppose a man openly but intrigues against him. This periodical thinks it high time, however, that Mr. Lloyd George learned exactly what charges are in circulation against him. It does not think the charges can be true. Lord Beresford has been saying that two great newspaper-owners are in the ministry and that they seem to get "tips" and to be allowed to attack whom they please. Arthur Henderson says the Prime Minister "works the press." Mr. Lloyd George denied this in the House. One of Mr. Lloyd George's secretaries owns the *London Observer*, a paper which has been particularly animated in its attacks upon a great public official. In short, as the *London Nation* has said, if you own a newspaper you can get a great post under the government, you may carry a plan of campaign against the judgment of the war office or you may slap President Wilson with a sarcastic phrase, provided you praise Lloyd George. The *London Outlook* cites Lord Beaverbrook. Lloyd George, it is further affirmed, makes inaccurate statements. He is not above "chicane." He is ignorant of foreign affairs. Chapter and verse are cited in support of these accusations in organs of the opposition and even in the *Manchester Guardian*. Again, the failure to profit by the difference which existed or seemed to exist between Chancellor von Hertling and Count Czernin is now ascribed to the ineptitude of the Lloyd George cabinet in diplomacy. Thus, right after President Wilson's speech dealing with this very matter, Mr. Balfour completely misinterpreted Count Czernin to the Commons. This speech immensely irritated those British papers which see in the Wilson diplomacy the immediate hope of humanity.

Von Hindenburg says he will be in Paris by April. Heaven help him if he's caught!—*Savannah News*.

That boasted German offensive can not be any more so than the conduct of the nation.—*Baltimore American*.

A GRAVE CRISIS IN POLITICAL BERLIN

ANOTHER month has passed in Berlin without fatal results to the official career of Chancellor von Hertling, a fact which surprises some French dailies. The *Paris Figaro* was quite prepared for the appearance of Prince von Bülow in von Hertling's post. In fact, whenever relations between Berlin and Vienna are severely strained, the rumor about Prince von Bülow is revived. His appearance as Chancellor would be the last drop in the cup of Emperor William's humiliation, observes the *Giornale* (Rome), for it is well known that the relations of this pair are pleasant in an official sense only. On the other hand, as the Paris papers observe, Prince von Bülow is an unpalatable personage in Vienna, where his suspicions of Austria are understood and where he is held responsible for the diplomacy of Italy. Prince von Bülow is a sort of mouthpiece for the party which upholds the cause of north Germany against the encroachments of the southerners and he has the additional merit of eligibility in the eyes of the Junkers. It is affirmed that his elevation to his old post

An Effort to Overthrow Chancellor von Hertling as a Southerner

would be a "war" signal to President Wilson. He has managed, according to the Italian dailies, to hold aloof from the fight between easterners and westerners which has had so much to do with German strategy since the war began and which is responsible, the Roman daily suspects, for the long delay in the great offensive from Cambrai to Verdun. Bülow is an "annexationist" and political leader of the militarist Pan-Germans.

The Difficulty of Finding a New German Chancellor.

THE immediate cause of the existing political crisis at Berlin, as outlined in the *Paris Temps*, is the struggle involving such organizations as the Prussian League—a sort of Junker combination against democratic ideas—the Fatherland Party, based upon the principle of German solidarity, and the so-called People's League for Liberty. The organization last named is a formidable alliance of socialistic elements with the solidly respectable business men. It contains



I.—THE SOWER



II.—THE REAPER



III.—THE GLEANERS

—Valusek in Chicago Herald

a sprinkling of eminent professors. The platform is an assimilation of the Wilsonian principles of democracy with Mr. Wilson's name omitted in order to avoid embarrassment. The "People's League" is led by noted labor-leaders like Bauer and Legien, by professors like Francke, Brentano and Oncken, by publicists like Dernburg, Max Weber and Frederick Naumann. In spite of a furious war upon these men by organs of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* type, their party has gained adherents in the Reichstag and seems to be the critical factor in the struggle over the successor to von Hertling. Immediate domestic reform involving a transformation of German political institutions in a liberal direction, "with the cooperation of all the people," is the aim of this "block." The power it has gained is proved to liberal dailies outside of Germany by the failure to suppress newspapers like the *Frankfurter Zeitung* whenever they say a word in its favor. The practical argument of this league—a bourgeois affair to the *Vorwärts*—has to do with raw materials. What Germany needs is a peace that will bring plenty of these, a consideration to which the Junkers are alleged to be indifferent because they are so rich.

Trying to Make Official Berlin Liberal.

TO the Dernburgs, the Delbrücks, the Meineckes and other politicians of that school in Berlin, to follow the Italian press comment on this crisis, it is vital that President Wilson receive a conciliatory answer. To that extent there is harmony between the liberal German element and the liberal Austrian element, supported for the time being by the Chancellor, himself an adherent of the southern party at Berlin, the party which believes that Prussia has dominated the German world to its undoing. The obstacle to the success of the southerners, as the *Figaro* views the struggle, is the militarist faction glorying in the name of Hindenburg, Ludendorff and the rest. They are the "easterners" who take so much credit for events in Russia. Precisely as the civilians are divided into northerners and southerners, according to the available Italian comment, the soldiers of Germany are ranged in the rival camps of easterners and westerners. The Crown Prince seems to suffer most from this war within the war, to follow the *Tribuna*. It is conceded everywhere, "most cordially in Germany itself," that he has won no glory at Armageddon. He is understood to be complaining bitterly to his intimates that he is the victim of a prejudice against him in the newly-organized general staff. His partisans are believed to have done all the advertizing of the great offensive in the West upon the theory that the military prestige of the fatherland would render it at last obligatory. There were, in effect, pushes in the west recently, but some excuse was always forthcoming at the eleventh hour when the Crown Prince wanted reinforcements. The friends of the Crown Prince retorted by making much of the American menace. The cue at first was to belittle America and President Wilson in the familiar style of the *Vienna Zeit* and the *Berlin Post*; but when the western offensive was delayed the court-party suddenly discovered that America will win the war if the general staff fails to move at once in the West. The various feuds in Berlin are understood in the Italian dailies to

be now so keen that the heads of these eastern and western factions are barely civil to one another.

Franchise Reform in Prussia.

NOTICE has been served upon Chancellor von Hertling, the *Temps* understands, that if he does not stop talking about "constitutional ideas" in Prussia his position will be made untenable. He was getting along well enough with his franchise reforms for Prussia until he undertook to push his three bills separately. Reform of the lower house, reform of the upper house and the budget were to form details of a single measure. This fell in with the plans of von Heydebrand and the Junkers, for it enabled them to delay the whole scheme in committee stages. There was a good deal of premature rejoicing in such dailies as the *Vossische* and much lamentation in the *Kreuz-Zeitung* until a speech by Hugo Haase in one of the Reichstag committees aroused suspicion in the Socialist mind. Haase's speech was suppressed and no report of it is available anywhere; but Socialist feeling, represented by the *Vorwärts*, is aroused over the question of parliamentary procedure in the Prussian diet. The three bills must be considered separately. Otherwise the liberal German world will infer that it is being hoodwinked by pretended reform of the constitution in a liberal sense. The recent reception of Reichstag party-leaders by Chancellor von Hertling is said to have had something to do with the vexed question of hastening the Prussian reforms; but the *Temps* suspects that leisure rather than haste characterized all consideration of these innovations. Socialist efforts to agitate the subject are rigorously repressed.

Militarism Raises its Head in Austria.

ALARMED at the growth of discontent in the Hapsburg dominions, the reactionary elements in Austria, if the Paris *Temps* be correctly informed, are drawing closer to their kind in Germany. An effort is being made to smooth away the differences between the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns. Count Czernin has even gone so far as to state publicly that his government will not hear of a restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Austria-Hungary will further send an army to the western front to fight with her ally when the great offensive is at its height. The Austro-Hungarian Minister of War, General Stoeger-Steiner, has likewise declared in the Berlin *Tageblatt* that his government has no idea of supporting plans for disarmament after the war. This declaration, as the *Temps* says, seems like a flat reversal of what the Emperor Charles wrote to the Pope when the last peace suggestion emanated from the Vatican. The view that standing armies should give way to militia in time finds no favor in official Viennese circles. The Hapsburgs will adhere in the future to their device of a standing army, which has the merit, the Minister of War says, of inculcating discipline in populations. The utterance, officially authorized, has created a sensation in liberal circles in Germany and prompts the democratic *Frankfurter Zeitung* to declare that the rule of the Hapsburgs is an anachronism. The dynasty had a part to play in time past by protecting its subjects against the Turk. The decay of Turkish power has left Austria-Hungary an



"KEEP LOOKING TO THE EAST"

—Cesare in N. Y. Evening Post

armed camp of many ill-assorted races "wondering what they have in common."

Transformation of the Hapsburg Empire Planned.

SO rigorously censored is the Vienna press at this moment that nothing very outspoken on the subject of Austro-Hungarian reaction, now for the time being in the ascendant, is uttered by the *Fremdenblatt*, the *Neue Freie Presse*, the *Zeit* or the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*. In Germany the *Frankfurter Zeitung* permits itself to say that the existing political system of the



CAN THE SELF-ANointed WORLD RULER ANSWER THIS?

—Ireland in Columbus Dispatch



THE OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL, BUT—
—Chapin in *St. Louis Republic*

Hapsburg monarchy is untenable. "It is anarchy tempered by absolutism." Among the many reforms proposed, the Frankfort daily takes most seriously that brought forward by the Austrian Socialists at their recent congress. This would make Austria-Hungary a federal empire of nationalities split up into states along racial lines. There would thus be a suppression of ancient territorial units like Bohemia, Moravia, Styria and the like. In a word, the world is asked to contemplate a new Hapsburg empire politically. Is the dream realizable? The Frankfort daily answers:

"What will they do—those nations united in a federal state, towards discharging the duties of a general nature, which would be the chief thing? What account is to be taken of foreign affairs, regarding which there exists today such great divergence of view among the races? One's thought naturally reverts to the adventures of the daughters of Peleas, who, upon Medea's advice, cut their old father into little pieces and cooked him in a magic pot in order to make him young. Unfortunately the recipe did not work, for the old gentleman was dead."

Berlin Reassures Official Vienna.

THE basis of the cordial understanding between official Vienna and official Berlin, which has done much to soften recent antagonisms, is, according to French dailies, the principle of "historic continuity." The Junkers of Prussia have promised the grand ducal caste of Austria and the Magyars of Hungary that no democratic innovations of the Wilson school of politics will be tolerated. This has caused Socialism in the Hapsburg dominions to take the alarm, as comment in the Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, when not too rigorously censored, indicates. Germany, however, says the Paris *Temps*, is well aware that it will be impossible for the Hapsburgs to maintain their subject nationalities within

the four corners of the Teutonic "culture." The Hapsburgs are thus confronted with alternatives. They must bring themselves to witness the collapse of their system very soon through the birth of Slav states, each independent, or they must accept the intervention of the Kaiser's mailed fist in Vienna. This last is the choice of the reactionary elements in the dual monarchy. The liberals and the Socialists are consequently more repressed than ever, their organs are censored almost to extinction. This situation inspires remarks like those of the London *Outlook* to the effect that it is absurd to cherish ideas of detaching the Hapsburg monarchy from the empire of the Hohenzollerns. Austria can not be detached from Germany and the war problem solved in that way, "since Austria is nothing else than the victim and the servant of the German Empire, owing to the close association of interests which exists between the Austrian Germans and the Magyars on the one side and the Reichsdeutsche or Germans of the empire on the other." In the main, the British paper says, the present war can be said to have resulted from no other cause:

"Because they knew they would be backed by the Hohenzollerns, the Magyars and Austrian Germans, whose wishes are interpreted by the Vienna Government, dared challenge in the person of Serbia the Slav majorities which numerically outnumber them, and politically had been made more conscious of their latent strength by all that had passed in the Balkans since 1912. Because they knew that the Austrian Magyars' war aims were but a wheel within the wheel of their Berlin-Bagdad policy—owing to their absorption in themselves, born of necessity, and which the war was sure to make complete—the Hohenzollerns did not hesitate to stake all their military power, all the preparations made with a view to securing hegemony in Europe, on the Austro-Serbian quarrel."



INDIGESTIBLE FOOD

—Bronstrup in *San Francisco Chronicle*

RUSSIA IN THE GRIP OF THE SOVIETS

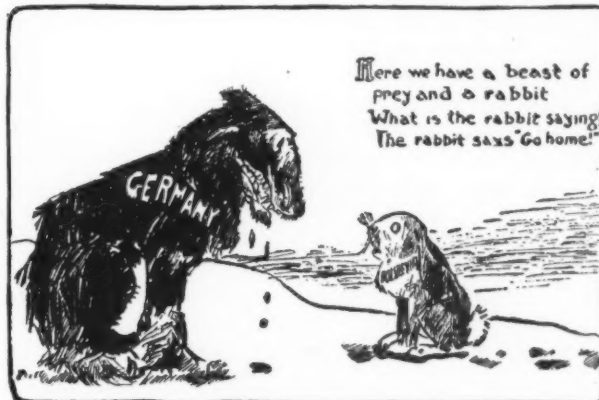
IT is by no means obvious to the press of western Europe that the struggle to dethrone Lenin from his supremacy over the Soviets—the one national government left in Russia—has met with success. His avowed aim, or so the *Figaro* says, is to set going precisely such a government by the "submerged tenth" as Marat was dreaming of when Charlotte Corday killed him. This republic of the proletariat will be founded economically upon the theories of Karl Marx. In politics it will be a government by universal suffrage. There are to be no contractual relations based upon property, as the word is used in the bourgeois world. The expectation in Soviet circles appears to be that a government by commissaries upon the familiar Bolshevik plan will conduct the various departments. Industries are to be controlled by the workers. Those who decline to enter into the scheme will be viewed as criminals or malefactors, precisely as in the bourgeois world an individual declining to recognize the rights of property is treated as delinquent. If Lenin fails to hold the Soviets he may be succeeded by a person of his views. It is intimated in the *Socialist Avanti* (Naples), that no objection to the establishment of this kind of republic will come from Berlin. It is understood in European Socialist circles that the Junkers have no objection at all to the experiment of the Soviets at Moscow. Lenin is of the opinion that the Central Powers will not dare to challenge their own proletariat by suppressing a republic based upon Marxian economics.



TROTSKY: "NOW WHAT?"

—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

An Absolutism of the Proletariat May Emerge at Moscow



—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Getting the New Russian Social System Going.

THE historical significance of the Soviet enterprise at Moscow is found by the Socialist press in the fact that it will be the first deliberate attempt to get a Socialist government going on Marxian lines. The *Paris Humanité* points out that there have been attempts in France to get Socialism going; but these efforts were not scientific in the Marxian sense. Neither have the Socialists ever before enjoyed an opportunity as this. Indeed, as the *London Spectator* observes, the somewhat despotic methods of Lenin are accounted for by the fact that he is an extremist putting a social revolution on its feet. That is why he refused to allow the constituent assembly to come into being. "He made himself notorious long ago by his relentless hostility to all, even among ardent Socialists, who did not favor his particular methods of establishing a Socialist Utopia." There is a moderate Socialist faction that would proceed "step by step," a faction represented in some respects by the effort of Kerensky, that fell for lack of Allied support. The general impression among the "bourgeois" newspapers of Europe is that Lenin will fail, that he will be succeeded by a leader even more irreconcilable than himself, whereupon a moderately Socialistic group will assume power. The *London Spectator* affords these impressions:

"If the Russian peoples had returned a large majority of Bolsheviks, M. Ulyanov [Lenin] would probably have allowed the Constituent Assembly to meet and register his decrees. As the Assembly promised to be hostile to him, he forbade it to meet and then dissolved it. To the democratic peoples of the West this seemed a crime, but M. Ulyanov was simply carrying out his autocratic principles. Any one who opposes him or criticizes his actions is a traitor who must be punished in the interests of the Socialist State. We shall probably never know the full details of the methods by which Petrograd has been sub-

jected to Bolshevik rule, but it is clear that Paris under the first or the last Commune was a peaceful city compared to the Russian capital to-day. The Leninites have achieved power, and mean to retain it, if they can, by any and every means."

The dissolution of the old army and the formation of a new and well-paid force of selected Red Guards, the confiscation of all property except that of the workmen and peasants, and the destruction of the Church are parts of a program intended to clear away the established interests that might menace the new despotism. Having brought northern Russia under control, the Leninites have tried to extend their rule to the other regions, reconstituting the old Empire under a Socialist Czar. "But the existence of a state of war," says the *Spectator*, "was fatal to their plans. The Ukraine Socialists, whose program seems to us as wildly absurd as that of Lenin, tho their methods are less violent, could appeal to the enemy against Petrograd with the certainty that the enemy would welcome the chance of fomenting the disunion of Russia."

Expectations of the Soviet Leaders.

IN the face of confident French newspaper predictions to the contrary, we find the Soviet organs in Russia affirming that the proletariat of the Central Powers will rise if the Berlin government wars on the "revolution." To prevent the German invader from restoring

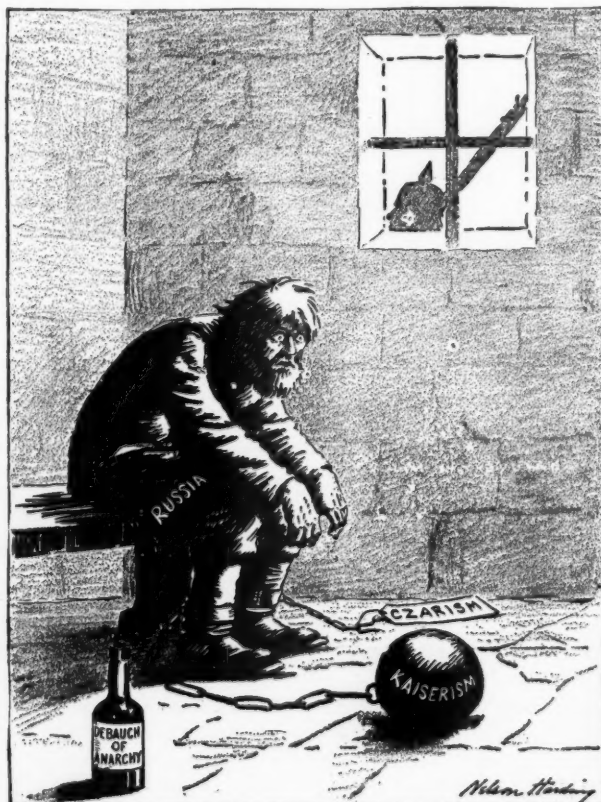
The German plan is to prefix a "P" to Russia.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

It looks as if the Russians quit fighting the Germans and Austrians only that they might have plenty of time for fighting each other.—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

ing the privileges of the bourgeoisie, the Soviet continues to organize the new revolutionary army. The *Avanti* puts this force at a good half-million men, "after expelling dubious characters, vagabonds and individuals not loyal to the Marxian idea." Local Soviets all over Russia are said to be in sympathetic communication and contact with the central body, even in the Ukraine. Industries are to be governed by the workers in them upon a basis of autonomy. "Triumphant syndicalism," the *Pravda* has called it. The constituency of the Soviets is made up of peasants, workers and soldiers, and the interests of no other class will be considered. Capitalists and landed proprietors, the sarcastic *Temps* says, will be seized and put to work by local Soviets, which are, it adds, merely clubs of workmen and soldiers who have deserted from their regiments, with a sprinkling of peasants who can not read. Lenin repudiates the bands of men who are roaming the country in rags or raiding the railway trains for a free ride they know not where. The Soviets are to frame a sort of police or constabulary to deal with this element. In the meantime, the peasants and workers are sanctioning extreme measures intended to check the ravages of the irresponsible. Firing squads have been restored in certain instances, not, as is naively explained, to revive capital punishment, but to "make the punishment fit the crime." The revolutionaries themselves are sobered by the wave of crime that threatens to submerge Russia.

The trouble in Russia seems to be that the army that can fight won't, while those who can't want to.—*Baltimore American*.

Talk of recognizing the Bolsheviks is superfluous: when Germany finishes with them they will be unrecognizable.—*Wall Street Journal*.



THE COLD GRAY DAWN OF THE MORNING AFTER

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle



"NOW FIGHT TO THE DEATH!"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

THE RIDDLE OF THE FRENCH TREASONS

THE Clemenceau Ministry staged the first act of the great treason play, as the *Humanité* calls it, with a splendid sense of effect by having Bolo found guilty and sentenced to death. All newspaper comment in Paris, with the exception of that in the most radical organs, agrees that the defense of the accused Caillaux is embarrassed by this development. Bolo, stating the charge against him very generally, was guilty of relations with Berlin that are treasonable to French law. This Bolo is represented in French organs of the solid type as a predatory adventurer who managed to get a rich widow's fortune by marrying her. When he had spent the money he determined to secure some of the German funds which at that time—some three years ago—were pouring into France, or so the *Figaro* believes. Abbas Hilmi, sometime Khedive of Egypt and always a great enemy of the English, was a refugee in Switzerland and the conspicuous character in a clique that lived on remittances from Berlin. Bolo hunted up the former Khedive and through mutual Turkish friends interested him in a scheme to get hold of important newspapers in France—including even the *Temps* and the *Figaro*, if the evidence brought out recently may be accepted. Public opinion in France was to be brought over to peace or, as the *Figaro* prefers to suspect, to the Caillaux point of view. These events took place at a time when Bethmann-Hollweg thought the western offensive a definitive failure and was doing his best to get the submarine out of the war.

Bribing the Newspaper Men of France.

WHAT astonished the French and caused excitement in those journalistic circles at Paris which are involved in the testimony is the vastness of the sums the Wilhelmstrasse expends upon journalistic propaganda in foreign countries. Bolo alone got, apparently, not less than two million dollars for the sake of buying up the French press, part of the sum being transmitted to him by way of the United States. Bolo negotiated for the Paris *Rappel* as well as for two or three other dailies the names of which are not disclosed. Thus was the whole atmosphere of Paris, according to the indignant *Victoire*, made yellow with the Hun's gold. However, Bolo spent much of the money he received through the former Khedive on dinners to curious guests supposed to have influence of a shady sort in the diplomatic world. He paid for "tips" on the political situation. He conceived at last the idea of getting hold of the influential Paris *Journal*, edited by that Senator Humbert who is the latest to be caught in the meshes of this intrigue. M. Humbert held his post on the *Journal* by a precarious tenure. He wanted to find some one with money to help him buy the influential daily he edited. Bolo appeared at a timely hour for the Senator and arranged to acquire a controlling interest in this patriotic anti-German organ.

Bolo as a Figure in French Journalism.

ALTHO the Wilhelmstrasse had begun to cherish misgivings on the subject of Bolo, who had absorbed millions of its money through Abbas Hilmi, it

All Europe Awaiting Developments in the Celebrated Affair at Paris

risked nearly two million dollars more on him in the *Journal* venture. At least that is the evidence of the prosecution. Some of this *Journal* cash passed by way of New York—\$1,800,000, it is alleged. In the end the adventurer with the Turkish title was legally the owner of the French daily, still assuming the facts to be as the prosecution suggests, altho the denials of Bolo are vehement and the merits of Senator Humbert's case are still under consideration. The name of Caillaux was dragged into the testimony more than once, but the mysteries are to the *Humanité* only deeper as a result. What value did Germany get for her money? The question is put by the Manchester *Guardian* which from the beginning has had its doubts of the merits of the case against Caillaux. The prosecution alleged that Bolo was to use his funds in the interests of pacifism; but the Manchester organ observes that not a scrap of evidence was produced in support of this allegation. For instance, the *Journal* never once during all this period talked peace. It clamored for more energy against the foe. The *Rappel* insisted upon acquisition of undoubted German territory by the French. All the time these dailies were controlled by Bolo they went in for a fight to the last against the invading Hun. There is undoubtedly some mystery here, as even the suspicious *Figaro* admits.

Journalistic Camouflage in Paris.

ONE explanation of the puzzling course of the *Rappel* and the *Journal*, during the period of their control by a German agent, is that they sought to throw dust in French eyes. Bolo was a spy giving tips to the Wilhelmstrasse gained in his capacity as journalist acting through stool-pigeons in contact with the censor. It is undeniable that information of the highest importance is conveyed to French journalists and not published. Yet here, as the Manchester liberal daily points out, no evidence was forthcoming to settle the point. "Was Bolo, a swindler from his youth up, just swindling the Germans, extracting large sums from them but giving nothing in return?" The cutting short of supplies by the Wilhelmstrasse and the readiness with which Pavenstedt, its fiscal agent in this country at one time, testified against the accused, seems to the British organ of liberalism to make the supposition plausible. Bolo did not set up any such defense. He said he never got money from the Wilhelmstrasse at all. A third hypothesis is that the militarists of Berlin deliberately supported French jingo papers in the interests of armaments. It will be remembered that before the war began there were scandals, exposed by the London *News*, connecting organs of French jingoism with Krupp interests. "There is nothing, therefore, inherently improbable in German militarists adopting similar tactics during the war." The Manchester *Guardian* adds that it can not sweep this theory of the case aside as wholly improbable. "Assuredly the best friends of German militarism are those organs of opinion of a like breed in the Allied countries to which the voice of reason and moderation is as the voice of the devil."

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE SILENT GENIUS WHO IS SPENDING BILLIONS FOR UNCLE SAM

MANY men since the days of Midas and Croesus have had a genius for making, or amassing, wealth in huge volume; but it is one of the unique distinctions of this colossal war to develop a money-spending genius who is probably without a peer in history. Such at least is the claim being made for Edward R. Stettinius, who, in three years, spent five billions of dollars buying war munitions for Great Britain, organized an amazingly-efficient purchasing agency for the Allies and now, through his appointment as Surveyor-General for the War Depart-

ment, which means director of munitions and chief war-purchasing agent, is to expend five or ten or perhaps fifty billions more for the United States. No other man who ever lived, declares the New York *Evening World*, has bought on so tremendous a scale. The appointment of Stettinius marks another innovation—the entrance of practical business men into conduct of war affairs. Lloyd George adopted that policy in England during the past year and drafted into service in the highest places some of the best British business brains. Like Sir Eric Geddes, who a few years ago was a

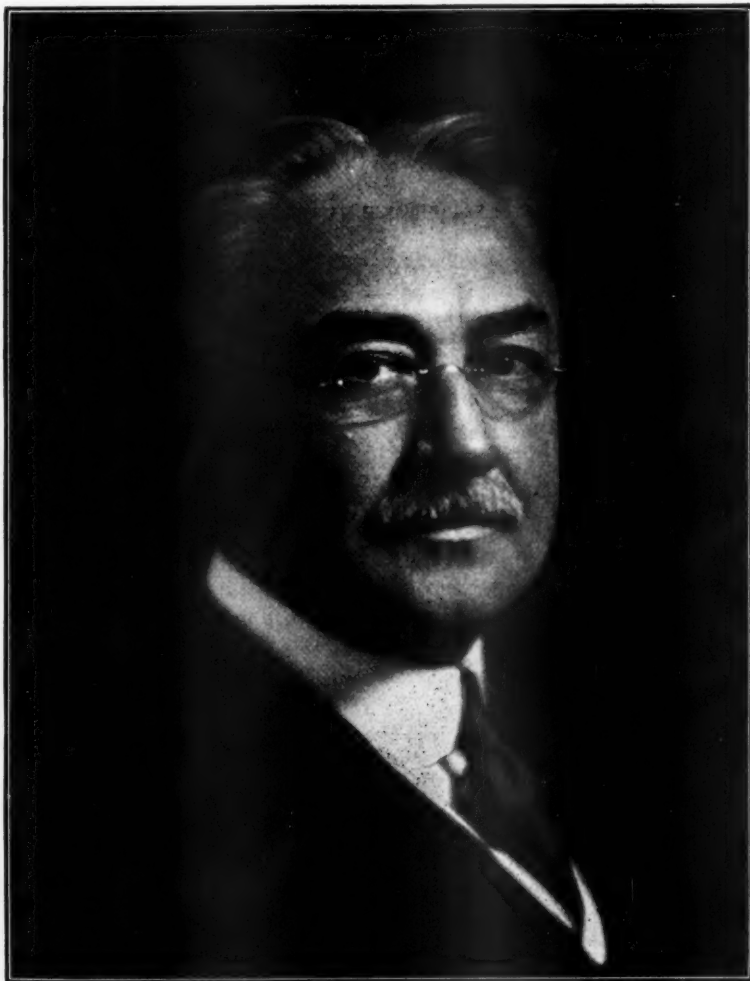
Edward R. Stettinius, New Surveyor-General for the War Department is a Man of Mystery to the Public

poorly-paid worker for the B. & O. Railroad in a little West Virginia town and who now is the "money-lord" of the British Admiralty, Stettinius is summoned to put practical business methods into our troubled War Department.

His name is not to be found in *Who's Who*, and he has never courted interviewers—this Surveyor-General for the War Department, whom Lord Northcliffe called "easily the ablest business organizer in the ranks of the Allies or the enemy." The Northcliffe encomium was in appreciation of the monumental task Stettinius performed as a member of the Morgan banking firm in getting a hundred cents' worth out of every dollar the Allies spent in this country for supplies. When that task was concluded through the establishment of commercial missions in the United States, Stettinius went to Washington and offered his services to his own Government as "a-dollar-a-year man," and his appointment as Surveyor-General of supplies for the army was the result. As such, in the words of Secretary Baker, he is "in charge of the procurement and production of all supplies by the five army bureaus, namely, ordnance, quartermaster, signal, engineer and medical. It shall be his duty to coordinate such purchases and properly relate the same to industry, to the end that the army program be developed under a comprehensive plan which best utilizes the resources of the country."

Prior to his appearance in Washington, says the New York *Sun*, the problem of buying for the United States was even more haphazard than it had been for the Allies, department bidding against department, forcing up prices against each other, choked by the bogey of red tape. It was to remedy this that Congress recommended a Department of Munitions. Without waiting for Congress, Secretary Baker reorganized his department and chose Stettinius for a position much like that Congress was calling for. Reasons for the choice were thus set forth:

"His organizing ability as president of the Diamond Match Company had recommended him to J. P. Morgan as the man to direct the purchase of supplies for the Allies. . . . He came to New York in January, 1915, on a three months' leave of absence, and started in at once



HE IS THE GREATEST PURCHASING AGENT IN THE WORLD

Edward R. Stettinius, who spent five billions for the Allies and who may spend fifty billions for Uncle Sam, is declared by Lord Northcliffe to be "the ablest business organizer in the ranks of the Allies or the enemy."

to put the office on a systematic and businesslike basis. He had merely a handful of clerks at first, but as the work grew larger every day his force increased until it became probably the largest purchasing department in the world. Stettinius grew with it; it was his creation. He sent experienced investigators all over the country and ascertained the best sources of material needed, and then listed the manufactures capable of producing these materials. He made a census of raw materials, and when he was all through with the preliminary work he started to buy. The old inefficient methods had disappeared over night, and in thirty days he had purchased more munitions and other supplies than had been bought in this country in all the preceding months of the war. . . . On January 1, 1916, he was taken into the Morgan firm as a partner."

Other published information regarding Surveyor-General Stettinius is meager. We read that he was born in St. Louis, Missouri, fifty-three years ago, attended the public schools and a local university, and at eighteen entered the employ of a firm which even-

tually was absorbed by the Babcock & Wilcox Company, manufacturers of machinery. In this concern he became vice-president and a director. In 1906 what was known as the Match Trust needed new blood and administrative ability. Somebody in authority picked out Stettinius and he was put in first as vice-president, later becoming its president—and the rest is silence. To break this silence the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* recently besought Surveyor-General Stettinius for an interview. The interview did not materialize any further than to yield a brief pen picture and a quoted paragraph:

"Thin men are scarce in the war auxiliaries in Washington. Most of them are desk men, with high foreheads and broad stomachs. Stettinius is a thin man. His eyes show why. They are clear, gray and bright, and they snap a little bit. He isn't a jumpy man; on the contrary, smooth and graceful in his movements, but energy dances all about him just the same. He has grayish-white hair that parts informally, like a boy's, and stands up

straight in the back. His chin has a mild cleft and his firm mouth is topped by a bristly little gray mustache.

"Persistence succeeded in winning an opportunity to see him. But persistence could not get him to talk about himself. His method of terminating the interview was pleasant, but none the less definite. He said a time might come when there would be something to say. Then he emerged from his chair and walked to the door, which opened.

"It may have been one move too many. Satisfied that he was rid of his questioner, perhaps he was off his guard. Yes, he would answer a question. As surveyor of purchases he was beginning to see order ahead, issuing out of the confusion which had drawn public criticism of the War Department.

"Yes," said Mr. Stettinius, 'we're beginning to see our way out. It will take time. We have to make haste slowly, you know. Of course, the atmosphere of the War Department isn't as conducive to speed as the atmosphere of a manufacturing plant.' With that the door closed on Stettinius. It was a tantalizing point. It ought to have been the beginning of an interview instead of the end of one."

CLEMENCEAU: THE INDOMITABLE RULER OF FRANCE

WHILE he retains his post as Prime Minister, the will of Georges Clemenceau will be law in France. He would undertake the formation of a ministry upon no other terms. His energy at seventy-six is declared by the Paris *Gaulois* to equal that of Samson at twenty. The voice of Clemenceau rings out in the chamber with all the old thunder. His epigrams are still pointed and different. His words flow. His metaphors are vivid. His gestures accentuate his points. The large dark eyes flash. The big bald head seems as polished as ivory and as enduring as granite. The mustache bristles. He still scolds, scolds and storms, storms. No lack of keenness in the wonderful memory forces him to abandon his inveterate habit of speaking without notes. The disposition, the personal characteristics, adds the *Gaulois*, justify more than ever the title of "the tiger," borne by Clemenceau for so many years. He lowers, glares, pauses, in the tribute as if he would spring forth from it upon the listening deputies below, reduced to the silence of a lot of schoolboys. That idea is suggested by the minatory forefinger of Clemenceau, flourished right and left. In the end he comes down from his perch, lopes heavily through the aisle and is gone, leaving an abashed chamber well berated. He is, all admit, a terrible old man—"the tiger."

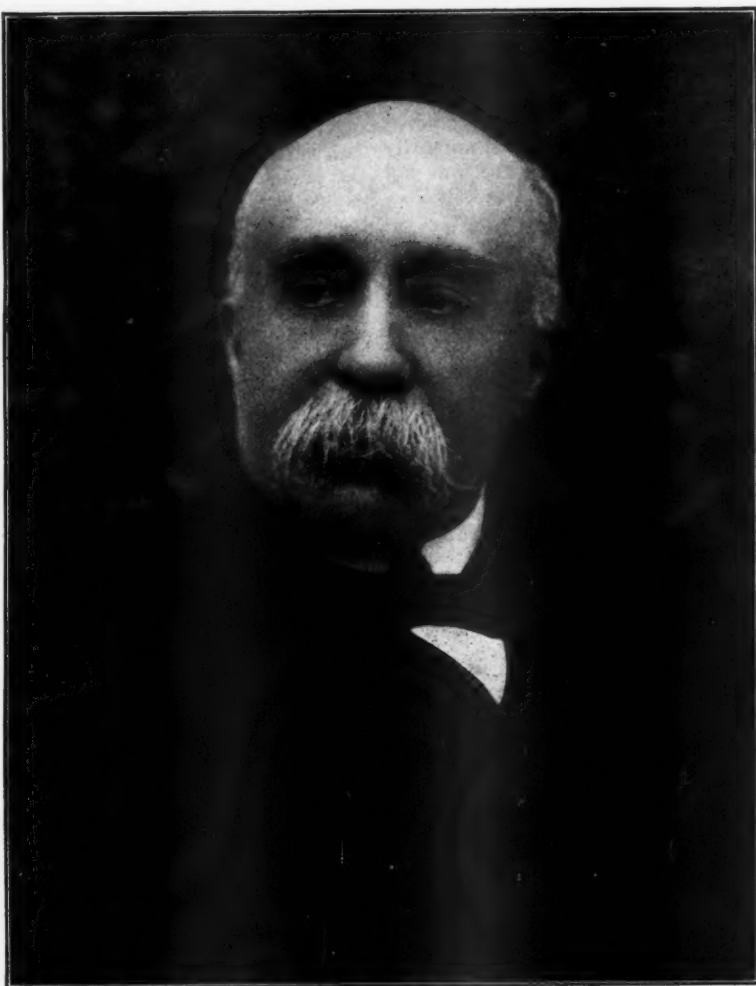
What a different impression is af-

forded in the character sketch of M. Marc Logé, writing for the London *Outlook* about a sweet old man in his home on the Rue Franklin in Paris. There is a school next door to the home of the tiger. "It often happens that during recreation hours the scholars throw their balls inadvertently over the wall separating their playground from the adjoining garden." The head of the wonderful old man has now and then a narrow escape, much to the anxiety of the ladies of the Clemenceau household. The Prime Minister of France, who loves to spend his leisure in the bit of ground from which in summer he coaxes a flower or two and a few vegetables, meekly runs after the ball that has invaded his territory and tosses it back over the wall. It is a delightful little garden in the warm weather, from which comes, as a rule, the flower in the buttonhole of the statesman. At the end of this garden, says M. Logé, Georges Clemenceau has managed to build and maintain a true poultry farm on a diminutive scale and in this "he takes quite a personal interest as he sups every evening on the fresh eggs laid by his own hens."

The methodical and abstemious habits of Clemenceau, to which he is indebted for his extraordinary physical vigor, have not been modified by the war. He goes to bed every evening at eight o'clock, we read in the British periodical, and he spends seven consecutive hours in slumber. At three o'clock in the morning he leaves his

At the Age of Seventy-six He Justifies His Title of "The Tiger"

couch, his first task being the preparation of an editorial article for the *Homme Libre*. It was suppressed once, whereupon the *Homme Enchaîné* "carried on," as the English say. Finding himself at the head of the government, M. Clemenceau restored the former title of his paper, to which he devotes only enough time to complete his daily fifteen hundred words. They are written in the most sarcastic French of our time, sarcasm being admittedly Clemenceau's specialty. At six, to follow various accounts of this great man's day, he has his cup of coffee and his roll. Until noon he sits at a large table in his study, working over documents with the diligence of a clerk, making notes on slips of paper in his fine and legible hand. The telephone bell and the typewriter are not heard in the sound-proof apartment. Luncheon comes exactly at twelve, in the dining room decorated with portraits of French revolutionary leaders. After luncheon the Prime Minister sleeps for an hour. His important meal is always dinner, which he tries to have at a little after six and which comprises a soup, a bit of fish, some meat, when allowed by the war administration, and a jelly for dessert, or an apple, according to circumstances. The glass of port wine concludes the ceremony. Just before retiring he may listen to the reading of a French classic by one of his nieces. The heavy labors of the day come in the chamber or at the ministry during the afternoon hours.



"THE TIGER"

Newspapers throughout France refer to Georges Clemenceau in this way, his personal characteristics having much in common with the feline in question, altho time has rendered him less ferocious and the war has won him friends in the ranks of old foes.

Clemenceau ascribes his vigor to the persistent cultivation of a variety of intellectual interests. He is a physician by profession, and his political career has not been allowed to interfere with his interest in the scientific developments at the medical schools. He followed the work of Pasteur with sympathy. He is something of an authority on the work of Claude Bernard. His library is rich in standard works on the vaccines. He is particularly well informed upon such subjects as opsonins and the thyroid gland. He delighted in the speculations of Metchnikoff on the theme of old age. Clemenceau's command of the English tongue was acquired in his youth and confirmed by his residence in this country, in the course of which his American marriage was made. He is like Frenchmen generally in believing Poe the supreme American author. The supreme American statesman to Clemenceau, according to the *Humanité*, is Jefferson. The essential American characteristic, he contends, is originality. He still recalls with en-

thusiasm the wonders of the scenery of rural New York, through which he traveled afoot in years gone by. His familiarity with the region described in "The Last of the Mohicans" may explain why it remains one of his favorite works of fiction. In science his hero is Berthelot. The greatest men of all time, M. Clemenceau is fond of saying, lived in France during her great revolution.

According to M. Charles Benoist, who has written much about the Prime Minister of France in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and elsewhere, fury, feline ferocity, impulsiveness, at times incoherence and spectacular explosiveness are among the traits at the foundation of the Clemenceau personality. Like all men of his temperament, "he puts a little coquetry" into the manifestations of himself, seeking never to disclose his soul wholly, trying to retain some recess of his nature from prying eyes. The consequence is that no character-sketch of so complex a being is quite like any other. Different journalists seem to be writing about a

different man, and as orator, physician, journalist, critic of the drama and of literature, teacher and politician, Clemenceau has many gifts and many characters. He takes a sort of pride in showing his defects, in hiding his greatness. He has curbed his furies a little—a very little—in recent years. He seems a trifle less impetuous, a bit less indiscreet of speech. The patriot in Clemenceau is to-day extinguishing the Jacobin, says this observer; the gentleman of the Vendée—in which he was born, of an ancient Breton family belonging to the higher bourgeoisie—prevails over all else at this hour. One finds in his origin what a British observer calls the "solidity of judgment and the affirmative character" of Clemenceau. "From hereditary disposition," to quote the French journalist, "and through aristocratic instinct, M. Georges Clemenceau has a hatred for low things and low souls. He is all at once very new France and very old France, very much eternal France." Emphatically French, in the words of the *London News*, he discloses a touch of the d'Artagnan of Dumas in his speech, of the Vautrin of Balzac in his sardonic mentality, and of the Marius of Victor Hugo in the romanticism of his manners and his moods. In the mere manner of wearing his dress suit, there is something elegantly French about M. Clemenceau, despite the careless creases all over the coat and the negligence of the tie at the throat. He imparts a Gallic lightness to the Scotch tweed gray of his sack suit, a Gallic lightness to his immense learning, which he does not wear heavily at all. If he were not such a famous statesman his reputation as a savant would be as remarkable with the public as it is among the professors at the Sorbonne. His mind is so many-sided that the artist and the scientist in him are one.

It would be erroneous to infer that Georges Clemenceau is without Christian faith merely because of his long war with the organization of the Roman Catholic church. To the Sisters of Saint-Jean-de-Dieu, who nursed him through a tedious convalescence not long ago after a serious surgical operation from which he has apparently quite recovered, he is said to have written the most affectionate letters. He is quoted as saying that atheism is the proof of a second-rate mind, of a soul lost to all that is beautiful. "Even if we do not know God, we should suspect his presence." Thus runs one of his terse phrases, less epigrammatical in a translation than in the original. His critics, among them the *Paris Débats*, accuse him of proneness to whimsical propositions, to paradox, to contradiction. "There is no rest for free peoples," he has said; "rest is a monarchical idea."

DU PONT WOULD RATHER PLAY THAN WORK, BUT WHEN HE PLAYS IS A MYSTERY

He Owns the Largest Office Building on Earth, Among Other Playthings

A MAN bought control of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York the other day because he was "out of a job" and wanted something to "amuse himself with." A few years previously, at the age of thirty-eight, he had amassed a fortune considered to be immense even as fortunes in America are measured, had given up active business and had determined to enjoy a life of leisure. He had always "hated to work" and had frankly expressed a contempt for money except that "one cannot get on without it—cannot do little things for his friends, to say nothing of big constructive jobs, without capital." So, altho he had plenty of money to do the most expensive of "little things" for his friends, T. Coleman du Pont had formed an incurable habit of doing big constructive things of business importance and his fancy for a life of leisure still remains a paradoxical fancy.

The name du Pont is inseparably associated with powder in the American mind; but, we are told by B. C. Forbes in his "Men Who Are Making America" (Forbes Publishing Company, New York), that T. C. du Pont had nothing to do with powder until after he had made a fortune and had begun to dream of doing nothing. It was as a sort of favor to another branch of the family that in 1901 he assumed the presidency of the famous powder works that bear the family name and that had been founded before the Revolution. There were in 1901 just seven clerks in the main office of the company at Wilmington, Delaware, and when du Pont resigned the presidency some five years later there were seventeen hundred of them. To-day there are nearly a hundred thousand employees of this greatest powder-making company in the world. It is surprising to read that he himself, however, knew nothing of the manufacture of powder except the general chemistry which he had learned at school. "I was only familiar with the use of it commercially," he says, "and had had successful experience in organizing and systematizing several industries." In three years, success was in sight and when this assurance had become absolute, it was characteristic of du Pont to get out. He had finished what he had undertaken, we read; the business was running perfectly; everything had been systematized and standardized, so that powder-making possessed no more attraction for him.

One of the many good-sized things du Pont has achieved since then, including an army commission, which en-

titles him to the prefix of General, is the construction of the \$30,000,000 Equitable building in New York—the largest office-building in the world, the business home of fifteen thousand people, with twenty-three hundred offices on its forty floors. Asked how he came to think of being a landlord on such a scale, he replied:

"Why, someone had, I imagine, learned that anything constructive appealed to me, whether it's erecting the greatest sky-scraper in the world or only a dog kennel, whether building a road or a street-car line, developing a coal mine or a steel plant, building up a powder company or creating a real farm out of barren land. The Equitable people wanted a building on this site. I found they had the largest single plot in the financial heart of New York—the very best site in the world. The idea of erecting the largest office-building in the world appealed to me. When I found I could get a long-term mortgage at a fair rate of interest and that the fundamental conditions were logical and the time for building economically right, I undertook the work. The finished undertaking speaks for itself. Now that the building has been completed and its organization working smoothly, it does not call for my attention. I like conceiving, planning, organizing, systematizing, and getting a project established successfully. Then I want to start something else. Just now I am out of a job."

Idle! exclaims his biographer; yet in addition du Pont controls the Equitable Life Assurance Society with its \$600,000,000 assets; controls, also, important coal mines in Kentucky; runs an enormous farm in Delaware and Maryland; is spending \$2,000,000 out of his own pocket in building a model highway from one end of Delaware to the other; is actively interested in several large hotels, including the Waldorf and McAlpin in New York; is said to be the political leader of the Republican party in Delaware (which he denies); is a member of the Republican National Committee and, among other things, owns *Littell's Living Age*, a magazine! Physically, we read:

"When nineteen and a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he stood six feet four inches and weighed 210 pounds. He went in for every form of athletics—he was stroke of the crew, captain of the football team, captain of the baseball nine, ran 100 yards in 10 seconds, could break in broncos with the skill of a cowboy, was and is a good shot, can swim like a Trojan, was a star man in tug-of-war competitions, and held his own in the boxing and wrestling ring. 'If I had been as good at my studies as I was at athletics I would, no doubt, have been a professor,' he laughed, referring to his college days. So thoroly has he kept in trim that his weight has not increased five pounds from the day he left school."

It was to Kentucky, where he was born in 1863, that du Pont went from college to learn coal mining from underground up. He shouldered a pick and dug coal, drove mules, looked after the horses, did blacksmithing and carpenter work, ran an engine:

"The best man in western Kentucky coal fields, the president of the biggest coal company there, was getting \$4,000 a year. I felt I wanted to try and see if I could not do better than that. I made up my mind to break into the biggest industry in the country. Arthur J. Moxham, the steel man of Johnstown, Pa., and Tom L. Johnson, afterward mayor of Cleveland, had started to work for my father at fifty cents a day, so I got a job as general manager with their concern in Johnstown, Pa. What was then the Johnson Company afterward became the Lorain Steel Company, now a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. After five or six years, he became interested in street railways, and went into this on a large scale—for example, he bought the car line in Johnstown, and built in New Jersey, New York, and Alabama.

"I never liked work," he remarked. "What? For a man who never liked work you seem to have done a fair share of it."

"I mean it. I would rather play than work any day."



A TITAN OF INDUSTRY WHO HATES TO WORK

General T. Coleman du Pont finds himself "out of a job" every now and then, and "just for fun" organizes a Powder Trust, buys a hotel or builds a sky-scraper.

HARA: THE ABLEST STATESMAN OF JAPAN

UPON the overthrow of the Kensai-Kai at the last general election in Japan, which entailed the triumph of the Seiyu-Kai, Mr. K. T. Hara became, to accept the judgment of the *Manchester Guardian*, the most powerful politician in Tokyo. The immediate result was a stiffening of the official Japanese attitude in China and the adoption of what is called an Asiatic policy on the continent. Ikuzo Ooka was elected Speaker of the House. General Uyehara, chief of the general staff of the army, had no further difficulties with appropriations for the expedition to Manchuria which was seen to be inevitable. All the Japanese dailies, including the *Hochi*, for which Mr. Hara once wrote somewhat imperialistic paragraphs, took delight in the expansion of the navy. Mr. Hara saw to it that the "eight-four fleet"—eight dreadnoughts and four cruisers to each squadron, of which latter there are to be three—did not suffer from lack of money. Even were Terauchi to fall and Saion-ji to take his place, the power behind the throne, in the opinion of competent observers, would be Hara. He is the incarnation of political Japan at this hour.

Mr. Hara resembles the Marquis Saion-ji, says a writer for the *Temps*, in his preference for Japanese ways, Japanese manners, Japanese modes, Japanese ideas. Mr. Hara will, indeed, on official occasions, don the frock coat of the west and look unimpeachable in his high silk hat and gloves, with trousers well creased and necktie of the New York four-in-hand type. At home, however, and among his few intimates he affects sleeves that reach not lower than his elbows and the flowing draperies of the Orient. His concession to our civilization goes little further than the use of a chair and table upon which he puts his tea-pot and at which his secretaries sit to take notes from dictation. The statesman is described in *The Japan Magazine* (Tokyo) as a distinguished gentleman in appearance, with silver locks worn short and carefully brushed back from the forehead on both sides. The firmness for which Mr. Hara is so noted is reflected in the strong chin; but the face as a whole is softened considerably by the liquid eyes, reposeful, inscrutable, surmounted by well-defined brows and a forehead of unusual fineness. The face is shaven smooth every morning by the valet of Mr. Hara.

It can not be affirmed by the most enthusiastic admirer of the great Japanese statesman that he is democratic in his instincts. Journalists who write

in the foreign newspapers deny that he is affable even, at any rate with the masses, upon whom he looks with a certain disdainful tolerance. His family pride is justified by the circumstance that he comes from Samurai stock, "his father having been a shizoku of the Nambu clan and a real gentleman of the old school." The family does not seem to have possessed at any time the enormous wealth of the Okumas; but its position at court was unassailable owing to eminent services through generations. In the clan councils the Haras easily led and were among the "highest vassals." The death of the father of



THE POLITICAL BOSS OF JAPAN

The leader of the Seiyu-Kai, Mr. Hara, may become Prime Minister, as he has a world of influence with such elder statesmen as are left and has shown a political instinct likely to hasten the advent of parliamentary ministries in the British sense.

young Hara left him, his brothers Yutake and Makoto, as well as several sisters, rather badly off, but the mother was exceptionally competent and progressive and saw that her children were reared in the family tradition of duty and public service. Japanese dailies and more particularly *The Japan Magazine*, refer with admiration to the deference paid by Mr. Hara to his mother in her old age when he had risen to renown and power. He built a villa for her in his native town and there she dwelt in dignified ease after a life of some struggle with poverty. Up to the day of his mother's quite recent death, Mr. Hara loved to visit her as a relief from the anxieties of

Leader of the Seiyu-Kai, He Proclaims a Policy of Asia for the Asiatics

party leadership and never did he omit the present of flowers or pictures to which she was partial. Her son was already a gray-haired man when she passed away, but to the end he yielded her implicit obedience.

That intimate acquaintance with international relations which causes the deputies to listen with deference to his speeches on the subject was gained through consular as well as diplomatic experience. He was at one time quite popular in Paris society and upon returning home he was given a responsible post in Tokyo foreign office. Here he made his hit with Prince Ito, who was quite charmed with the firmness and patriotism of Mr. Hara. As minister to Korea the young man was afforded his first opportunity to assert the policy of his country in Asia generally. Indeed, it is believed that Mr. Hara had more than one serious disagreement with his official superiors and the tale goes that he endured a severe reprimand for acting in too bellicose a spirit during a particularly delicate diplomatic dilemma which Count Mutsu was striving to render less complicated. Mr. Hara frankly prefers his own opinions to those of others nor does he hesitate to inform those in authority over him that they are perpetrating gross blunders. He chafes, fumes. He will never yield a point in argument, of which he is fond.

Compelled by political misfortunes to abandon the field of active politics, Mr. Hara took hold of the *Osaka Mainichi*, which became at once under his inspiration the most piquant and aggressive exponent of patriotic opinion in all Japan. The Marquis Saion-ji soon invited him into a cabinet and in due time Mr. Hara breathed the breath of life into that Seiyu-Kai party which he rules now with a rod of iron. The nominal leadership was vested in the Marquis Saion-ji but the power belonged to Hara, who succeeded to the titular dignity of head of his party when the former Prime Minister retired. Close students of the political situation predict that Mr. Hara will head a ministry himself in the near future. He bides his time at his beautiful home in Shibla park, planning, observing, following every movement of the great war, which he is convinced is a preface to the newest and greatest volume of his country's history in Asia.

There is a suspicion in some conservative minds that Mr. Hara has never wholly abandoned the revolutionary ideals of his youth and that he secretly favors the most subversive doctrines. The real Mr. Hara remains thus a mystery even to the Seiyu-Kai.



"SEVENTEEN"—A COMEDY OF YOUTH AND PUPPY LOVE

ALTHO he has received little aid from the "passionate" press agent, Stuart Walker has for the last three seasons modestly presented some of the most amusing and memorable dramas of the time. Through his itinerant Portmanteau Theater he popularized the plays of Lord Dunsany. This year he is making the interesting experiment of offering a dramatic version of *The Book of Job*. Yet, unlike so many of the innovators in our theater, Mr. Walker has never made the mistake of taking himself too seriously. He has never become infected with that strange malady of martyrdom which undermines so many nice young men of the theater. So he has not hesitated to offer the popular "Seventeen," a dramatization of Booth Tarkington's story of American youth. Chicago liked the play, and in New York it is still, after many weeks, attracting large audiences into the Booth Theater.

The first act, which is placed in the comfortable home of the Baxters in a comfortable town of the Middle West, deals with the inordinate longing of William Sylvanus Baxter, aged seventeen, for a dress suit, and the advent of Miss Lola Pratt, "the baby-talk lady," with her poodle Flopit, as the guest of May Parcher, who lives next door. We meet the Baxters, including Willie's little sister Jane, who is always painfully reminding Willie that he is not yet "grown up." Willie discusses that dress suit with his father:

WILLIE. I ought to have a dress suit. All young men have dress suits.

MR. BAXTER. You'd look fine in a dress suit, when you're still growing like a tadpole.

WILLIE. Aw, father!

MR. BAXTER. What's the matter now?

WILLIE. You make me feel like a baby or a calf.

MR. BAXTER. Well, aren't you?

WILLIE. I'm as big as you were when you were married. (*Mr. Baxter looks at Mrs. Baxter.*) Mother told me. You didn't get fat until you were thirty-five.

MR. BAXTER. (*Looks up at Willie.*) Fat!

WILLIE. Well, maybe not just fat. But I can remember when you were a skinny geezer—you had a dress suit when you were married.

MR. BAXTER. You're not thinking of marrying, are you?

WILLIE. No, but I have to begin think-

ing about it soon. Besides, I graduate next year, and sometimes I have to go to



WILLIAM SYLVANUS BAXTER, ESQ.

Gregory Kelly, the young actor who thus impersonates Booth Tarkington's immortal hero, is so perfectly cast in the part that he proves himself one of the most promising artists of the American stage.

Stuart Walker Dramatizes Booth Tarkington's Portrait of the Inimitable William Sylvanus Baxter

dances and I can't look like a bum—and I ought to have a dress suit!

MR. BAXTER. You'll have a dress suit when you're twenty-one and not a day sooner. That will be in time for your college graduation.

WILLIE. Well, I bet I won't go to college.

MR. BAXTER. Stop your frowning and stand up straight, Willie!

WILLIE. Do you want everybody to say I've got a spine like a ramrod?

MR. BAXTER. Maybe everybody won't be looking, son. (*Willie climbs the stairs like a martyr mounting the pyre.*)

Shortly afterward Johnnie Watson whistles the "gang" whistle outside. He comes in, bringing Willie the interesting news that a "new" girl, Lola Pratt, is coming back to town with May Parcher. Willie declares, "I never saw one girl in my life I'd care whether she lived or died!"

We learn that Willie has one hero—Dickens's Sidney Carton:

WILLIE. Say, Johnnie, have you ever read a book where you see somebody like yourself?

JOHNNIE. Naw.

WILLIE. Well, I have. Sometimes this man—

JOHNNIE. Who?

WILLIE. Sidney Carton, the hero. He's like me in many ways, and I just feel like him sometimes. He's a barrister and he drinks. Of course, I don't drink, but maybe I could some day. A man might do anything. I feel like I could speak like poetry some time—only he did!

JOHNNIE. Who?

WILLIE. Sidney Carton. He's my ideal!

JOHNNIE. You going to smoke regular while May Parcher's friend is here?

WILLIE. Oh, I don't know. I can if I want to.

JOHNNIE. Gee, I'm glad I didn't sign a pledge like my cousin, George Crooper.

WILLIE. Who's he?

JOHNNIE. He lives over in Blairsville. His father's the richest man in town and George has got two cars. One of them's a racer. It's a Chevrolet, he says. I wish I had a car. Don't you?

WILLIE. Oh, I don't know; perhaps.

JOHNNIE. I'll invite George over some time and tell him to bring his car.

WILLIE. When a man's got a hero to live up to he can wait until he can buy his own car and not depend on his father. You see, he was a noble fellow—the most noble I have read about.

JOHNNIE. Who?

WILLIE. Why, this Sidney Carton. You see, he was in love with a high-toned French aristocrat who was a peach and

loved a nobleman who looked something like him.

JOHNNIE. Sidney Carton?

WILLIE. Yes, and all the noblemen were condemned to perish—

JOHNNIE. What for?

WILLIE. Because they were noblemen.

JOHNNIE. I thought you said Sidney Carton was a nobleman.

WILLIE. No, I said he was a noble fellow, a fine fellow; the other was the high-toned French aristocrat—swell fellow, and he was a nobleman, but not so very fine. He was related to a duke, or something. So, because she loved him, Sidney Carton went into his cell and changed clothes with him and went up the guillotine—one of those big sharp knives that drop like a window-sash, you know,—and died for him like this: (*Willie goes to the foot of the steps, takes the pose of Sidney Carton in "The Only Way," and quotes the lines:*) "It is a far, far better thing that I do"—he had long hair and a long coat and tight breeches, you know—"than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to—"

But these ambitious plans to impress Lola are not realized. With May Parcher, the fair Lola Pratt comes to call—on Mrs. Baxter. She has hardly entered the hall when she comes face to face with Willie, who is coming down-stairs munching—most unlike a man of the world—a slice of bread with butter and apple-sauce. Thus they meet face to face. To Willie Miss Lola Pratt was ravishingly pretty. She carried a light and fluffy burden nestling in the inner curve of her right arm—the beautiful Flopit, an animal sated with indulgence. . . .

With eyes downcast in thought, Lola apparently took no note of William, even when she and William had come within a few feet of each other. Yet he knew that she would look up and that their eyes must meet, a thing for which he endeavored to prepare himself by a strange weaving motion of his neck against the friction of his collar, for thus, instinctively, he strove to obtain greater ease and some decent appearance of manly indifference. He felt that his efforts were a failure; that his agitation was ruinous and must be perceptible at a distance of miles, not feet. And then, in the instant of panic that befell, when her dark-lashed eyelids slowly lifted, he had a flash of inspiration.

He opened his mouth somewhat, and, as her eyes met his, full and startling, he placed three fingers across the orifice, and also offered a slight vocal proof that she had surprised him in the midst of a yawn. "Oh, hum!" he said.

Far from being indifferent to the charms of Miss Lola Pratt, Willie is so impressed that he "borrows" the old dress suit of his father in order to make that impressive evening call he had planned even before his heart

was enthralled. Now more than ever is it necessary to appear as a man of the world. He conceals the "dress suit" by putting on his bath-robe over it. Genesis, the somewhat flamboyant negro servant of the Baxters, discovers him so arrayed. William puts some troubled questions to Genesis. One of the most important of these is the precise age of Genesis's father at the time of his first marriage:

WILLIE. (*Coughs with a certain importance.*) Genesis! . . . Do you remember when your father was married? How did he feel about it? Was he kind of nervous or anything like that beforehand?

GENESIS. Some time he wuz and some time he wuzn't. . . .

Left alone, Willie removes his bath-robe and hangs it in the closet. He takes out a straw hat and a bamboo walking-stick. He inspects himself with evident satisfaction, overlooking the fact that his shoes are in rather shabby condition for full dress. He does not succeed in making his escape, however, without having been discovered in the forbidden clothes by the ten-year-old Jane, who appears on the stairs in her nightie.

The next scene finds Willie in his glory on the porch of the Parchers discussing the nature of love with the delectable Lola:

WILLIE. Love—love is something nobody can ever have but one time in their lives, and if they don't have it then, why prob'ly they never will. Now, if a man really loves a girl, why, he'd do anything in the world she wanted him to. Don't you think so?

LOLA. Ess, 'deedums! (*Silvery voice.*)

WILLIE. But if he didn't, then he wouldn't. But when a man really loves a girl, he will. Now, you take a man like that and he can generally do just about anything the girl he loves wants him to. Say, f'instance, say she wants him to love her even more than he does already—or almost anything like that—and supposin' she asks him to. Well, he would go ahead and do it. If they really loved each other he would. (*Pauses a moment—in a lowered tone.*) I think real love is sacred, don't you?

LOLA. Ess!

WILLIE. Don't you think love is the most sacred thing there is—that is, if it's real love?

LOLA. Ess!

WILLIE. I do! I—I'm glad you feel like that, because I think real love is the kind nobody could have but just once in their lives; but if it isn't real love, why—why most people never have it at all, because—(*Seeks for the exact phrase to express his meaning.*) Because the real love a man feels for a girl and a girl for a man, if they really love each other, and you look at a case like that, of course they would both love each other, or it wouldn't be real love, well, it's sacred, isn't it?

LOLA. Ess! Do Flopit again! (*His imitation of the dog has made a hit.*)

WILLIE. Berp-werp! Berp-werp!—How—how do you—how do you think of me when I'm not with you?

LOLA. Think nice-cums. Flopit and me think nice-cums!

WILLIE. No, I mean what name do you have for me when you're—when you're thinking about me? (*Miss Pratt is puzzled, perhaps justifiably, and makes a cooing sound of interrogation.*) I mean like this. F'instance, when you first came; I always thought of you as "Milady!" I wrote a poem about it.

LOLA. Oo, a poem for me! P'ease read it! P'ease read it!

WILLIE. Well. . . I have an old copy of it. . . I just dashed it off.

LOLA. Oo, ickle-boy-Baxter is a poet! Read it! Read it!

WILLIE. (*Reads.*)

"MILADY"

"I do not know her name,
Tho it would be the same,
Where roses bloom at twilight,
And the lark takes his flight;
It would be the same anywhere,
Where music sounds in the air;
I was never introduced to the lady,
So I could not call her Lass or Sadie,
So I will call her Milady.
By the sands of the sea
She always be
Just Milady to me."

—WILLIAM SYLVANUS BAXTER, ESQ.

July 14.

The evening ends with a highly successful serenade of the two girls. Willie and Johnnie Watson even improvise songs in honor of the fair Lola Pratt:

JOHNNIE. What were the words?

WILLIE. "Oh Lola Pratt, sweet Lola Pratt, I wonder what you're gazing at."

All right. (*They sing repeatedly the inspired words. Again applause and giggles.*)

And Genesis's father wasn't scared when he was married, Genesis said.

JOHNNIE. Did Sydney Carter ever marry?

WILLIE. Sydney Carton? No. He only loved one woman and he was willing to die for her.

JOHNNIE. Lola wouldn't marry anyone seventeen.

WILLIE. Who said Lola? . . . I'd be willing to wait a year or two. (*They tune up on "Good Night Ladies."*) Johnnie, he must have been sixteen—

JOHNNIE. Who—Sydney Carton?

WILLIE. Genesis's father. He must have been sixteen—

JOHNNIE. When?

WILLIE. When he was married! (*The curtain falls as they begin to stroll off, singing "Good Night Ladies."*)

Altho weeks pass, Miss Lola Pratt gives no evidence of her departure. Her baby-talk is highly successful with the boys. But it has ruined the disposition of her kind host, Mr. Parcher. To complicate matters for William Sylvanus Baxter, George Crooper, the boy with two motor cars and considerable dash, has turned up and greatly impressed Miss Pratt. Finally Mr. Parcher comes to tell the Baxters that

Lola is finally going home, much to his relief. So the Parchers are going to give a party in her honor the night of her departure:

MR. BAXTER. What's the matter, Ed?

MR. PARCHER. Have you ever had baby-talk for breakfast?

MR. BAXTER. No, I can't say I have.

MR. PARCHER. I leave the house with baby-talk good-bys, and I come home to a baby-talk supper, and then all through the evening I have to listen to baby-talk and young calves mumbling. I've got so it makes me shiver to see a boy come on the porch.

MR. BAXTER. Why don't you go up to your own room?

MR. PARCHER. I can hear them there. I can hear them everywhere in our little house unless I go into the bathroom and let the water run in the tub.

MR. BAXTER. Sit down, Ed.

MR. PARCHER. Oh, Baxter, you don't know! I used to think Willie was the worst, but now he doesn't come in the evenings any more, and it's just as bad as ever. Johnnie Watson's whine and Joe Bullitt's bumble-bee buzz—they'll drive me mad. None of them ever pay any attention to me. You'd think I wasn't more than a window curtain, when I sit down to read. . . . Lola's tactful and pleasant, but I can't stand all the noise and silly talk.

MR. BAXTER. What on earth do they find to talk about so much—evening after evening?

MR. PARCHER. Love. And sometimes they sing! Oh my God!

MR. BAXTER. When is she going home?

MR. PARCHER. Oh, that's what I came to tell you—she's going Friday night.

MR. BAXTER. Sure, this time?

MR. PARCHER. Don't scare me.

MR. BAXTER. She's said good-by before, you know.

MR. PARCHER. She had a letter this morning from her mother, and when she said at the lunch table that she had to go Friday night I said on the spur of the moment, "I'm so sorry—"

MR. BAXTER. I hope you'll be forgiven, Ed.

MR. PARCHER. "I'll give you a farewell party," I said, and so that she couldn't change her mind I hired Fanny White to cater for us and Pork Chops to play the piano for dancing, and May and Mrs. Parcher have invited the whole crowd to come and see Lola Pratt off on the mid-night express. She's got to go this time.

MR. BAXTER. Now that means Willie can study once more.

The party brings up the desire for a dress suit again. Mr. Baxter is again wearing his own. So Willie decides to present the matter in a dignified and eloquent manner to his father:

WILLIE. Father, I have come to—*(Gulps, evidently expecting to be interrupted, but both parents remain silent, regarding him with puzzled surprise.)* Father, I have come—I have come to—place before you something I think it's your duty as my father to undertake, and I have thought over this step before laying it before you.



THE BABY-TALK LADY

Willie Baxter tells her that love is a sacred thing. But she prefers to hear him give his inimitable imitation of the boo'ful Flopit.

MR. BAXTER. My soul! My soul!

WILLIE. *(Swallowing and fixing earnest eyes upon the ceiling.)* At my age there's something that ought to be done and some things that ought not to be done. If you asked me what I thought ought to be done, there is only one answer: When anybody as old as I am has to go out among other young men his own age that already got one, like anyway half of them have one who I go with, and their fathers have already taken such a step, because they felt it was the only right thing to do, because at my age and the young men I go with's age, it is the only right thing to do, because that is something nobody could deny, at my age—*(A long breath, and, deciding to abandon that sentence as irrevocably tangled.)* I have thought over this step, because there comes a time to every young man when they must lay a step before their father before something happens that they would be sorry for. I have thought this undertaking over, and I am certain it would be your honest duty—

MR. BAXTER. What do you want?

WILLIE. A dress suit.

Troubles are increased for Willie when his young friends present themselves. A motor ride is in the air. George Crooper is the host. He has become a formidable rival of Willie's. And so, tragically, it comes about that there is room for all but one of them in the car. Willie is left behind. But he remembers the sacrifice of Sidney Carton. The act ends:

WILLIE. *(Looks after Lola a moment. Becomes inordinately noble and martyred. He walks majestically, as tho juggling a halo, to the steps. As he mounts, he feels the spirit of Sydney Carton. Looks after them.)* It is better for them to go with-

out me. It's far, far better. *(Then falls into the pose of Sydney Carton on the steps.)* It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done.

GENESIS. What did you done, Mr. Willie?

WILLIE. Aw! *(Sinking hopelessly on the stairs.)*

The night of the Parchers' party and of Lola Pratt's departure arrives. Willie is consumed with the ambition of winning Lola's love away from the rich and detestable George Crooper. His mind has been made up for the acquisition of a dress suit. That becomes a possibility when he discovers a second-hand clothes dealer who will sell him a slightly worn suit for the sum of fourteen dollars. As the omniscient Jane explains to her mother, Willie has set out to earn that amount:

JANE. Well, mamma, there is a man that has a lumber store around on Kennedy Street. He has millions of shingles and some of them were bad; an' Willie is helping him count them, and every time he comes to a bad one he puts it in a pile and when he counts a thousand bad ones he gets six cents.

MRS. BAXTER. What does he want with six cents?

JANE. He wants \$14.00.

MRS. BAXTER. What does he want with \$14.00?

JANE. He is going to buy a dress suit.

MRS. BAXTER. He cannot get a dress suit for \$14.00.

JANE. Oh, yes he can, mamma; one that has been worn before by somebody else.

Willie, arrayed in all his glory, arrives late at the Parchers. Miss Lola has promised all her dances. George Crooper is in high favor.

Willie is left to dance with a Miss Boke, a heavy and unattractive wall-flower. The climax of his misery comes, however, when Genesis, borrowed as butler for the occasion, discovers that the youth is wearing his father's clothes. The situation, as Genesis blurts out this fact, is for him the height of humiliation. Yet his misery is to become more acute:

GENESIS. (*Is passing lemonade. Suddenly he stands in front of Willie.*) Name o' goodness! How in the livin' wor' you evuh come to git heah? Yo' daddy sut'nly mus' a' weakened 'way down fo' he let you weah his low-cut ves' an' pants and long-tail coat! I bet any man fifty cents you gone an' stole 'em out aftuh he done wen' to bed! (*Bursts into wild, free African laugh. Music starts to play "Home, Sweet Home."*)

LOLA. My doodness! Almost time for Lola's train! (*Mr. Parcher comes out of house.*)

MR. PARCHER. You'll have to hurry and get this dance over, Miss Pratt. It's nearly thirty minutes to train-time and it takes twenty minutes to get down there.

WILLIE. (*Desperately.*) Cousin Lola, can't I have a minute with you alone?

LOLA. Oh, ickle-boy-Baxter, I promised this dance to Untle Georgicums!

GEORGE. Come on, Cousin Lola.

WILLIE. Can't you just talk to me a minute, Cousin Lola?

LOLA. Oo, Untle Georgicums bid powerful man!

WILLIE. (*Desperately.*) George Crooper, won't you split this dance with me? I want just one before we go.

GEORGE. No, I came all the way from Blairsville for this, and I'm gon'na have it.

MISS BOKE. (*Grabbing Willie by arm.*) Come on, I'll dance it with you! (*Mr. Parcher comes out of the house—Mrs. Baxter follows.*)

MRS. BAXTER. Will Miss Pratt have time to change her dress?

MR. PARCHER. Oh, she'll do that on the train. She wanted to dance up to the last minute. (*Mr. Baxter enters.*)

MR. BAXTER. You seem anxious to speed the parting guest, Parcher.

MR. PARCHER. Oh no. But I don't want her to miss her train—poor girl.

MR. BAXTER. Who is that dancing with Willie?

MR. PARCHER. Oh, that's Ethel Boke.

MR. BAXTER. Well, I certainly feel sorry for the poor boy. (*Music stops—there is applause.*)

MR. PARCHER. I better go over and get her to be sure that she starts in time. (*He goes out.*)

MRS. BAXTER. Well, Sylvanus, the boy didn't get to dance with Lola Pratt after all. My plan didn't work.

MR. BAXTER. Oh, he'll get over it.

MRS. BAXTER. Oh, yes, he'll get over it, but I wonder what kind of a scar it will leave.

MR. BAXTER. He'll be all right. I thought the boy was stubborn, but, by golly, he's got backbone! (*He goes into the house. Mr. Parcher enters with Lola, followed by George and the other boys, Willie and Miss Boke.*)

LOLA. Oh, Lola so sorry to be going away! (*She tells everybody good-by, showing no preference whatsoever. Willie is the last one.*) Good-by ickle-boy-Baxter. Don't forget Lola! (*On Willie's first entrance he brings a box of candy with him which he hid under a pillow in one of the chairs. As Lola tells him good-by, he stands there dazed.*) Come on, Untle Georgicums! We do down in nice ickle racing-car.

GEORGE. If it had room, I'd take some of the rest of you down. There's only room for two of us. So you others can meet us down to the train.

LOLA. Oh, no, I don't want you to go down to the train. Stay here and dance and think nice thoughts of Lola. Untle Georgicums take dood care of me.

MR. PARCHER. All right, I'll tell Pork Chops to play some more.

LOLA. Quick, quick, run and let me see you start your dancing. I want to remember all my good, sweet, ickle friends having a good time under the lanterns and naughty moon-man, and maybe thinking once in a while of Lola. (*Music starts. All of them disappear, saying good-by.*)

JOHNNIE. But, Lola, this is my dance. MISS BOKE. I'll take her place. (*Willie is left with Lola and George Crooper. Genesis enters.*)

GENESIS. Here, Miss Pratt, here's your dog what licked Clematis.

LOLA. Good-by, ickle-boy-Baxter. Don't forget!

GEORGE. Come on, Cousin Lola! Come on! (*They go out, leaving Willie standing alone on the porch. He turns toward the dancing platform, then toward the house. He sits down on the chair in which he has placed the candy. Puts his hand back and takes out the box. On the porch is a flower that Lola has dropped. Picks it up. Holding box and flower, he starts forward. As he does so, Mrs. Baxter comes out of the house. Willie does not hear her. Sits on the bench, still holding candy and flower. Gets up and crosses to spot where he had sat next to Lola, fighting very hard against tears. Mrs. Baxter comes up to him, placing her hand on his shoulder. He looks up at her with a tenderness she hasn't known from him before. He looks down quickly at the box and the rose. Puts the rose in his pocket.*)

MRS. BAXTER. Why don't you try to dance, dear?

WILLIE. I don't think I want to.

MRS. BAXTER. (*Taking Willie's hand in hers.*) Don't you want to say something to me, dear?

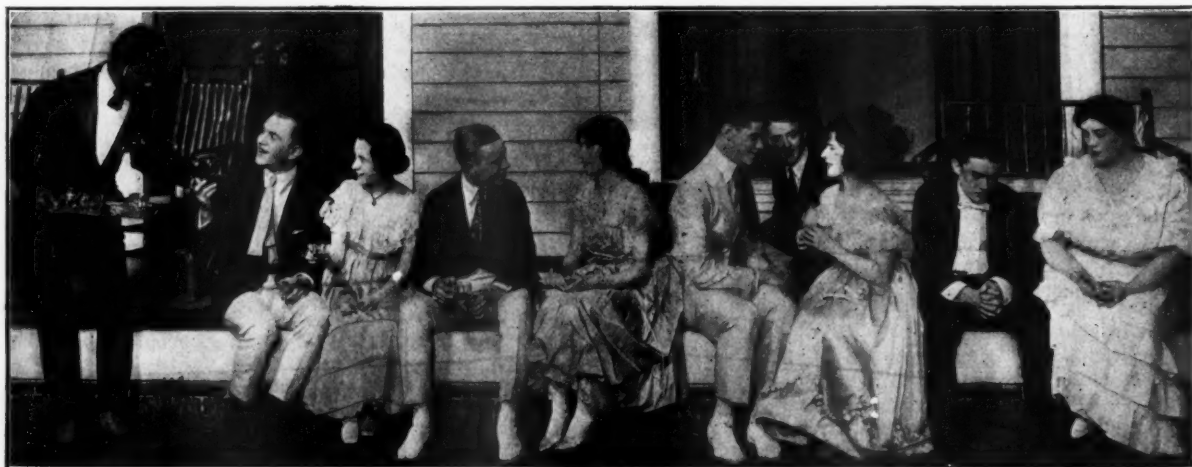
WILLIE. There's nothing to say.

MRS. BAXTER. Did it hurt you?

WILLIE. No'm, but I sort'a hoped it would be different. I sort'a thought maybe she'd save a dance for me and I thought— (*His words break because there's a lump in his throat that's too big even for a man of seventeen to control.*)

MRS. BAXTER. Don't mind me, my darling boy! Put your head on my shoulder if you want to. Seventeen cannot always manage the little boy that still lives inside him and when he gets older he won't want to, for it's the little boy in you that's going to carry you through other times harder than this.

WILLIE. I won't forget, mother. I thought maybe she cared a little, but she didn't. I think I'll go to college next year, mother.



THAT PARTY ON THE PARCHERS' PORCH

Willie Baxter is sitting in deep misery at the extreme right. Lola has succumbed to the charms of a young man with an automobile, and Genesis has tactlessly revealed the humiliating secret of Willie's "dress suit."

ENTER A NEW DRAMATIC FORM —THE OPERA-PANTOMIME

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'Or"
Foreshadows a New Develop-
ment in Operatic Composition

THOSE who have denied the possibility of a new technique in opera, to whom Wagner's "music drama" was the final word, may now revise their opinion. Those who have believed in the ballet as the successor of the opera have had fuel added to their flame. "Le Coq d'Or"—the most popular novelty produced at the Metropolitan in several seasons, if we are to believe the New York *Tribune*—is a compromise between the two art-forms.

This hybrid form was devised not by the composer but by the stage-manager. Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov wrote the work in 1907 as the last of a series of operas of the conventional model, tho it is far from conventional in content. He died in 1908 without seeing it performed. Produced as an opera it was a failure because it proved impossible for the singers to sustain the extravagant action demanded by the libretto. But the Diaghilev Russian Ballet, under the genial guidance of Nicolai Fokin, metamorphosed it into an opera-pantomime by assigning each rôle to two sets of characters, a dancer to interpret the action and a singer to interpret the music. Thus in the present Metropolitan production we have King Dodon mimed by Mr. Adolph Bolm and sung by Mr. Didur, the Queen danced by Mme. Galli and sung by Mme. Barrientos and so forth. The arrangement is described by the critic of the N. Y. *American* as follows:

"On the right and left of the stage, close to the front, yet within the frame of the picture, two terraced stands, each rising cone-like to a point, had been erected. Upon these estrades sat the principal singers and choristers, all garbed in dark red vestments, all immobile save for an occasional involuntary turning or nodding of the head.

"Solemnly, as if taking part in some religious ceremony, these men and women of the footlights voiced the music of Rimsky-Korsakov to the accompaniment of the orchestra, while their jumping and capering doubles, in the intervening spaces and back-stage, indulged in varied antics that ranged from pretty dance steps to laughable extravagance of action and mien."

Opinion on the effectiveness of this method is divided. The reviewer of the *Tribune* avers that the coordination between the movements of the dancers and the singing of the singers was "so perfect that it was impossible to believe that the dancers were not also singing," while Mr. Max Smith, writing in the *American*, experienced not only "constant friction between the eye and ear in absorbing simul-



THE OPERA STAR AS A CAGED LION

In this scene the singers, principals and chorus alike, "disappear," while all eyes are focused on the dancers

taneously two different and divided sets of impressions, but something disturbingly incongruous . . . in the actual juxtaposition of divergent and conflicting styles of interpretation."

Technicalities aside, the press is almost unanimous in pronouncing the work as charming as it is novel. The *Times* calls it a "challenge flung into the face of weary society" and says that "a more fantastical, whimsical, delicious bit of foolery . . . has not been seen here since Stravinsky's 'Petrouchka.'" "Yet," it adds, "under the superficial extravaganza vibrates a note of agony."

"Le Coq d'Or," based on a story of Pushkin, is frankly a fairy tale, "not of the sentimental, molasses type, with which Barrie has hypnotized a goodly portion of the Anglo-Saxon world," to quote from the *Tribune's* critic, "but of the cruel bloodthirsty sort beloved by children and nations as yet unafflicted with nerves."

"It is replete with all sorts of things—kings and queens, astrologers, dwarfs and giants, wooden horses and beasts never seen on land or sea, a golden cock, a beautiful and cruel enchantress, love and war and death. It is set in the world of the nadir, the poet and the child, a phantasmagoria in which sense is swamped by color, a wonderful land of topsyturvy presided over by an aged monarch as foolish and futile and unlucky as was the Czar."

The spirit of fantasy is sustained not only in every detail of the action but also in the costumes and decorations, designed by Willy Pogany. There is an unevenly decorated and highly colored palace, a camp in a gorge, where huge birds roost upon geometrical trees; there is the golden cock noisily flapping his wooden wings,

a huge property horse which King Dodon mounts by means of a ladder, and all sorts of grotesque beings to amuse the populace,—altogether "the stuff that nightmares are made of." In the words of the *Morning Telegraph*, "they must be seen to be disbelieved."

The music, unanimously pronounced to be full of charm, color and imagination, is described as follows by the critic of the New York *Sun*:

"Rimsky-Korsakov has treated the story with mock gravity, which sometimes becomes realistic. Thematic suggestions are proffered, and in them are food for the fancy. The cock crows brazenly in a clang of stopped trumpet. The people wail in strains of burlesque grief. The siren queen winds herself sinuously down a florid melody of exotic scale. . . .

"But more frequently the composer finds his expression by those larger and older means in which rhythm, melody and harmony unite in the creation of mood pictures. . . .

"There are phrases recalling the Rimsky-Korsakov of 'Scheherezade,' which was itself violently wed (after the manner of the Sabine women) to an Arabian tale. But perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to the music is the recognition of the indisputable fact that its influence on the listener is sure, while almost unnoticed. It proves a most transparent medium for the illumination of the action."

The present production is the work of Mr. Adolph Bolm, a former star of the Diaghilev Russian Ballet, and Mr. Pierre Monteux, the conductor of the London performance by that organization. Press notices leave little doubt that their work has provided one of the most unique successes in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House.

CHICAGO'S OPERATIC INVASION OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY has been in the throes of another opera war. While of short duration it has left nothing to be desired in violence. Even the palmiest days of Oscar Hammerstein had nothing more exciting to offer than the rivalry of Galli-Curci and Melba on the one hand, and Caruso and Barrientos on the other. The result, according to rumors now afloat, may be of far greater importance. In the course of a month's visit Signor Campanini, with his Chicago Opera Company, has contested the supposed monopoly of the Metropolitan Opera, and, while gaining an unlooked-for degree of success, has given New York the liveliest four weeks of opera it has experienced in eight years.

In retrospect, the outstanding feature of the four weeks is, of course, the enthusiasm aroused by Amelita Galli-Curci, whose New York debut seems to have been postponed for a year purposely in order to create a super-sensation. The result was little short of madness. At every performance in which the singer appeared unprecedented crowds flocked to hear her, the prices in the hands of the speculators rose to \$25 and even \$40, and people resorted to every known strategy to obtain admission. According to the *Times* a crowd of students applied for positions as "supers" in order to get a glimpse of the diva. According to police reports, 7,000—perhaps 10,000—people attempted to get into the Lexington Theater for the last performance of "Traviata."

After describing the crowd inside, with its fifteen rows of standees at the back, the N. Y. *Tribune* continues:

"And this packed house, once the singer had had her chance, rocked itself weary with perhaps the most tumultuous reception ever staged in New York. The city's elect flung themselves into the train of those who idolize this young soprano with such an enthusiasm that after she had finished her marvelous singing of the 'Shadow' waltz song the whole house rang with impetuous cheers and flared white with the waving of programs and handkerchiefs.

"More than a quarter hour went up in applause, in poundings and cheers that grew hysterically hoarse. The singer had to repeat the song before the lowered curtain, but even then there was no satiety it seemed. Patti, they say, had such a triumph here. Who else?"

New York critics on the whole confirm the high opinion of their Chicago confrères. The view of the *Times* that Galli-Curci's success has been won, "in all modesty, on her merits as the completest and most beautiful voice of any woman singer at the present

time," is in accord with the general consensus of opinion. Nevertheless there are voices of dissent. Mr. H. T. Finck, writing in the *Evening Post*, emphasizes the fact that she sometimes sings "off key." Mr. W. J. Henderson, the critic of the *New York Times*, while admitting her merits, notes a tendency to overrate the achievements of Galli-Curci by the employment of comparisons based on lack of information or pure ignorance. In his account of the Chicago Opera Company's visit Mr. Henderson says:



THE SYMBOL OF VOCAL PERFECTION

Experts claim that Galli-Curci's is the most perfect voice on record.

"It is unfortunate that the public mind fastened itself on one item of Mr. Campanini's catalog of attractions and in the hysterical excitement about Amelita Galli-Curci lost sight of matters of perhaps more serious importance.

"A good singer is of course always welcome, nor are such artists so numerous that they should be treated with slight consideration. . . .

"But it is indeed difficult to have such faith in ecstasies which are all prepared before the singer has appeared on the stage. It has lately been stated that up to the time Mme. Galli-Curci appeared in this city only some 4,000 of her records had been sold here, while in Chicago the sale had run over 200,000. From which

Cleofonte Campanini, in a New Opera War, Pits Galli-Curci Against Caruso

the writer properly drew the conclusion that people here knew little or nothing about the soprano. Yet the house was jammed for her debut, and the moment she appeared a riotous tumult broke out and some men and women behaved like raving maniacs.

"Now those who have watched operatic performances for many years know perfectly well that after that Mme. Galli-Curci as *Dinorah* might have made sounds like those usually offered by her goat, and she would have been crowned with that one supreme word of praise which now describes all things from a mince pie to a Franz Hals painting—'wonderful.'"

But Mr. Campanini by no means relied on Galli-Curci alone for his success. He introduced Rosa Raisa, according to the *Evening Journal* "the most interesting dramatic singer to be heard in New York," and Lucien Muratore, "a heroic tenor of such singular dramatic fiber that his equal will be a long time in coming"; he brought back the "incomparable" Mary Garden, "more interesting than ever," and Melba, whose name is still one to conjure with.

"That Cleofonte Campanini's strategy is based on the 'star' system, was made quite clear from the outset," says Max Smith in the *New York American*. This fact has not escaped the redoubtable Mr. Hammerstein, who in his usual picturesque way sums up the situation in an interview in the *Sun*:

"You can't give six-dollar opera in New York without a freak. I don't mean anything derogatory by that. By a freak I mean something absolutely accidental, something that stands out disproportionately from the rest of the company, and on which everything comes to depend. Galli-Curci is one of the most miraculous accidents in American operatic history. Your great tenor is just as much an accident. His fame and fortune are born to him with the first sound he utters with his extraordinarily large vocal cords—and, according to my meaning of the word, he is just as much a freak.

"Well, New Yorkers must have their freaks. They'll pay \$6, \$10, \$20 a seat, if necessary, to hear the opera, so long as it has that freak in it. Over there at the Lexington, from what I can judge, they gave opera of provincial standards. It couldn't possibly measure up to the plan and general quality of opera given in the 'mother house.' But whenever Galli-Curci sang, it was a freak-sized audience clamoring for seats at freak prices."

The curious fact that at the same time that the Chicago Opera was drawing "freak-sized" audiences, the sale of seats at what Mr. Hammerstein calls the "mother house" increased, is noted by the critic of the *American*. He hints that competition caused Mr. Gatti-Casazza to "offer the very best

he has at his command." The tacit admission of keen rivalry was seen, according to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in the billing of Caruso in three performances in a single week. The New York *World* also records an "increased alertness on the part of the Metropolitan, with a consequent improve-

ment in the quality of the performance." But what we gather from the news columns of all the New York papers—that Mr. Otto H. Kahn, the Metropolitan's chairman, is now negotiating with that organization's erstwhile foe, Mr. Hammerstein, for the establishment of a second opera in

New York—is far more significant. That this development is directly traceable to the Chicago "invasion" is apparent from the fact that shortly before it happened Mr. Kahn stated that in New York "two opera companies could not find enough business at the same time to go round."

HOW PUPPETS SURPASS OUR HUMAN ACTORS

THERE is a sense in which the marionet is a greater artist than the human actor. This is one of the ideas suggested to the discriminating critic by the recent performance of Tony Sarg's prodigious puppets. These "master-marionets" gave performances in the Norworth and the Punch and Judy theaters in New York City. They are of greater intricacy than the traditional Italian *pupazzi* that used to attract visitors to the lower East Side. As described by Hiram Kelly Moderwell in the Boston *Transcript*:

"They are made in the very image of their creator, man. They boast fingers and toes, mouths which speak and joints without number. A bewildering number of threads extend from each important point of the doll's anatomy up to the hands of the shaper of his destiny. These threads are attached to an ingenious frame, composed of two flexible cross-pieces, one controlling the major, or universal, movements, and the other the minor or personal gestures. From one of these cross-pieces the 'puppeteer' controls the stride and the broad dramatic gesticulations of his charges; from the other he dictates the movements of hands, mouth and head. Tho the human dolls can be managed by a single guardian angel with ten fingers, the animals demand two keepers. The naked eye cannot count the number of threads by the aid of which Ahmed's elephant eats peanuts."

But there is no attempt at an absolutely realistic portrayal of human beings by these puppets. Each lifelike detail added, Mr. Moderwell declares, is an added absurdity. For the marionet can accomplish much that the living actor cannot. The hero of that intriguing drama "The Green Suit," under the spell of Dr. Magicus's power, grows to full height in view of the audience. To follow Mr. Moderwell:

"The dolls compass easily what is difficult to men, and with difficulty what men find most natural. With entire ease the puppet may leap three times its own height in the air, but only with tribulation can it bite its finger-nail. At any moment it may rise to sublime heights of love or self-sacrifice, which the ordinary man attains only once or twice in a lifetime. Just because it is a doll, the marionet can become a superman. And in so far as it seeks to be human, it becomes an absurd doll."

As the performance progresses, the audience comes to accept these actors as being of two or three times their true stature. Altho they are only eighteen inches high, they gradually assume the proportions of humans or supermen. Our interpreter explains:



THE PUPPETS IN REHEARSAL
The puppeteers must become very skilled in their duties before the marionets become real actors.

"As the performance matures, the spectator becomes fascinated with the sight of these figures acting within a brightly lighted recess; he forgets what his brain well knows, that the dolls are controlled by threads; he gains the curious illusion that the wooden figures are animated from within. They do not, even to the most childish fancy, become human beings; they remain dolls—but dolls actuated by their own energy, their own sen-

Tony Sarg's Marionets Create the Illusion of Greatness, Instead of Destroying It

timents and passions, their own pumping hearts of blood.

"It is not for the layman to penetrate and explain the ancient and sacred art of puppeteering. Suffice it to say that a band of puppeteers under Mr. Sarg's direction have become proficient in it, and are able, by the most delicate manipulation of tiny threads, to reproduce Ibsenic subtleties of dramatic feeling in their puppet actors. Clear head, sensitive fingers, delicate nerves, cool judgment and, apparently, an enormous self-possession and sense of mastery are demanded of the proficient puppeteer."

The marionet drama can enter fields closed to the "acting drama." It finds a ready aid in the supernatural. In a tremendously interesting play called "The Three Wishes," a wondrous fairy is released from a tree by a wood-chopper. She offers her liberator in gratitude the three familiar wishes:

"The wood-cutter, having received his wish-ring, is awed by the responsibility which rests upon him, and rushes to consult with the wife of his bosom. She is equally perturbed, but guards the ring for him while he departs to hold conference with the schoolmaster. But how perverse is human nature! The wife, entertaining a neighbor during his absence, casually expresses a wish for a plate of sausages. Presto, sausages, hot and tempting, appear before her. The wood-cutter, returning and discovering what use his wife has made of the first wish, angrily wishes the sausages were growing from the end of her nose. And lo, so they are. The third wish yet remains. But what will avail all the wealth and honor in the world if one's wife is to make one ridiculous by carrying sausages on the end of her nose? Clearly, there is nothing to be done but to utilize the third wish in wishing the sausages off again. And, this accomplished, the fairy appears to preach a homely sermon, pointing out how vain are human wishes and ambitions; let each gain what he would have by his own will and industry and be contented with the lot he carves for himself.

"The edifying import of this fable is no less impressive than the spirited enactment of it—the grace of the fairy, the ardor of the wood-cutter, the nagging of the wife, the fervid emotion displayed by the house-dog at the smell of the sausages. Such a mingling of fable, parable and sermon, of petty human nature with the inscrutable supernatural which hedges us all, is the authentic material of puppet-drama. For the art of the marionet is rooted deep in the life of the people."

MOTION PICTURES

WAR, SHORN OF ROMANCE, IS SOUNDING ITS OWN KNELL

A CURIOUS admission made by nearly every eye-witness of modern warfare is that the nearer one gets to the front the less one knows what actually is going on. David Wark Griffith, the motion-picture producer, having returned from a protracted visit to battle fronts of Europe, where he was given every opportunity of seeing conditions just as they are, both in the trenches and in the field, proves to be no exception to this rule. His admission tallies with that of a war correspondent who was with the Austrians when they retreated before the Russians in the Carpathians. Asked by Griffith what the rout of a modern army looked like, the correspondent admitted that he didn't know the Austrians were retreating until he got back to London three months afterward and read about it in the files of a newspaper.

The most interesting and dramatic place in a modern battle, this movie director is quoted as saying in the *Photoplay Magazine*, is four or five miles back of the line. "Back there you get something of the stir and thrill of the movie battle. Artillery is in motion, ambulances come tearing down the roads with the dying screaming as they take their last ride. Streams of prisoners are marching in tatters and dejection back to the bases; wounded soldiers are making their own way. Motor-cyclists are speeding to and fro. Strange engines of war covered with camouflage are trundling by on their way to some threatened point. It is back there that one begins to catch the meaning of this terrific machinery of battle." Promoters often boast of having made motion pictures for which the settings and actors cost a million dollars. The settings of the picture Griffith took, with the consent and aid of the American, British and French Governments, of course cost many billions of dollars—by far the most expensive stage settings on record.

Yet, viewed as a drama, the war to him was disappointing in that it was neither romantic nor picturesque. In the trenches "there is nothing but filth and dirt and the most soul-sickening smells. The soldiers are standing sometimes almost up to their hips in ice-cold mud. The dash and thrill of wars of other days are no longer there." As a result, he prophesies:

So Declares D. W. Griffith, the First American Movie Man to Be Admitted With Cameras Into Front-Line Trenches



KAISER TO GERARD: "I SHALL STAND NO NONSENSE FROM AMERICA"
Ambassador Gerard has personally supervised the filming of his book, "My Four Years in Germany," which promises to be a photoplay sensation of the season.

"This war will do a great deal toward squeezing the romance out of army life. The dreadful squalor of modern fighting gives a new aspect to this age-old drama. After the war is over the farmer boy may go back to the palace gate; he may wear again the gleaming cuirass; his saber may flash as of old, but it will never be the same. Under the shining armor he will in imagination feel the crawling vermin of the trenches. When the military band escorts him down the Linden he will remember how, on another day, he was escorted into a trench that crawled with lice and gave forth reeking, vile odors, that was horrible with filth and mud.

"Never again can they make him feel romantic about the business of making war. The life of a soldier in modern war is the life of an underpaid, overworked ditch-digger compelled to live in discomfort and danger. Taking it by and large, the life of a modern soldier is almost as dull and monotonous and tedious as the life of the dullest civilian. All the glamor has gone. All the magnificence of the maneuvering armies has passed. The armies do not maneuver any more. They go to live in a ditch and stick there (literally) until relieved by other troops. Even the awful grandeur of the artillery duels of the past has been eliminated. The modern gunners usually do not know what they are shooting at; seldom see what their target is and sight their guns

by mathematics. The courier with the foaming charger of other wars has become a desk telephone."

Griffith is the first American motion-picture man who has been permitted in the front-line trenches, and it is announced that the entire proceeds of the battle pictures taken under his direction will go to some war charity—probably to benefit the families of the mine sweepers whose lives are sacrificed to make the seas safer for travel.

Time was when a photographer could creep up to the firing line with his motion-picture camera, thrust it through an opening between two sacks and carry away a pictorial representation of the fray. Not so to-day. Pictures are taken at very long range and with armored cameras staked down firmly in the ground. Fitted with a telephoto lens, one can bring the enemy up within a few yards. But to stand behind the camera would be too hazardous for comfort. About two twists of the handle and—good night. So a battery is attached to the camera and by means of a wire running back to a trench the photographer is enabled to secure battle pictures at a minimum of danger to life and limb.

"JANE EYRE" IS NOT MORAL ENOUGH FOR MOTION PICTURES

SOME correspondents of the New York Sun have been attacking cinematography from several standpoints, and all have agreed on one count, that the plots of the pictures to-day are banal, crude and in many cases piffling and ridiculous. As a possible remedy one writer suggests that the producers select their material from the works of "standard" authors, giving us a little Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray and others of world-carrying caliber. That, replies Paul West, a well-known scenario writer, in the same journal, is precisely the matter with the motion-picture theater of to-day: there is entirely too much choosing of material from among the works of "big" authors of the past and present, too much screening of classical fiction and stage "successes," the rush for "titles" keeping original photoplays from reaching the screen. Further:

"The average 'standard' book of play, with the exception of so few that they are scarcely worth considering, contains, when it is stripped of dialog, word painting and style hypnotism, a pretty crude and unconvincing plot. If your correspondents don't believe this let one of them go to the Public Library, look over the shelves till he comes to the book which he remembers as having given him the 'biggest thrill in his life' (as an exciting or mystifying story, full of plot and counterplot and incident) and make a careful synopsis of the story. He will gasp, I venture to say, as he digests it: 'What junk! And I thought that was a great plot! Why, it's the veriest piffle!'"

West writes with such an experience fresh in his mind. A big producer had asked him to make an adaptation of "Jane Eyre."

"I had read it years ago and remembered it fairly clearly. The heroine was a persecuted, lovable thing; the hero a suffering, noble gentleman. To be sure, with a wife living he tried to marry the heroine bigamously, but the circumstances, as I recalled them, justified his action and the heroine nobly forgave him. A little later the wife was providentially removed and hero and heroine entered into the connubial bliss which they deserved. In rereading the book I actually had to gasp at the story. The hero was

a criminally inclined cad, whose unlawful act could not be justified by any of the author's specious arguments, which covered page after page; the heroine was a fool and so talkative that I had no sympathy for her; the 'mystery' of the book was so simple and foolish; in fact, the story was wrong from beginning to end when I stripped it and examined it for screen purposes.

"But the producers and the star wanted to do it, so I did it into a scenario. I changed the story. Not that I thought myself a better author than Charlotte Brontë, but because I knew that to try to convince an audience that a man was justified legally and morally in marrying a girl when he knew his wife was alive would be hopeless. And to try to make them believe that the girl was a reasoning

Furthermore, "There Is Too Much Screening of Famous Novels and Plays"

ing. And "a plot is like a woman: you can dress a woman up, paint her face and pad her where she needs padding, and she will get by. That is what an author can do to a plot in a book or on the stage; but the movie strips that plot of its clothing and cosmetics." Yet, he complains, producers who are aware from experience that there are very few plots available to the screen to be found in the "big" books and plays, go on getting material from these sources. Why? "Because exhibitors throughout the country have an idea that the public wants titles." However:

"I am enough of an optimist to think that a change will soon come. The pro-



MARY GARDEN PLAYS TO GREAT APPLAUSE IN A NEW ROLE
In "The Splendid Sinner" the guests clamor for music from Dolores (Miss Garden) and with sudden impulse she leaps to the table with her violin.

human being when she couldn't solve a 'mystery' that was poked in her face all the time would not do either."

The movie, maintains this writer, does not argue nor preach, nor can it deceive with false clues or dress up with fancy verbiage. It presents its plots as a series of connected pictures that tell a story and try to be interest-

ducers will realize that they have pretty nearly exhausted the supply of available books and plays in a short while. Then they will begin to look for original picture plays. When they do this they will begin to give the public something worth while, and the movie will take its place as a method of expression with the printed book and the spoken stage, to both of which it bears an analogy."

HAVE YOU A CAMERA FACE? IF NOT, DO YOU EVER WONDER WHY?

IT is said that out of one thousand girls in a given area, nine hundred have at one time or other secretly or openly craved prominence on the screen. A large number of them send photographs with personal letters to one or more of the film com-

panies. Others in an astonishing procession personally apply to the studios and ask for work. What happens? Usually they are told that nobody is needed, or, more truthfully, that experience is absolutely necessary. Occasionally, however, without asking about

training or anything, a director will engage a man or woman simply because he or she has a camera face.

What is a camera face? asks Lillian May in the *Motion Picture Magazine*, and she admits it is hard to define. One famous director whom she ques-

Experts Throw Light On a Problem That Agitates Many People

tioned on the subject admitted that he had abandoned the idea that the ideal face for the movies belongs only to a person with dark, regular features, because so many very blond women with small features have become motion-picture stars.

The essential requirement, of course, is to have features that photograph well. In every-day life, a little droop to the mouth or a peculiar angle to the eyebrows may add charm and character to a face, yet on the screen, we read, these lines may have the very opposite effect. As to eyes, certain shades of blue will not do at all, and we are told that as a rule black eyes photograph dull and lifeless. Brown eyes are better, while "blue-green eyes, with a rim of yellow around the pupil, are best of all, as they retain their expression and animation." Also that "black hair is not apt to photograph so well as brown, red and blond, tho much depends upon the shade and quality."

Recalling the scores of men and women who have made a success of camera work—blonds and brunets, with chins of weakness, chins of decision, regular and irregular features—who, with or without great magnetism, have won fame and fortune in the pictures, it seems to Clara Kimball Young that "the camera face, considered as a certain absolute composite of features and coloring, has little to do with the success of the player." Thomas Ince,



MME. NAZIMOVA MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PHOTODRAMA As the heroine in "Revelation," a picturization of Mabel Wagnalls' novel, "A Rose Bush of a Thousand Years," the famous Russian actress does striking and effective work.

speaking for the producers, insists that "the homely woman with character and lively intelligence has a better chance to become a photoplay star than the pretty, expressionless vacuum with neither," and this shrewd producer points to the growing number of people seen on the screen who are barely good-looking, but "who are able to run

the gamut of human emotion by merely altering the expression" and who, by reason of the personality expressed in their faces, "are rendered more than handsome and more than beautiful." They are in greatest demand and, with few exceptions, draw the biggest salaries. Upon them to a large extent depends the great vogue of the movies.

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY. My Four Years In Germany, Inc.: 10 reels: President Wilson has enlisted the powerful aid of motion pictures in the prosecution of the war and it is natural that this film based on the book of the same title by Ambassador Gerard should have the sanction of the Government. It goes far toward clearly illustrating the reason why we are fighting Germany. What is rare in such pictures is that this one carries considerable conviction, considering that the characters, from the Kaiser down, necessarily are pictorially fictitious. The success of the picture is due in large measure to the fact that it was filmed under the personal direction of the former Ambassador to Germany.

TARZAN OF THE APES. National Film, 8 reels: Edgard Rice Burroughs has not written another "Robinson Crusoe" in this story, but he has given to the screen a novel and interesting fantasy that loses none of its grip because it never did and never could happen. However faulty in construction, the merits of the picture so far outweigh its defects that it should duplicate the success of that other unique screen production "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

REVELATION. Metro, 7 reels: Nazimova has found in this photoplay, adapted from Mabel Wagnalls' novel, "A Rose Bush of a Thousand Years," a fine vehicle for the display of her electric acting. The story has romance, ideality, beauty of thought and dra-

matic strength. The atmosphere of the Latin Quarter, of the monastery and of the battlefields of France is given with a perfection of illusion that contributes toward making this in every way a superlative picture.

JACK SPURLOCK, PRODIGAL. Fox, 6 reels: George Horace Lorimer, author of this story and editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, succeeds ingeniously in satirizing the type of fiction for which the *Post* is largely sought. Jack Spurlock, fresh from college, enters the university of hard knocks and works his way to the top of a big business. His adventures en route constitute a series of humorous episodes culminating in his "golden" discovery of onions as the basis of a "cure all" remedy.

THE SPLENDID SINNER. Goldwyn, 6 reels: Mary Garden chose this story by Kate Jordan from among several hundred submitted as possible vehicles for her second appearance in motion pictures. The locale of the story ranges from America to the battlefields of France, Miss Garden being seen as a dominant figure in the smartest set of "Bohemia" and as a Red Cross nurse. A great love comes to the heroine out of a morass of deceit, intrigue and passion, and by way of atonement she becomes a nurse in a French hospital captured by the enemy. There she meets her husband, whom she had deceived, and enables him to escape, but is herself detected and pays the penalty in a highly dramatic manner.

HUCK AND TOM. Morosco-Paramount, 5 reels: In this picturization of "Huckleberry Finn," Jack Pickford's portrayal of Tom Sawyer is one that even Mark Twain might applaud. The story opens with Huck and Tom holding council over a dead cat. They decide to take it to a graveyard at midnight and by repeating a certain formula to rid themselves of their warts. Tom, being in love, cajoles Huck into doing this. The picture follows the famous story very closely and has enough plot interest to carry it successfully.

THE WOOING OF PRINCESS PAT. Greater Vitagraph, 5 reels: Children may like this picture, which is a milk-and-water Graustark romance, but others will find in it little real dramatic substance. Some beautiful exteriors have been shot and the atmosphere of winter is wonderfully caught in scenes showing the hillsides covered with snow and Gladys Leslie, the star, in a coasting panorama.

THE SHUTTLE. Select Pictures, 5 reels: So skilled a writer as Frances Hodgson Burnett is always interesting, but this is not of her best work and the screen version is not an improvement on the original. It offers, however, an opportunity for Constance Talmadge to play an engaging type of American girl who gets the better of a particularly offensive specimen of the English nobility.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

A PSYCHOLOGY OF METALS AND A MECHANICS OF SOULS

HAS the science of our time lost its reverence for facts? We seem, at any rate, observes Doctor Denys Cochin, savant and statesman both, far from the days when arguments drawn from facts alone had weight in the discussions of specialists. The renowned Quatrefages once defended the book of Genesis in the name of geology. That was when the natural-selection idea of Darwin was denounced as atheistic. Pasteur was a source of anxiety in his time to the last physicians of the vitalist school, disciples of Barthez and of the college of Montpellier. Nevertheless, when he exposed the error of Pouchet and Bastian—illustrious specialists, too—on the subject of spontaneous generation, the brilliant Edmond About wrote: The reverend Pasteur will preach to-day at the Sorbonne.

On the other hand, certain scientific dogmas have been accepted too quickly. Doctor Denys Cochin distinctly remembers the embarrassment of a positivist review when Gambetta died and the extreme lightness of his brain was established. Gambetta had not displayed a genius the less remarkable on that account. But it had become an accepted thing in those days, after the case of Cuvier had got on record, that intelligence was a function of the weight of the brain. Science had until then possessed three examples of a brain so light. One was Alvinzi, the Austrian general, renowned for his defeats. The second was the dancer Vestris. Finally came a prelate, Monsignor de Roquelaure, pious man! Fortunately, in the case of Gambetta, the second frontal convolution, that of speech, as Broca taught, was magnificent. However, the dogma of the localization of function in some particular convolution of the brain has been much contested by high authority. To quote Denys Cochin further from the *Revue Scientifique*:

"We need not be surprised that so distinguished a psychologist as the late Théodule Ribot was brought to the point of vowing that he would give weapons to no school of science, supply weapons for no faction among specialists. By means of disinterested observations, he sought to introduce psychology into the family of natural sciences and with her, logic and ethics, which are the branches of which psychology is the trunk. He

sought to employ but one method of work and this he called the objective.

"There must be no inward study of self, no interior observation. Reflection upon the self, the ego, the I, is assuming an artificial position which changes the nature of the I or ego. Following this method, he composed clear books of sustained interest and of a vital style. The *Paris Journal de Psychologie* has lately issued one of his best lectures given in the College de France on the subject of the tendencies, or more technically the stimuli—the impulse of a body or thing towards another. It is a model of this kind of study.

"The professor recalls to begin with the celebrated experiments of Claude Bernard upon the anesthetics. Under the influence of the same agent, chloroform, a man feels no longer either pleasure or pain, the muscle of a frog ceases to be excited, a vegetable sprouts no longer, the yeast no longer causes the beer to ferment. In the higher order of being as in the humblest we see suspended a faculty to which the same name is to be given, since it is everywhere extinguished by the same expedient—consciousness. However, it must be conceded that there may exist in the inferior orders of beings a consciousness that is but a lower sort of sensibility."

The same thing seems to hold true of the tendencies, the reactions to stimuli. We may descend from the highest to the lowest scale in the ladder of existence, passing from the wild animals that leap upon their prey or which lurk for it, reaching finally the amoebae which stretch forth their pseudopoda towards a minute creature or tiny body, to absorb it if it prove nutritive, and to the protistas so eager for light. Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury) has shown that the latter can distinguish, in absolute darkness, ultra-violet rays from other kinds. Now, the tendencies, the reactions, the responses to stimuli of these humble beings may perhaps be deemed conscious, or they may not. Ribot did not believe them to be conscious. He implores his pupils not to be prodigal of expressions taken from the ancient psychology and to prefer whenever possible the mechanical explanation.

However, other scientists think differently. The competent Doctor Romanes thinks that consciousness manifests itself in the very act of choosing. Professor Kroner will not permit us to call by the name of symbiosis (or living together) the association in the

Impossibility of a Single and Unvarying Scientific Method of Ascertaining Truth

lichen of a little algae and a little mushroom destined to perish separately but which render each other mutual aid like the blind man and the paralytic. He wants to call this thing sympathy, not symbiosis. And the celebrated Haeckel, speaking of the attraction which draws oxygen towards potassium, has referred to friendship!

Names matter little. It does not matter much either whether we learn the psychology of metals or the mechanics of souls. The important thing is to know if we are to bring together in the same category manifestations that seem different in their nature and in which this difference takes but the form of a greater or a less complexity. Definitions having to be adapted first of all to the simplest and the most numerous cases, a tendency ought to be described as a "motor phenomenon." Such is the conclusion.

"I ventured, the other day, in a too brief eulogy of Ribot, to express some doubts regarding the possibility of applying to psychology only the methods of physiology, of considering it a science still more 'positive' than that of medicine. Certainly, I did not mean to reproach him with having employed such methods. Disdain the scientific method! That would mean to repudiate the best hours of my life. However there is more than one scientific method.

"It is quite true that before Ribot treatises on the faculties of the mind were three-fourths filled with other considerations: free thought, the idea of God, lofty moral and metaphysical deductions. It was undoubtedly a good thing to devote to the precise, minute, medical study of the intellect of man whole books like those given over to bees and ants. Nevertheless, I do not believe with Ribot that John Stuart Mill and the English school which through James Mill, Hume, Berkeley and the rest, goes back to Locke, always had the same object more or less clearly avowed, that of making psychology a positive science founded upon experience. Those great men had recourse to methods of work quite different. Hume and Berkeley did not renounce from principle the study or observation of their own egos or inner selves.

"In another passage Théodule Ribot writes: 'An empiricist like Stuart Mill, a spiritualist like Maine de Biran, a critic like Renouvier . . .' Each of those great psychologists had, then, his individual method. Why tell us that a single process alone deserves to be called scientific? But I have something better to suggest than a mere citation. Read one of the best

and the latest of the works of Ribot: *The Evolution of General Ideas*. In the beginning, faithful to his method, he seeks among the inferior races, among animals even, the first manifestation of the faculties of abstraction and of judgment and, as a result, the first mumblings of speech."

The bushmen, for example, have so few words and are obliged to help one another out so much with signs, that they can not carry on a conversation in the dark, but must wait for fires to be lighted. Yet are we quite certain that in the most cultivated circles of Paris to-day the talk would continue on so high a plane if the electric lights

went out? One may well cherish doubt of the inevitable inferiority of primitive races after reading that Darwin having brought certain Terra del Fuegians aboard his ship for the voyage home and having taught them some words of English, did not find them at all inferior in mentality to the members of his crew:

"But let us come to the end of the work on the evolution of general ideas, to the chapters devoted to notions of time, space, cause, law. I beg pardon of the scientific spirit, but there are here only excellent chapters of metaphysics. There is absolutely no exclusive method

that alone deserves to be called scientific. The progress of science is continuous, altho its methods are variable. The generations of gallant toilers that succeed one another use such tools as are the favorites in their period. Théodule Ribot appears with credit in the group honored by Taine, Herbert Spencer, John Lubbock, Darwin. The method of the elder Maine de Biran had been very different. After the positivist period, William James opened up to psychology quite new paths. The so-called positivist method can not of itself suffice, in spite of the immense talent of the men who used it, to explain either the soul of man or the great events of history."

THE PERSISTENT DELUSION OF PTOMAIN POISONING

DISTURBANCE of the sort termed "gastro-intestinal," traceable to some food eaten shortly before, is a common occurrence and is indeed part of the experience of many persons. Not long since scientists as well as the laity ascribed the majority of such attacks to "ptomain poisoning." They are deemed sufficiently explained by this designation by persons who have failed within recent years to keep track of the progress of microbiology. It was and still is believed, altho never, it must now be confessed, on very good evidence, that the foods responsible for the trouble had been kept too long or under improper conditions and had undergone bacterial decomposition or spoiling. This decomposition was supposed to have resulted in the formation of ptomains, a name given by the famous Professor Selmi to certain basic compounds formed in the later stages of protein disintegration. Interest in the ptomains was especially stimulated by the work of Doctor Brieger, who isolated and studied the properties of many of these bodies.

Confidence in the sanitary significance of ptomains has been shaken by many facts, affording Professor Edwin O. Jordan, of the University of Chicago, a basis for timely elucidation of the subject in the columns of *Science*. For one thing, he says, ptomains are found in the later stages of protein decomposition, and by the time they are present the evidences of what is called "organoleptic" decomposition have become pronounced. That is:

"There is little doubt that food containing ptomains would be almost invariably condemned by the senses as nauseating and unfit for use. On technical grounds numerous criticisms have been made with respect to the methods used for isolating and extracting ptomains and for determining their clinical effect. Perhaps the principal reason, however, for the decline

in the belief that ptomains have any important share in the production of food poisoning has been the discovery that in many instances the responsibility can be placed definitely upon other factors. Those outbreaks of food poisoning that have been most thoroughly investigated have been found to be due not to the use of spoiled food containing ptomains but either to the presence of true bacterial toxins comparable to the toxins of the diphtheria and tetanus bacilli and not to be regarded as the simple products of decomposition, or to infection with specific bacteria borne in or upon the implicated food article."

Poisoning from bacterial products in food, when it occurs at all, seems to be due to the accidental and occasional presence of toxigenic or "poison causing" microbes which give rise to specific toxins or poisons:

"Poisoning from bacterial products in food, when it occurs at all, seems to be due to the accidental and occasional presence of toxigenic microbes which give rise to specific toxins. Little is known about the conditions under which the relatively rare toxigenic bacteria find their way into foodstuffs. In the best-known example of this type, the severe poisoning due to the products of *Bacillus botulinus*, certain facts seem to indicate a regional distribution of the micro-organisms. In this country 17 of the 22 recorded outbreaks have occurred in California. There is no record of a single case in Great Britain. All told, demonstrated instances of food poisoning due to bacterial products are not very numerous.

"On the other hand, the careful investigation of food-poisoning outbreaks has brought to light a very large number of instances of apparent poisoning which are in reality cases of infection with some pathogenic micro-organism. The distinction is practically important. The measures that need to be taken to prevent infection are of a different nature from those designed to prevent the use of food containing the products of bacterial growth."

A Fallacy Regarding Food that Leads to Mistakes About Infection

There are still many questions about the use of spoiled foods that need settlement. Some foods such as cheese and sour milk that are loaded with the products of microbic activity appear to be used with impunity. While we are not yet able to specify with precision the differences between harmful and harmless bacterial action, there can be little doubt that the almost universal preference for fresh food containing as few bacteria as possible rests on a sound physiological basis.

"It can not be forgotten that there is a possibility of the multiplication of pathogenic bacteria in food. In general, micro-organisms pathogenic for man do not increase freely outside the human body, and when discharged into the air, water or soil, quickly perish. But in many foods conditions obtain very much like those in the artificial culture media used in laboratories. If such foods become contaminated with pathogenic bacteria, a considerable increase in bacterial numbers may occur. In point of fact, it has been observed that multiplication of this sort does take place. There are many instances where the incriminated food, when fresh, gave rise to little or no injury, but after standing 24 hours or less without visible signs of decomposition produced numerous cases of illness. Especially significant is the large number of outbreaks in which such foods as meat jellies, meat pies, salads and made dishes generally have been incriminated. A very large proportion of the recorded outbreaks has been traced to foods that have been prepared for the table and then allowed to stand before being eaten, or that have kept over to a second or third day as remnants after the first serving. Cooking, so far from surely destroying all bacteria, may in some cases provide a favorable temperature for bacterial multiplication, as in the celebrated California outbreak of 93 cases of typhoid infection due to a dish of baked spaghetti. Here it was found by subsequent experiment that the degree of heat reached in the interior of the dish was an incubating rather than a sterilizing temperature."

CAUSATION OF SEX IN THE HUMAN RACE

FULLY thirty years have passed since first the noted British expert, Doctor E. Rumley Dawson, began to study the vexed question of the causation of sex in the human family. It will be remembered, observes *The Journal of Heredity*, that some eighteen years ago Doctor Dawson propounded an original and simple theory of the subject. He held and, as his latest investigations show, he still holds that the sex of the child depends solely upon which ovary supplies the ovum fertilized. If the ovum comes from the right ovary, the child is a boy. If the ovum comes from the left ovary, the child is a girl.

The father, according to the Dawson hypothesis, has no influence in determining the sex of the future child, nor have any of the countless old and new recipes for the production of a child of specified sex.

An enormous amount of controversy has raged around this theory of the causation of sex and it seemed at one time that the weight of evidence did not support it. This impression must

be modified, apparently, for Doctor Dawson has just given to the world of heredity and eugenics a mass of statistical observations which seem to eugenicists of note to alter the balance in favor of the theory. Doctor Dawson has not been satisfied with material drawn from his own experience. He has consulted the ablest gynecological specialists in the interpretation of his facts. So completely is his theory borne out by the weight of evidence that one very conservative organ of the physicians and surgeons of England, the *British Medical Journal*, has recently declared that Doctor Dawson makes out a case that can be answered only by a fresh series of investigations on the part of experts. The evidence is for the most part highly technical but it may be said in simple language that no physiological fact now known renders the Dawson hypothesis untenable and that it fits every detail in the data accumulated up to and including last year.

Doctor Dawson, in view of his latest evidence, feels justified in elaborating his theory to the extent of predicting

the sex of coming children unless he is dealing with a first birth. Doctor Dawson affirms that the ovaries ovulate alternately. Here again he is supported by a considerable body of freshly-gathered evidence. Doctor Dawson claims ninety-seven per cent. of successes in his predictions of the sex of unborn children. Naturally, there are limitations in the making of such forecasts. The organ of the British medical profession remarks:

"It is clear that Dr. Dawson's theories are ambitious, for they offer solutions of problems attacked by medical men and biologists again and again, at any rate since the time of Hippocrates. But are his solutions correct? This question is merely one of fact, and the answer will depend only upon the evidence afforded by the collection of observations. Thus valuable evidence for or against his view that the right ovary produces male ova and the left female could be collected at Caesarean operations; the sex of the child could be compared with the site of the ovarian corpus luteum. Similar evidence could be collected in the post-mortem room."

THE ASTRONOMICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

PREPARATIONS for observing the astronomical event of this year—the total solar eclipse of June eighth next—are well under way, the staffs of all the important observatories having arranged a method of perfect cooperation. The photographs will be more numerous in this country than has been the case in the past, says a writer in *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn.), altho local difficulties are presented by the fact that in such states as Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, much of the shadow path lies in mountainous country. Elaborate tables of latitudes and longitudes have been worked out by verified calculations for the benefit of all who desire to keep track of the progress of the eclipse. As the moon is but little, if at all, greater in angular diameter than the sun, to follow the notes of Doctor C. G. Abbot, the eminent astrophysicist, the cone of shadow cast by the moon only a little more than reaches the surface of the earth during a total solar eclipse. Sometimes, indeed, it fails to reach the earth at all. When the shadow cone reaches the earth's surface and we have a total eclipse, there will be a belt not more than two hundred miles wide but several thousand miles long upon the

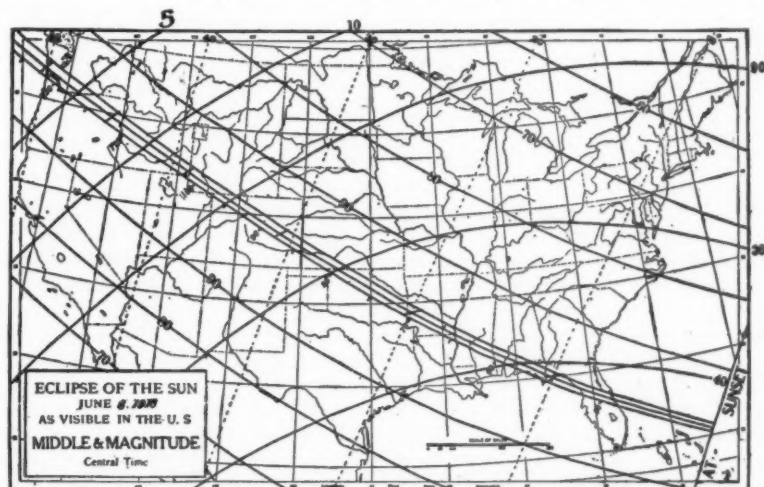
earth's surface in which the eclipse may be observed at some time of the day.

Frequently the belt of totality passes over inaccessible regions of the earth, as for instance the North Pole or the South Pole, or falls upon parts of the ocean where it is impossible to use

delicate instruments. Next June a path of totality will stretch right across our country.

The longest possible period of totality at any one station is seven minutes. In general the total eclipses have averaged about three minutes in length. Thus only a very little time can be

A Total Eclipse of the Sun to be Studied Elaborately in June



From *Popular Astronomy*.

GREATEST MAGNITUDE ATTAINED BY THE COMING ECLIPSE

The large 5 on top of the map and near its left means 5 o'clock, central time, and the 10 to the right of the 5, the 20, 30, 40 on the right border mean the minutes after 5 o'clock. The three close parallel curves denote the path of totality. The numbers from 120 to 50 along its southern border indicate the seconds that the total phase will last. The dotted lines 0, 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 show the sun's altitude at the time. The curves marked 90, 80, 70, 60, on either side of the central line, show the percentage of the obscuration.



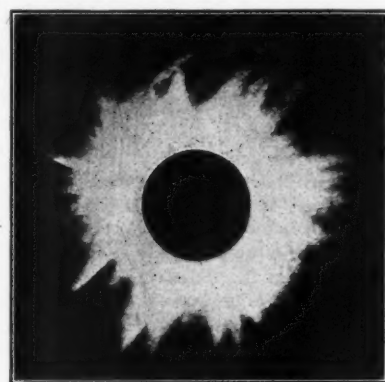
THE SOLAR CORONA EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO

The drawing was made in 1900 by Professor P. R. Calvert from photographs by Yerkes Observatory eclipse expedition. The aspect is very definite and the streams of radiance marked.

used in eclipse observations and yet the information to be gained at such times is so valuable that observers are glad to spend months in preparation and to travel thousands of miles to observe them. In the present case it may be a considerable time before the proper development is made of the photographs that will be taken and it is very likely that, as in former instances, there will ensue controversy over the significance of unfamiliar "streamers" and new lines. In the

critical photographs will be seen the corona, as it is called, a pearly object stretching out in beautiful forms to a considerable distance outside the sun. A great change apparently occurred in its form between the year 1900 and the year 1905. This change is shown by other eclipse observations to be characteristic and always to accompany the change from sun-spot minimum conditions to sun-spot maximum conditions. The greatest interest and importance attach to the photographs that deal with this aspect of the eclipse in June. Close up to the border of the sun there are also seen at times of solar eclipses bright red flames called prominences. They are due to the gases hydrogen and calcium with sometimes an admixture of other chemical elements. These beautiful objects sometimes reach above the surface of the sun as much as five hundred thousand miles.

The detailed study of the corona to be made photographically during the coming eclipse may test the validity of Professor Jean Bosler's somewhat revolutionary theories of the sun. The French astrophysicist departs markedly from the received ideas. It seems extremely probable to him that the solar matter is electrified. He affirms in Paris *L'Astronomie* that the corona really gives us an image of the general



THE SOLAR CORONA THIRTEEN YEARS AGO

Here we see a drawing by Mrs. C. G. Abbot from photographs made by the United States Naval Observatory eclipse expedition of the year 1905. It will be noticed that a marked alteration from the previous picture has occurred.

magnetic field of the sun like the terrestrial magnetic field—a sphere uniformly magnetized—and also similar to that of a rotating sphere electrically charged. The importance of this theory is due to the fact that its verification would profoundly modify our conception of the sun as a center of high temperature. It is a hot body but not nearly as hot as we have been taught to believe.

THE GUILLESS SPIDER AND THE WILY FLY

OBSERVATIONS of entomologists in recent years cast an unexpected light upon the simplicity of spiders in their intercourse with flies, according to a writer in *Science Progress* of London. The male spider is remarkably stupid in dealing with his prey, which again and again escapes him. The female is more efficient. She lights upon her victim with promptitude, whereas the male is so deliberate in moving that a fly often has time to get away. The male seems unable to contrive traps with the ingenuity shown by his consort. Something, no doubt, depends upon the kind of spider and the climate in which the web is spun. The difficulty with the male was supposed to be impatience. He will not very often take time to build a proper snare. He frightens the prey by his restlessness. So much has been inferred at any rate by Professor F. M. Campbell in the *Journal* of the Linnean Society, from a curious action of male spiders and, apparently, of male spiders only, in a sharp twitching of the abdomen, a jerking of it down on the web. No silk can be seen to be secreted, and a male spider on the web of a female does it whenever it stops moving, but never more than

once at a time. Is this gesture one of impatience? Professor Theodore Savory, a careful student of English spiders, doubts it. He can not help thinking, however, he says in *Science Progress*, that it must possess some physiological rather than psychological significance. He expresses his belief that "no spider ever felt impatient." It is hardly probable that, even supposing such a mental state possible, an animal whose life was so largely spent in waiting for the chance blundering of an insect into its web could retain such a characteristic. "Nor do I believe," he declares, "that a spider could become impatient any more than it could feel delighted or love-sick."

In regard to the spider and the fly it seems from experiment that degrees of intelligence in individuals explain captures and escapes. Sometimes a spider will seem unable to seize a fly buzzing right into its maw. Another individual of the same species will trap everything and anything. The females seem to excel the males in the sport. They are more cruel too. Here is a little adventure that befell a couple in a web:

"I admitted a fly to the cage, and the female, much the bolder and more active, caught it by the leg. The male now

Entomology Modifies to Some Extent Ideas of a Famous Parlor

rushed up and in the mêlée which followed the fly escaped. Soon, however, the female caught the fly again, and I, hoping to prevent a competition which might end fatally, put in a second fly to attract the attention of the male. But not he! A bird in the hand being worth more than one in the bush, he approached the female, who had the fly by its thorax, and buried his chelicerae in its abdomen. Thus they remained imperturbable, the two spiders sharing the one fly for two hours. Arachnological conjugal bliss!"

One reason the spiders do not get more flies is that they spend so much time at a crisis in fighting with one another. The males are very prone to do battle. Meanwhile the female is placidly swallowing, perhaps, an insect that comes incautiously by. Here again a reservation must be made on the subject of vision. Some spiders seem unable to see a fly even when very near it. On the other hand individual spiders are blessed with such keen sight that no fly can come near them without being, as it were, snapped up. This apparent power of vision is possessed by spiders of an active rather than a sedentary nature. Again and again the active spider—as distinguished from the sedentary—will make a dart upon a fly—and miss it!

DIFFICULTY OF DISTINGUISHING THE CONSCIOUS FROM THE SUBCONSCIOUS

Latest Solution of an Old Riddle

LET us take an instance of so-called intelligent action which is not accompanied with consciousness so far as memory can testify, and see whether it must be explained only on the basis of "unconscious consciousness," as some psychologists say, or whether a better explanation can be found. The case of the person who, absorbed in his magazine, still picks his way through the crowded, thoroughfare will do quite well. Now, two wholly unrelated streams of thought can not occupy the same mind at the same time. To be sure, we may dream and know that we are dreaming or dream and experience a desire to wake up, or experience both the music and the color effect of the opera at the same time, but these are somewhat related mental complexes. At least they are logically related. We certainly can not solve mathematical problems and at the same time think of our social engagements. Suppose, then, we assume that our hypothetical person is strongly conscious of his reading material only and is oblivious to the people on the sidewalk. How shall we explain his ability to pick his way through the crowd? The process, replies Doctor Gustave A. Feingold in *The Monist*, may be described thus:

"Two sorts of stimuli, diverse in nature, impinge on a single sensory organ, the eye. The one stimulus is the words on the printed page, which falls in the center of visual regard; the other stimulus is the people on the sidewalk, perceived in the periphery of vision. Tracing these diverse impressions, it seems reasonable to assume that the impression of the printed page is conducted to the occipital lobes, from there to the association centers, and from these the nerve energy is distributed to the other centers, including the motor center, so that when the individual reaches the bottom of the page he makes a conscious and coordinated movement with the hand to turn over a new page. The other vague impressions which fall on the periphery of vision are also conducted to the occipital lobes, but the path to the association centers is already blocked. Naturally the nerve energy seeks an outlet in some other direction. Now in the course of the individual's life, strong association bonds had been formed between visual perceptions of the kind that now impinge on the periphery of his vision and specific organic reactions, i. e., seeing a body coming toward him and moving out of its way. Psychophysically speaking, these strong association bonds are smoothly working conduction-paths between the visual and motor centers. Consequently, when now a visual impression of the same kind reaches the visual center, it immediately discharges itself through the path of least resistance, and upon reaching the motor center releases the customary re-

sponse which, of course, is an adaptation to the external situation. Since all this takes place without reaching the association centers, we have unconscious 'intelligent' action."

It will be asked, how does this view account for the fact that if the individual is hypnotized he can be made to give an account of persons he had met and places he had passed tho wholly oblivious of them at the time? The answer to this query involves the physiological theory of the unconscious. Generally stated, this theory means that the subconscious is not psychical at all but purely physiological, that the presence of awareness can not be measured by adaptiveness of action, for there are many glands and thousands of cells in the human body performing very complex adaptive acts or acts designed for the preservation of the organism. Yet we do not say that these are mental. Why should we expect less from the tissue of the central nervous system than we do from all other tissue? A similar view is advanced by Ribot. It is apparently shared by Jastrow. Irving King advances the same view. "Neural processes," he says, "are accompanied by psychical processes only when there is some need for them." According to him, consciousness is not "the sum of the organization of psychic elements," but rather "the unique and single accompaniment of a peculiar organization of neural processes." From this definition it follows that each neural element will determine the complexion of consciousness. If it is in the center of the system, it has dynamic conscious value; if outside of that system, it has potential value only. The subconscious, therefore, is not to be conceived as dim consciousness, but rather as a "physical mass of neural dispositions, tensions and actual processes which are in some degree, perhaps, organized, the remnants of habits and experiences, both those which have lapsed from consciousness and those which have never penetrated the central plexus." "When consciousness is present," says King, "the neural processes involved are much more intense than otherwise."

The dream consciousness is a condition in which the central activity is so subdued that more or less fragmentary neural dispositions are aroused. In hypnosis again the center of activity is shifted in more or less degree, resulting in the temporary lapse from consciousness of some processes and the incorporation of others which were previously mere neural dispositions. In multiple personality there are one or more strongly organized potential

systems of neural elements which, under appropriate conditions, can separately become sufficiently active to be conscious. The chief characteristic of the exponents of the physiologic theory is that they do not endow the subconscious with any mysterious powers, they do not regard it as the reservoir of consciousness. On the contrary, they consider unconscious events as very much like the ordinary facts of waking consciousness. Altho Morton Prince does not hold this view in its entirety, it is in this fashion that he presents what is without doubt the most able and cogent theory of the subconscious that has appeared within the past few years. The problem of the subconscious, he says, is the problem of memory. Whoever solves the latter will have solved the former too." Says Dr. Feingold:

"Instances of the conservation of forgotten experiences abound both in normal and pathological life. They are such as lapses of memory, forgotten acts, failure to recognize; or in abnormal cases they become manifest in automatic writing and speech, in post-hypnotic suggestions, and so forth. After examining the facts in great detail, Prince comes to the conclusion that it does not matter at what period of life or in what state experiences have occurred, 'or how long a time has intervened since their occurrence, they may still be conserved. They become dormant, but under favorable conditions they may be awakened and may enter conscious life.' Naturally these experiences must be conserved in some form; and whatever the nature of this form may be it is obvious that the experiences themselves must have 'a very specific and independent existence, somewhere and somehow, outside of the awareness of consciousness.'"

"Now in order to account for normal memory we must posit that ideas which have passed through the mind have been conserved through some residuum left by the original experience. This residuum must be either psychological or physiological. Suppose we consider the former alternative first. We shall have to assume that sensations, perceptions, emotions and even complex systems of ideas are capable of pursuing 'autonomous and contemporaneous activity outside of the various systems of ideas that make up the personal consciousness.' This is an untenable view, for it would necessitate the storing up of millions of ideas and infinite forms of associations. Let us, therefore, consider the other alternative, namely, conservation as physical residua. This view is based on the assumption that whenever we have a mental experience of any sort some change of trace is left in the neurones of the brain."

With every passing state of conscious experience, with every idea, emotion and perception, the brain process that is functioning leaves some

trace, some remains of itself within the neurones and in the functional arrangements among them. This physiological conception is at the base of the association theory, wherein it is assumed that whenever a number of neurones involved in "a coordinated sensory motor act" are stimulated into activity they become so associated and the paths between them become so opened or sensitized that a disposition becomes so established for the whole group to function together and to reproduce the original reaction:

"The neurones in retaining the residua

of the original process have become organized into a functioning system corresponding to the system of mental states—whether ideas, perceptions or emotions—which accompanied that original experience and are now capable of reproducing it. Hence when we reproduce the original ideas in the form of memory it is because there is a refunctioning of the physiological neural process. On hypnotizing a person, therefore, and asking him to recall a forgotten event, we simply start that process by introducing what may be called a catalytic agent, *i.e.*, we stir one neurone or one brain cell, or one part of the system, and that sets the entire system working precisely as it did on the original occasion. This physio-

logical functioning now reaches consciousness or motor expression, because all other mental processes are arrested for the time being, thus facilitating a greater discharge of nerve energy in this one direction. . . .

"Now it is necessary to have some term to designate the separate neurological modifications, and Prince calls these 'neurograms.' A neurogram, therefore, is a brain record; and, just as a phonogram characterizes the form in which the physical aspect of spoken thought is recorded, so a neurogram characterizes the form in which thoughts and other mental experiences are recorded in the brain tissue. Of course this is merely a theoretical concept, like atoms and moments of force."

IS NATURAL SELECTION AN OBSOLETE AGENCY IN EVOLUTION?

A LITTLE less than twenty years ago the current of doubt as to the evolutionary importance of natural selection grew rapidly in strength, says London *Nature*, and swept not a few naturalists off their feet. Bateson, the eminent student of heredity, and DeVries, the Dutch authority on mutation, produced evidence of the frequent occurrence of discontinuous variations or mutations. DeVries began methodical testings of what selection could do in the course of years with maize, buttercups, striped flowers and four-leaved clover—the general outcome being that it did not do very much. The eminent Professor Johannsen, working carefully on "pure lines" of beans, which are self-fertilizing but show fluctuating variation in the size of the seed, proved that selection continued generation after generation in a particular direction may be without result so far as any change in average seed size is concerned. These and other considerations led to a depreciation of the importance of selection processes. Professor W. E. Castle, in the *Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences*, now observes that in the minds of many biologists at the present time selection is outworn as a factor in evolution. An adequate explanation of evolution, many experts say, is to be found only in mutation and "pure lines." Professor Castle believes this to be a mistaken view, not because mutations and pure lines are false but because their applicability is very limited compared with the broad field of organic evolution. To universalize them is to hide the world by holding a small object close to the eye.

As DeVries has always insisted, to return to the observations of London *Nature* on this point, mutations come we know not how, but selection determines which must stay and which must

go. According to Darwin, new types are for the most part established gradually. According to DeVries, they arise abruptly. According to Darwin, new types are for the most part plastic. According to DeVries, new types are fully stable. According to Darwin one evolutionary change follows upon and is made possible by another. According to DeVries one evolutionary change has no relation to another, that is, necessarily. According to Darwin, natural selection determines what classes of variations shall survive and in consequence what shall be the variable material subjected to selection in the next generation. According to DeVries, natural selection determines only what classes of variations shall survive and exercises no influence on the subsequent variability of the race. According to Darwin, the further evolution of our domestic animals and cultivated plants and of man himself is to some extent controllable, for we can by selection influence the variability of later generations. According to DeVries evolution is beyond our control except as we discover and isolate variations. In his contrast of these two sets of views, Professor Castle says they remind us somewhat of the theological ideas of free will and determination respectively. Which view is right? London *Nature* has this to say:

"The evidence from paleontology, geographical distribution, and classification tends on the whole in favor of the Darwinian view that 'evolution as an age-long process has been gradual and progressive, not abrupt and unguided,' but the evidence from experimental breeding leans to either side. The mutationists hold that selection 'can do nothing but isolate variations which may sporadically put in an appearance or which may by hybridization be brought together into new combinations.' The selectionists, with whom Prof. Castle ranks himself, maintain that selection 'can accomplish more

than the mere isolation of variations, because it can, by a series of selections, influence further variability.' How is one to decide?

"Prof. Castle considers carefully the attempts that have been made to generalize Johannsen's brilliant discovery of the principle of 'pure lines,' and shows that this is not warranted. In the case of certain characters in guinea-pigs he has himself found that a *nec plus ultra* is reached which cannot be changed by selection in an inbred race. 'Thus a very dark form of Himalayan albino, after a certain amount of improvement by selection, could not be further darkened to any appreciable extent.' On the other hand, certain characters of guinea-pigs, rabbits, and rats have been found to respond readily to selection in a particular direction. Prof. Castle's experiment with hooded rats 'selected simultaneously in *plus* and *minus* directions has produced one race which is black all over except a white patch of variable size underneath, and another race which is white all over except for the top of the head and the back of the neck, which are black. The races do not overlap at all, and have not done so for many generations, tho they still continue to diverge from each other as a result of continued selection.'"

It would seem that divergent conclusions are in part due to the nature of the data made use of:

"A study of albinism alone would lead one to believe in the fixity and constancy of Mendelian genes and the impossibility of modifying them by selection. . . . In the case of such characters as white spotting in mammals, it is evident that a change in the mean of the character in a particular direction in consequence of selection actually displaces in the direction of selection the center of gravity of variation, so that in a very true sense selection makes possible further variation in that same direction."

Selection can not start new lines of variation, concludes the London organ of science, but it can continue and extend variation already initiated.

An Effort to Reconcile the Opposing Views of Darwin and DeVries

THE PHYSICAL FACT AT THE FOUNDATION OF ALL KNOWLEDGE OF MATTER

THE isolated, independent subsistence of the corpuscle, or the sub-atom, as it is called by some physicists, or, to use another word, the electron, as the uniform elementary constituent of the visible universe, is the central revelation of the new knowledge. It has been proclaimed to the world as the fourth or radiant state of matter. The laboratories have long been familiar with the vacuum tubes in which the green phosphorescence accompanying the passage of an electric current is so conspicuous. That something called cathode rays emerged from the cathode or negative pole and moved in right lines was proved by the shadow cast by an interposed mica cross. The English declared these rays were particles shot out from the cathode—pole—against the inside walls of the tube. The Germans held it was only ether waves stirred up at the pole and propagated rectilinearly. That the English were right was shown conclusively by subjecting the rays first to magnetic and then to electric attraction, whereby it appeared that they behave in all ways precisely as minute particles laden with negative electricity. Professor William Benjamin Smith, lecturing before the scientific congress at Santiago, said, according to the report in the *Chicago Monist*:

"Amazing is the control which the experimenter exhibits over these flying hosts of electric atoms; by deft manipulation of his infinitely fine magnetic or electric fingers he may turn the stream of corpuscles as he will and even bend it into a spiral or into a circular hoop far more supple than one might bend the superfine Damascus blade. But inconceivably more delicate still is the touch of the mathematical reason, whereby even the individual electron is caught in its flight and forced to tell the secret of its speed. For one may subject the flying particles simultaneously to opposite electric and magnetic influences by immersing them in two coexistent and mutually annulling fields of force, so that they fly undisturbed straight from the negative to the positive pole."

The velocity of the corpuscle is known when we know the magnetic and electric force, both of which are readily measured. This velocity increases with the exhaustion of the tube from eight thousand up to one hundred thousand kilometers per second, which is many thousand times the mean speed of hydrogen molecules at the highest temperature ever yet attained. But far more wonderful and important than this determination of a variable velocity is the determination of the

most fundamental constant yet discovered in nature. Science may be described as an eternal search for constants amid the eternal flux of variants, and this astonishing constant reminds us of Plato's unwavering axis of the universe turning forever in the lap of necessity. The value of this remarkable constant is ascertained, through mathematical calculations of the utmost complexity, to a large result. Light is thrown on the subject by the exquisitely beautiful experiments of the two Wilsons (C. T. R. and H. A.) on the formation of clouds by condensation of vapor around nuclei:

"Not only does the water collect around particles of dust but also around any particles charged with electricity: nay, more, it refuses to collect except around nuclei until the vapor reaches eight-fold saturation. Now it has been found possible to free a cylinder of air from dust, and supersaturate it with vapor, and then to form in it suddenly a dense cloud by electrifying its particles with radiations from radium or still better by charging its individual molecules with electrons shot out from a metal plate played on by ultra-violet light. By attracting electrically these drops coagulated around these molecules one may suspend them in the air of the cylinder like balloons or make them fall as slowly as one will, so that their velocity of fall may be measured; and Stokes has deduced the formula for this velocity. . . .

"Measuring the amount of watery vapor deposited one finds the number of the drops and so can count the number of electrified molecules, that is the number of corpuscles, since each molecule has but one negative electron. Plainly, if by one chance in a trillion two corpuscles should light on one molecule, their mutual repulsion would dislodge them instantly."

By electrometric methods one may find the total charge of electricity on the total water and the sum of the drops; dividing this by the number of drops, or corpuscles, one finds the charge on each, and then on dividing this by the constant ratio there results the mass of each corpuscle. All these calculations are technical; but the process should be at least indicated to account to the reader for the fact that these numbers indicate an appalling minuteness. The mass of the corpuscle proves to have a degree of parvitude or littleness far beyond the utmost stretch of the imagination. The same may be said of the atom of hydrogen; but the mass of this atom is seventeen hundred times the mass of the corpuscle. Hitherto this hydrogen atom has been conceived as standing on the remotest confines of matter; but the new physics shows us a still

Mass of the Corpuscle Not in the Corpuscle At All

lower world of corpuscles, nearly two thousand times smaller:

"At this point it may be proper to enter a caution. It is almost universal to speak of this corpuscle as of invariable mass bearing an invariable charge of negative electricity, and the calculations and experiments do indeed yield results uniform within the limits of error. But we must remember that these experiments and calculations have always treated and apparently must always treat not the individual corpuscle but millions on millions of corpuscles and atoms. The results then were only averages of countless numbers of individuals, and the constancy of such an average implies nothing at all as to the constancy or inconstancy of the individual, just as the comparative steadiness of the rates of birth, death, marriage, homicide and the like, even in a population of a few millions, implies nothing whatever as to the rate in any particular family. For all we know, the range of individuality among atoms and corpuscles may be quite as great as among suns or planets or men, and this we must say even in face of the famous dictum of Maxwell, that atoms of any one substance have all the marks of manufactured articles, being all exactly alike."

It is precisely here that the new knowledge calls for the profoundest transformation of our conceptions, for it derives the fact of mass in the corpuscle solely from the motion of the flying charge of negative electricity. The mass of the corpuscle is not located in any appreciable degree at least in the corpuscle itself but only in the universal ether around it. Imagine a sphere surface perfectly rigid but absolutely void, empty even of ether itself, a mere round hole in universal ether:

"If set in motion this hollow sphere would gather mass as it gathered velocity; but the mass would not be inside, it would be wholly outside, inwrought in the universal eddy set up in the infinite ether. In this sense the mass of the moving hollow sphere would be coextensive with the whole space filled by ether, and in this sense we may say the same of the mass of a flying corpuscle: it reaches throughout the world. We may imagine it as a mere needle-point from which Faraday tubes of force radiate to the utmost stars. But since the ether bound by the tubes varies as the squared density of the tubes, and hence varies inversely as the power of the distance from the sphere center, it follows that the corpuscle mass is after all highly concentrated round the corpuscle core. . . .

"It follows that one can no longer affirm with perfect rigor the principle of the conservation of mass, for the masses vary constantly with the velocities of the corpuscles. But to our gross senses even when armed with the most delicate instruments these variations might forever remain imperceptible."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

THE CHURCH'S FAILURE TO RISE TO ITS PRESENT OPPORTUNITY

Dr. Joseph Odell Compares the Attitude of American Clergymen, in Face of the War, with Peter "Warming Himself"

A STINGING indictment of the spiritual leadership of this and of other countries is given the place of honor in a recent number of the *Atlantic*. The author, Dr. Joseph H. Odell, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Troy, New York. He calls his arraignment "Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself," and he intimates that American prelates, bishops, dignitaries and eminent clergymen between August, 1914, and April, 1917, have played the rôle of the Senior Apostle who "hugged the comfortable brazier while the world's greatest tragedy was climbing swiftly to its climax." As he puts it:

"Thoughtful men and women are asking what became of the spiritual leaders of America during those thirty-two months when Europe and parts of Asia were passing through Gehenna. What prelate or bishop or ecclesiastical dignitary essayed the work of spiritual interpretation? What convocation or conference or assembly spoke so convincingly that the national conscience must perforce listen? What book from a clerical study gave the sanctities of humanity and the sanctions of law the foremost place in current thought? What voice from altar or pulpit liberated a passion of righteous indignation and set this continent aflame with holy wrath? Not all the clergy of the world can be covered by Cardinal Mercier's magnificent heroism. None is absolved by the fact that the see of Canterbury failed as a spiritual primacy. The rank and file of American laymen have not formed the habit of depending upon their ecclesiastical grandparents and second cousins in Europe for spiritual or ethical guidance."

To those who try to excuse the passive attitude of American clergymen on the ground that President Wilson counseled strict neutrality in speech and thought, Dr. Odell rejoins: "Since when, and by whose authority, have prophets and apostles surrendered their spiritual function of interpretation into the keeping of rulers and cabinets?" Has it not been ever the chief glory of the Christian ministry, he asks, that its heights of grandeur and service were found in such independent souls as Thomas à Becket, Savonarola, Huss, Wycliffe, Knox and John Robinson? He continues:

"The situation is not at all improved

when the commonalty muses upon the fact that there has been a lofty and soul-moving exposition of the terrible drama which mankind is playing out, and that the spiritual teachers have been laymen. The history, philosophy, poetry, the parables in art, the personal narrative of physical and psychical adventure, the dispassionate gathering and sifting of evidence, the bitter cry of pain over outraged sanctities, which have built up the present ethical and spiritual consciousness of America, came chiefly from men who never claimed to possess official supernatural discernment. The priesthood which has led us through darkness and doubt, confusion and amazement, has not been of the house of Aaron; that we have reached the place of righteousness, where our spirits may face a Holy God and live, has been an uncovenanted mercy. Into what deep morass or sterile wilderness or arctic zone we might have wandered with no guidance at all cannot even be imagined; but we surrendered ourselves to Maeterlinck, Arnold Toynbee, Lord Bryce, Racine, Maurice Barrès, Alfred Noyes, Owen Wister, Donald Hankey, Masfield, H. G. Wells, J. M. Beck, Frank H. Simonds, Ian Hay Beith; and these, unmitigated and unordained, in varying degree and by variant methods brought us to the truth."

Ordinary laymen, Dr. Odell thinks, may be pardoned for not having grasped the full significance of the temper and trend of Teutonic thought. But every thinking minister must have been aware of the growing power of German materialism; must have known of the spreading superstition of Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardt; must have read the utterances of the German clergy. "During those awful thirty-two months of Belgium's *Via Dolorosa*," Dr. Odell writes, "while our preachers were expounding the Gospel of the lotus leaves,—'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,'—the German pastors were justifying a debauchery and barbarity which would have been considered immoral even in the days before a word of our Bible was scratched on papyrus." Dr. Odell speaks, in particular, of the "unctuously impious messages" of Pastors Graub, Lehmann, Rump, Francke and Baumgarten. Then he says:

"The practical outcome of this spiritual vandalism is startling. His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser stands guilty of the most hideous crimes ever perpetrated by a ruler. Under the divine right of kings the doings of the Army, the Navy, the

Chancellery, the Foreign Office, or the diplomatic service are the volitions of the one who wears the crown. Yet with a trail littered with the débris of wanton death and cruelty; with outraged women on every roadside whither German troops passed; with starved children dying like flies over half of Europe and Asia; with the seas dotted from horizon to horizon with human flotsam and jetsam; with helpless infancy and decrepit age alike blown to bits in quiet Kentish towns and Yorkshire summer resorts; with the lecherous Turks let loose to wallow in lust and blood among the Armenians; with captured British officers buried alive in Mesopotamia; with the entire diplomatic corps of the Empire prostituted into bacteria-distributors; with civilian captives reduced to degraded slavery; with every outrage that science could invent consecrated by sanctimonious phraseology—well, with a roster of ghastly and cowardly crimes probably more in number and blacker in hue than those of all the Roman Cæsars combined, there has not been found one single preacher or prelate in the whole of the German Empire to stand up and rebuke this blood-sodden Kaiser in the name of the God of Righteousness."

There was a time, Dr. Odell points out, when preachers were of a different breed. In the middle of the fourth century the Roman Emperor Theodosius, in a fit of anger, locked the doors of an amphitheater and sent his soldiers in to slay the people. For three hours the slaughter went on. Seven thousand defenseless men, women and children were butchered. Then Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, called Theodosius to account for this shocking crime. Later, when the Emperor determined to go to church in royal state, he was met at the outer porch by Ambrose and denied admittance. "You may not enter," he was told. "Go back to your palace! Your hands drip with blood!" All of which leads on to the comment:

"Surely the sequence is as inevitable as the law of cause and effect could make it: the Kaiser is what he is because the preachers are what they are; and the preachers are what they are because the professors of theology and philosophy and biblical exegesis sold themselves to the Kaiser to tear the truth and righteousness of God out of their system of thought and leave nothing but a vacant throne in heaven and earth subject to the claim of His Imperial Majesty. It is the most damnable circle of atheistic conspiracy that the ages have known. Nevertheless, the preachers of America, who

had all the facts on their library shelves and in current periodic literature, never uttered an indictment loud enough to cause the male members of their churches to fizzle a drive in their Sunday morning foursome at the Country Club."

Dr. Odell's onslaught is resented by some of the clergy and by some religious papers, but, in the main, it provokes response of a semi-sympathetic character. The *Chicago Interior* (Presbyterian), for instance, calls it "rousing but not quite exact." The *Central Christian Advocate* (Methodist Episcopal) says: "There is something in his gibes." The *Boston Congregationalist*, in an able rejoinder to what it calls "an interesting and brilliant but indiscriminating attack," declares: "The American ministry as a whole is not guilty on the main count of Mr. Odell's slashing indictment." The *Congregationalist* continues:

"Because they have not rushed into print, it does not follow that multitudes of ministers from the moment Germany lifted the mailed fist have not denounced in public and private the rape of Belgium and the invasion of France. Some of them have not paused to write magazine articles but have joined the army or navy and are preparing themselves to do their duty with gun and cannon. . . .

"The ministers dedicated the flags, prepared the rolls of honor, heartened the enlisted and drafted men, put their shoul-

ders to the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives. The fact that these drives have registered such wonderful success is due to the lining up of the churches and ministers behind them, just as the very existence of the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross is due to the Christian



HE SAYS THAT SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP HAS PASSED FROM THE CHURCH

Dr. Joseph Odell, of Troy, N. Y., contends that the real leadership in the present crisis has come from laymen rather than from churchmen.

Church and the Christian ministry, which nourished them, started them on their beneficent way and stand ever in the background to serve them as occasion demands.

"The book which on the whole best represents the Christian sentiment of

America respecting the war, and which is charged with patriotic feeling from cover to cover—"The Challenge of the Present Crisis"—was written by a minister, Dr. Harry E. Fosdick. Dr. George A. Gordon's "The Appeal of the Nation" can hardly be charged with lacking the prophetic note, and there have been other utterances by eminent ministers—Dean Hodges, Dean Brown, Dr. Van Dyke, Dr. Cadman and President King for example—which have sounded the same high call of duty and honor. We wonder in this connection if Mr. Odell has happened to see anything from the pen of Dr. N. D. Hillis bearing upon this subject. We wonder if he has seen such trenchant declarations of ecclesiastical bodies as that put forth by the Federal Council of Churches at Washington in April, 1917, and by the Congregational National Council at Columbus in October, 1917.

"If some were slow in discerning the one paramount issue which has now come to overshadow every other issue, if they felt that the materialistic basis on which the life of all the nations had been for decades grounded was responsible in part for the outbreak that now threatens civilization, that attitude did not make them any the less ready to follow President Wilson's lead when at last the die had to be cast.

"To imply that such men are lacking in courage, to compare them to the cowardly Peter snuggling up to the fire, is to do injustice to men who have never failed to exhibit the self-forgetful and prophetic spirit."

HOLDING THE "CULT OF NATURALISM" RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR

LOOKING out sadly on a world given over to slaughter and destruction, and endeavoring to locate the cause of the unprecedented breakdown of civilization, Prof. Stuart P. Sherman, of the University of Illinois, declares, in a new book, "On Contemporary Literature" (Holt): "This is the logical conclusion of the naturalistic philosophy which has been for many years subtly extending its influence in all countries and in every field of human activity. It is the logical conclusion of repudiating all standards, teaching one's conscience to trot in the rut of events, and making one's truth as one needs it." The primitive savage, Professor Sherman says, is taught to believe that his happiness depends upon the observance of tabus. The modern savage is taught to believe that tabus are the only obstacles between him and happiness. He "blasphemes the divine power" by identifying its dictates with his appetites, so that no check of religious superstition or of reasoned reverence remains in his consciousness to oppose the indefinite expansion of his self-love.

These pessimistic reflections occur as part of an evaluation of some of

our greatest modern writers. Wells, Dreiser, Anatole France, John Synge, George Moore, are some of the men whom Professor Sherman holds up as awful examples of the naturalist trend. But his book is much more than literary criticism. It is an indictment of modern thought and a denial of what we have been pleased to regard as progress. If the great task of nineteenth-century thinkers was "to put man into nature," the great task of twentieth-century thinkers, Professor Sherman contends, is to get him out again—somehow to break the spell of those magically seductive cries, "Follow Nature," "Trust your instincts." The argument proceeds:

"We have trusted our instincts long enough to sound the depths of their treacherousness. We have followed nature to the last ditch and ditchwater. In these days when the educator, returning from observation of the dog-kennel with a treatise on animal behavior, thinks he has a real clue to the education of children; when the criminologist, with a handful of cranial measurements, imagines that he has solved the problem of evil; when the clergyman discovers the ethics of the spirit by meditating on the phagocytes in the blood; when the novelist, returning from the zoological gardens,

An Argument Which Aims to Show that Men Have Been Misled by the Cry, "Back to Nature"

wishes to revise the relations of the sexes so as to satisfy the average man's natural craving for three wives; when the statesman, after due reflection on 'the survival of the fittest' feels justified in devouring his neighbors—in the presence of all these appeals to nature we may wisely welcome any indication of a counter-revolution."

In his crusade against the "cult of naturalism," Professor Sherman turns for support to G. K. Chesterton, Professor Guérard, Sigurd Ibsen, Professor Shorey, W. C. Brownell, Paul Elmer More and Professor Babbitt. There are several ways, he says, of combating the cult, and the simplest and most effective is to meet it with Johnsonian common sense, appealing to the general reason and experience of mankind against the conclusions of the ratiocinative faculty of the individual. We read further:

"The humanist requires no complex philosophical apparatus. . . . He is at one with the saints in his clear perception of the eternal conflict between 'the law for things' and 'the law for man.' This is the rock upon which the humanist builds his house.

"In the natural world he discerns no genuine law of progress, no conservation of values, no unity of purpose, but brutal cross purposes, blind chance and ever-

lasting change. The notion that the Darwinian 'survival of the fittest' indicates an aristocratic tendency in nature he deems a vulgar error based upon a confusion of adaptation to environment with conformity to ideal ends. In human society, on the other hand, Mr. Ibsen, for example, detects an 'impetus,' unique in character, which 'urges us to bring our existences and the conditions about us into agreement with an ideal picture we bear in our hearts.' In the human consciousness Mr. More detects an 'inner check' which, in the interest of character, opposes the push of instinct, the expansive impulse of the *élan vital*. 'All the experience of the past,' says Professor Babbitt, 'cries, as tho with a thousand tongues, through the manifold creeds and systems in which it has been very imperfectly formulated, that the highest human law is the law of concentration.' To call this unique 'impetus,' this 'inner check,' this 'law of concentration' human or to call it divine—is not this in the present state of our ideas a tolerably insignificant matter of nomenclature?"

The line of progress for human society must, in Professor Sherman's view, be in the direction of this human impetus. It cannot possibly lead "back to nature," but must steadily show a wider divergence from the path of natural evolution. "It is irrelevant," Professor Sherman says, "to approve or condemn this or that possible line of conduct on the basis that it is or is not in conformity with nature. It is pertinent only to inquire whether it is in harmony with the constitution and aim of the human organization." It is not, for instance, according to the tendency of clay to become a pot or of wood to become a table; but it is of the very essence of the artisan and the artist to overcome the tendency of wood and clay. It is according to the nature of an animal to preserve its own life and to reproduce its species; but "it is of the essence of a man to lay down his life out of reverence for his grandfather and to check the impulse to indiscriminate reproduction out of consideration for his great-grandson. The impulse to refrain thus indicated we can find nowhere in nature. It is part of the pattern or design of human society that lies in the heart of man."

To the humanist, Professor Sherman says, the world-war presents itself as essentially a struggle between the masters of the "law for things" and the servants of the "law for man." The argument concludes:

"When in the summer of 1914 the German army went roaring and singing and destroying over the borders of Belgium into France, sweeping all the painfully constructed works of man before it, it struck the imagination, in spite of its mechanical organization, like a ruthless natural force, following nature's laws; and so its own apologists have described it. When Belgium checked it, when France and England dammed it,

when one ally after another hemmed it in, the counterstroke was quite uniformly described in terms equivalent to far-off Asiatic Siam's declaration of war (which comes as I write) as an effort to 'uphold the sanctity of international rights against nations showing a contempt for the principles of humanity.' Here for German and other naturalistic thinkers is the grand disillusion. Here for the humanist is the hope amid the horror. Humanity does after all recognize certain rights and principles as fixed and established; in hours of ease speaks of them like a wanton; but when need arises, dies for them as for the possession that is dearer than life. The victory of the Allies should logically be reflected in a literature exalting the vindicated 'law for man.' Haunted by memories of the fiery ruin wrought by those who made lust and law alike in their decree, it should not seek in nature for the order, stability, justice, gentleness and wisdom that only man has ever desired or sought to create. It should mirror a society more regardful



THE FOE OF NATURALISM

Prof. Stuart P. Sherman, of the University of Illinois, contends that the path of progress leads away from nature, not back to it.

of its ascertained values, more reverent of its fine traditions, more reluctant to take up with the notions of windy innovators. It should, in short, suggest in its own subtle way the desirability of continuing to work out in the world that ideal pattern which lies in the instructed and disciplined heart."

All of which has led to widespread comment, both friendly and critical. The *New York Times* compares Professor Sherman with Jules Lemaitre, and Frederic Taber Cooper, in the *Publisher's Weekly*, calls him "one of the few voices that speak with some authority among American critics of the younger generation."

Among religious papers, as might have been expected, Professor Sherman's thesis is a congenial one. We

find the *Churchman*, in a leading article, heartily commending his book. Just such a work as this, the *Churchman* intimates, was needed to open the eyes of Christians to the poisonous character of the philosophy that has been "dripping" from the pens of such writers as Wells, Moore and Dreiser.

America, the Roman Catholic weekly, is equally satisfied with Professor Sherman's conclusions. It pronounces his indictment just, and declares that the cause he assigns for the world's condition to-day is the true one. It goes on to say:

"A glance through the pages of the average Sunday paper or of a 'popular' magazine will show discerning readers that Professor Sherman is right. In our own land, at least up to a year ago, for America's entrance into the war has sobered us a little, many of the novels that 'everybody read' and numerous reviewers praised for their 'sincerity' and 'artistry' were nothing better than tracts for the propagation of naturalism. As for those who would see what the cult of naturalism has done to the diplomatic and military caste of Germany, they need but recall the history of Belgium's invasion and then behold the present state of that hapless country."

On the other hand, liberal critics find Professor Sherman's arguments superficial and his conclusions misleading. Henry B. Fuller, in the *Chicago Dial*, sums up the book as the credo of a middle-aged conservative. It contains, he admits, many acute and many weighty pages; "yet one finds a little too much deference, however cloaked, for our farther East, and an unwillingness to give recognition to the fact that this spinning world must change." Francis Hackett, in the *New Republic*, says:

"One might linger among the details of Mr. Sherman's conservatism. If he is setting out to show that 'the old moral abstractions' mean nothing to Germany, for example, he has his work cut out for him. The odium of scientific monism may be attached to certain ruthless Germans, especially German legalists, but you cannot start out to annex such a convenient equipment as the old moral abstractions without hearing a loud squawk from the Kaiser. The trouble is, Mr. Sherman's counter-revolution has in it a preposterous amount of that German specialty, 'instinctive obedience'; and, as he says himself, 'we have trusted our instincts long enough to sound the depths of their treacherousness.' But the fact that German junkers hate 'windy innovators' quite as much as Mr. Sherman does, and that official Germany equally adores the 'ideal pattern,' does not go to the heart of the matter. The heart of the matter, so far as understanding Mr. Sherman is concerned, does seem to be in recognizing his profound conviction that life is in no sense an experiment, is in reality an ingenious examination paper set by God in conjunction with Matthew Arnold."

JESUS NO "PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE" MAN

THE pacifist and the conscientious objector have frequently cited the teachings of Jesus in support of their position.

To them the Nazarene is the world's supreme non-resistant, whatever the provocation. But Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, "one of the Master's countrymen, born and brought up under almost the same conditions which surrounded him as a Syrian youth and teacher," takes a different view. Mr. Rihbany has written a little book, "Militant America and Jesus Christ" (Houghton, Mifflin), in which he argues that Jesus, so far from being a pacifist, would, in the present crisis, have resisted German military aggression with the sword. This book is hailed in the religious press as the best of its kind yet published.

Mr. Rihbany tries to be scrupulously fair in quoting and interpreting the passages which make both for and against his conclusion. He speaks, at the outset, of Christ's charge to his disciples to be "peace-makers" and to go out into the world defenseless; but he notes that this and similar admonitions were given in *normal times*. During Jesus' brief career as a teacher no such crisis as the one which confronts us to-day presented itself. "He taught the precepts of peace in a normal period in the history of the ancient world. He was no political revolutionary."

If Jesus had been asked the plain question: "Teacher, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to go to war?" he would, in Mr. Rihbany's judgment, have answered in the negative. "He would have taken a decisive stand for peace. He would have condemned aggressive war most unqualifiedly. He would have reminded his people most persuasively that peace is the normal way of life, and war a hateful abnormality; that war is medicine, but peace is food."

But suppose, on the other hand, that in time of actual danger this question had been put to Jesus:

"Teacher, what thinkest thou? A great terror is upon us. A mighty nation lust- ing for world dominion has come forth to battle and to conquer. For a whole generation her government has been shaping the minds of her citizens to fit this purpose. For a whole generation she has been beating the plowshares into cannon, and the pruning-hooks into rifles and bayonets. For years she has infested the whole world with spies, ranging in rank from ambassadors to housemaids. Her armies, thoroly trained for battle, are like the sand of the seashore in numbers. She has armed the earth, the sky, and the waters under the earth. Her 'day' has come! She has opened her mouth

The Author of the "Syrian Christ" Believes that Jesus would have Drawn the Sword Against German Aggression

and said, 'International obligations and treaties are mere scraps of paper, and necessity (her necessity) knows no law.' Her legions have come forth like dragons of steel. Her howitzers have crashed their way through neutral, unoffending countries, 'bellowing victory, bellowing doom.' She has put to the sword men, women and children, she has terrorized the seas, sunk hospital ships as well as merchantmen, bombarded defenseless towns and cities, and carried away as 'war tribute' the hard earnings of innocent conquered peoples. She has incited three hundred million Mohammedans to rise and massacre their Christian neighbors, has wantonly destroyed homes and vineyards and temples of worship, and tortured her prisoners of war. This mighty nation is sweeping whole countries with fire and the sword, and threatening the very foundation of human freedom. If she realizes her dream of empire she will put the whole world for generations to come under the iron heel of autocratic rule. Teacher, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful for us to rise and resist the aggression of this mighty power by force of arms, or covet bondage for ourselves and our children?"

Is it conceivable, Mr. Rihbany asks, that Jesus Christ would have answered such a question by saying: "No, let the giant have his way, resist him not?"

Careful reading of Jesus' sayings has convinced this Syrian commentator that he never refrained from using the language of force. The words, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," so often quoted by pacifists, is interpreted by Mr. Rihbany not as a defense of pacifism but as a plain justification of the taking of the sword against those who would use it in wars of aggression. "To hate war is one thing, and to *escape* war, as long as there are those who like it, is quite another." Mr. Rihbany goes on to point out that Jesus' declaration, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I come not to send peace, but a sword," is anything but the language of a peace-at-any-price man. He adds:

"In another Scriptural passage we find a striking illustration of the fact that Jesus was not a man of one idea, regardless of circumstances. In the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel we have the solemn picture of the Last Supper. The Master shared that fraternal meal with his disciples in the shadow of a great crisis, when the hand of him who should betray him was with his on the table. On that great occasion Jesus preached to his disciples the gospel of service: 'He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doeth service.'"

"Yet on the eve of that great crisis the thought of self-defense crossed the Master's mind. Not, however, his own self-defense, as subsequent events proved, but he felt anxious about his disciples.

He would impress them with the gravity of the situation. In the thirty-fifth verse we have these words of his: 'And he said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing. Then said he unto them, *But now*, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: *and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.* . . . And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, *It is enough.*'"

Mr. Rihbany interprets the famous passages regarding non-resistance to evil, loving one's enemies, turning the other cheek, as hyperbolic Oriental sayings tending to decrease brutal conduct and to make tranquil living a disposition among men. He shows that Jesus was quick to kindle to righteous anger, and he cites, in this connection, not only the incident of the whipping of the money-changers out of the Temple, and the denunciation of the Pharisees, but the less often remembered rejoinder to Herod.

"In the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, the thirty-first verse, occurs the following passage: 'In that very hour there came certain Pharisees, saying to him, Get thee out, and go hence: for Herod would fain kill thee. And he said unto them, Go and say to that fox, Behold, I cast out demons and perform cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I am perfected. Nevertheless I must go on my way to-day and to-morrow and the day following: for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem.'"

Here the evidence is clear that Jesus did not mean to teach slavish obedience to unreasonable demands. "He not only refused to go two miles at the command of the Pharisees and of Herod, but did not move a single inch." Mr. Rihbany continues:

"So also a Herod of the nineteenth century, the great Kaiser, sent his emissaries to say to the Government of the United States of America: 'Behold, I am engaged in a great war. I have crushed Belgium, overrun France, and given Serbia to fire and the sword. My armies control nations and peoples from the North Sea to the Euphrates. America, be warned, and keep out of the path of my ambition. Have no dealings with my enemies. Keep off the seas. I, the Kaiser, warn your citizens to stay at home; for I shall sweep the seas with my submarines which the genius of my people has perfected, and send to the bottom your citizens, whatever their errand may be on the great deep. Therefore seal your ports tightly and keep all your ships in their home waters. Those of your citizens I have already given to the sharks should be to you a sufficient warning that I mean what I say. My hundred thousand spies are in your midst, commanded to terrorize your land, dislocate your industries, and intimidate

your statesmen. Be instructed, therefore, you exasperatingly rich Yankees, and fear me, for I am the Kaiser!"

"Then America, nobly patient, peace-loving America, answered those emissaries, and said: 'Go and say to that tyrant, we are freeborn and will not submit to your mandates. So long as we have men in whose veins flows heroic blood; so long as we have women who disdain living with cowardly husbands and sons, we will not submit. We will

pour our wealth into the war-chest by the thousand millions, we will convert our colleges into training camps, our factories into arsenals, and our schools and churches into hospitals, for the sake of our freedom and the freedom of the world; we will if need be sell our coats and buy swords by which to combat your autocratic ambition, but we will not submit. Our sword is drawn, and we shall not sheath it until we have made the world safe for democracy!"

The conclusion of the argument is that Jesus was inspired by a sense of duty which is above fear, stronger than death and deep as eternity. He protested against injustice. He used physical violence against the desecrators of the Temple. He "forged his own weapon and struck with it as the defender of humanity's eternal heritage."

THE Y. M. C. A. ATTACKED AS A PACIFIST ORGANIZATION

THE Young Men's Christian Association recently inaugurated in New York a nation-wide movement to enlist university students in an intensive study of "the issues and spiritual lessons of the war." Under the slogan, "Win the War and Win the World," three mass-meetings were held, during February, in the gymnasium of Columbia University. The speakers were Dr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and Chairman of the General War-time Commission of the Churches; Charles R. Towson, Industrial Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and Dr. John Douglas Adam.

As a result of what he heard at these meetings, Prof. Henry Bedinger Mitchell, of Columbia University, has written a letter to the New York Times in which he complains that at least one of the three speeches was "insidiously corrupting, both to the will and the intelligence, because it breathed throughout the spirit of pacifism and minimized the infamies that Germany has perpetrated." The speech to which Professor Mitchell refers was Dr. Speer's, and Professor Mitchell says of it further:

"His argument was the stock one of pro-German agitators in this country—that Germany had only done what all other nations had done, or would do if they had the power. He enumerated the evils which he said had caused the present conflict, but warned us with regard to each that Germany had been no more guilty of them than the other nations. There was the question of the sanctity of treaties. But let us remember, he said, our own long list of broken treaties with the Indians. There was the placing of national self-interest above the principles of righteousness, and there was the extension of national influence by armed force. But here he asked us to listen while he read from a pocketbook two quotations, one from an Oxford Professor of History, the other from a naval magazine published in Washington. These he presented as proving that Great Britain and the United States are as guilty as Germany—desiring to do what Germany has done. Then there was the evil

of racial animosities and self-assertiveness. But let us remember our own attitude toward Japan—and here he read from his pocketbook some verses printed in a California newspaper. One by one he matched the accusations against Germany with accusations against this country or our allies. He made no appeal for aid in the prosecution of the war."

The second address, by Mr. Towson, was preceded by stereopticon pictures showing industrial evils and urging that the flag was as much disgraced by flying over a slum as over a defeated army. Mr. Towson told his audience that "our problem has been stated 'to make the world safe for democracy,' but that it might be restated 'to make democracy safe for the world.'" He referred very briefly to the war. "There was no appeal to patriotism," Professor Mitchell says, "and no urging of the successful prosecution of the war. Certainly no light was thrown on the issues or spiritual lessons of the war."

Of the third speech, by Dr. Adam, Professor Mitchell remarks that it was "as directly to the point, as patriotic and as strengthening as the other two had been insidiously weakening." He concludes:

"I lay this bald narrative of the facts concerning these three meetings before you because they raise questions of vital moment to the American people and to the Allied cause. Are these meetings typical of what is being done throughout the country? Do the authorities of the Y. M. C. A. approve of such speeches? What, in the understanding of the Y. M. C. A., are 'the issues and spiritual lessons of the war' that are first to be inculcated in 4,000 college students in this city, and then propagated by them in social settlement and welfare work?"

Professor Mitchell's letter, which drew sympathetic comment from Prof. Charles P. Fagnani, of Union Theological Seminary, and from a number of others, was followed by public rejoinders from Dr. Speer and from the Y. M. C. A. authorities. Dr. Speer said:

A Charge that the Speeches of Association Leaders are "Insidiously Corrupting" is Denied

"There is not now and there never has been any uncertainty whatever in my attitude toward our war with Germany. I believe that it is a righteous and necessary war and that it is the duty of the nation to carry it forward with the fearless and unwithholding devotion of all that we are and of all that we have until a just end is reached, until the wrong to mankind which it is our duty to help to prevent is prevented, and until everything has been done that can be done by the war to establish an order of justice in the earth. I hate war, but I believe that this is a war against war and that it must be waged in order that war may be destroyed."

He continued:

"I believe that what I tried to say at Columbia is a word that needs to be said to-day in the interest of a firm and steadfast determination of spirit in the nation. We must understand that we have set ourselves to a gigantic and enduring task. The war with Germany is only part of it. We have to replace an order of selfishness and wrong and division with an order of brotherhood and righteousness and unity. Whatever stands in the way of that new order in our nation or in our hearts to-day is an ally of the ideals and the spirit against which we fight in this war. To tolerate or to conceal behind our armies the policies, the prejudices or the passions which are before them is disloyalty. To try to make our own hearts pure and our own hands clean so that we may be worthy of being used to achieve victory and peace is loyalty, and it is the only kind of loyalty that will stand the strain that is before us."

The Y. M. C. A. authorities have added to this a statement that the organization "stands for winning the war and is bending every effort to help achieve a military victory." They say further:

"The Y. M. C. A. has sent men to Russia, to France, and to Italy to help our allies win the war. Pacifists are not accepted for its service. To tell our own men of the reasons for the war, the Association issues weekly *Trench and Camp*, a soldiers' newspaper, in thirty-two National Army and National Guard camps.

"No known pacifists have ever been or will be used as speakers or workers."

RUSSIA'S BREAKDOWN DUE TO HER SOLDIERS

THE big fact about Russia today, according to William T. Ellis, an American writer who has traveled the length and breadth of the land, is the dominance of the soldier; and the big fact about the Russian soldier, he tells us further, is his moral irresponsibility. There is a word that is heard all over Russia to-day among soldiers. It is "Tavarish" or "Comrade." Every soldier is Tavarish to every other soldier. The word denotes, in the common mind, the breaking down of caste distinctions as a result of the Revolution. But the tragedy of the situation, as Mr. Ellis sees it, is that the Russian soldier at the present time is incapable of understanding comradeship in any large sense. All he wants to do is to take his gun and go home.

Mr. Ellis illustrates the Russian soldier's irresponsibility by a story of "a brutish fellow" who occupied the upper berth in a first-class apartment between Rostof and Alexandrovsk a few weeks ago. He had paid no fare; and a lady who had been in the compartment had been forced to leave and stand in the aisle; for his comrade, a husky peasant with muddy boots, whose vermin-infested clothes had not been off his back for months, lay at full length on the red velvet cushion of the lower berth, his head pillowed on a dirty burlap bag holding his kit. Mr. Ellis asked the man in the upper berth about his plans. He replied: "There will be peace within a month. If not, all the soldiers, from Caucasus to Riga, will go home, each taking fifty cartridges and a gun. Then there will be another revolution, and we shall show them!"

The Russian soldier is taking his gun, and he is going home without saying so much as "By your leave" to anybody; and en route he is doing pretty much as he pleases. Mr. Ellis tells us (in the *Saturday Evening Post*):

"Weeks ago, two friends of mine, American officials, were on an express train that was trailing after a slow troop train. At one station they were permitted to pass it, observing that the soldiers were laughing and singing, heedless of the privilege thus granted the bourgeois. Yet half an hour later those same merry troops killed the station master horribly, and beat his assistant unconscious, for having allowed the express its usual right of way. To-day's paper tells how the soldiers cut the throat of the engineer of the Petrograd express for attempting to pass a soldier train. Then they put a Tavarish into the cab and attached ten troop cars to the express. Down near Vladikavkaz last week a crowd of soldiers stopped a train five miles from any station and forced all the passengers—first

class, second class and third class—to get out and walk, while the comrades rode."

Mr. Ellis goes on to speak of other crimes committed by soldiers. There were riots, lootings and killings at Erivan, all started by a quarrel between a soldier and a Persian merchant over the price of a melon. An entire section of the city of Urumiah was set afire by soldiers because of a belief that the Persians are systematically depreciating the ruble. Down toward the Caucasus front houses are dismantled in order to get the woodwork for fuel. A recent issue of the *Odessa News* tells how troops at the front



HE DRAWS A MORAL FROM THE
RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

William T. Ellis, who has lately returned from Russia, says: "The philosophy of the tired Tavarish is the basis of all anarchy and social disruption—to do as one wants to do, and not to do as one ought to do."

wantonly destroyed military stores, throwing hundreds of boxes of sugar and bags of wheat into a river. Each day's paper reports the shooting of officers by their men. Mr. Ellis says:

"One day down in the Caucasus I had halted by a bridge in a base camp while the military escort was changing horses, and naturally a crowd of soldiers gathered to stare at the foreigners, with just the same naive, childlike curiosity that one meets in the remote villages of Japan. While the men simply stood and stared or occasionally asked a trivial question, a committeeman rode up, demanding to see our papers; whereupon, of course, we told him that we would show our papers, if desired, to the commanding officer. He fumed and threatened, and tried to arrest us; but we bade him tell his troubles to the officer who had been

An American Explanation of "What Promises to Become the World's Worst Reign of Terror"

assigned by the general staff to escort us. In high dudgeon, the man rode off to report to his committee.

"Then up spoke a private, his fellows indorsing his sentiments: 'You must not take the committee too lightly. It really has full authority. The staff thinks that it controls the situation, but it must do what the committee says. As for the committee, it thinks it has final power, but it has not, for we each do what we please here. Every one of us is now a general.'

"There you have it. Every soldier is a general. All my experience with the Russian Army corroborates the analysis of that private soldier by the bridge. There is no law left in the Russian Army, except the mind of the common soldier, and that is inchoate and immature. Slowly, through these months of freedom, Tavarish has come to a sense of his power. The might of a gun in the hands of a reckless man has been learned. The conclusion has been easy—that the way to get anything desired is to take a gun and go after it. Thus have developed, in almost geometrical progression, the excesses in the army. They are the acts of wilful children with no sense of consequences. The unruly small boy who lies on the floor and screams and smashes his toys in a paroxysm of anger and strikes at his nurse or mother is twin brother to the Russian soldier of to-day. All the acts of vandalism and rapine are outbursts of wilfulness and sudden impulse. There is no concerted plan or program, except the purpose to take a gun and go home. Simply the restraints are off a primitive mind."

One adjective is most commonly used to describe the mind of the Russian people. It is the word "dark." "Dark forces" have played upon the "dark mind," and so, Mr. Ellis remarks, "we have the beginning of what promises to become the world's worst reign of terror." For "the inevitable reaction against hunger and general want and high prices and cheap money in Russia will be for Tavarish with a gun to strike out blindly against all authority and against all semblance of the old order and institutions. Autocracy long sowed the wind; the whirlwind is now on the horizon." Mr. Ellis concludes:

"It is a valid case that Tavarish makes out. I have heard the sullen and ominous growl in a soldier's voice as he told me how the German privates have food and comfort, and even electric lights in their trenches, while the Russians have stood knee-deep in water for weeks on end. When the red glare of active anarchy lights the Russian sky let us remember these things, as well as the fact that Tavarish has taken his gun and ten clips of cartridges and gone home. It is a poor tho popular solution to the problem to call the Russian soldier *une bête*.

"Under the indictment of being tired and self-pitying, the entire Russian nation lies. With the advent of the revolution introspection began to have full play. The intelligentsia have indulged without limit in the congenial exercise of coddling their own spirit. The old slogans of honor and good faith and loyalty and courage and freedom have slipped out of the nation's vocabulary; and a morbid spirit of brooding over Russia's troubles has superseded them. 'Tired' is the adjective that one hears daily—from uni-

versity-bred officers and from the comrade homeward bound with his gun. They are all profoundly sorry for themselves, which is a structural weakness of the soul.

"'We are tired,' is accepted as an adequate reason for breaking with all obligations. This creed of weaklings would play havoc with the world were it universally adopted. What if all the people who are tired of work were to quit! And what if the men who are tired of supporting families, and of the responsibil-

ties of married life, were to run away? And imagine a general strike of the women who are tired of housework. Suppose the men and women who are tired of being decent were to abandon the struggle! The philosophy of the tired Tavarish is the basis of all anarchy and social disruption—to do as one wants to do, and not to do as one ought to do. By the glare of the red torch that is being lighted in Russia the world may be able to read clearly once more the old, old lessons of life and manhood."

AMERICAN RELIGION AS IT LOOKS TO A ROUMANIAN JEW

WHEN a Jewish boy of radical sympathies and of strong intellectual curiosity is transplanted from New York's East Side to a university in the Middle West, what is he likely to see in his new environment? What, in particular, is he likely to see in the religious side of college life? Such are the questions that M. E. Ravage, author of "An American in the Making," sets out to answer in a recent *Century*. Mr. Ravage came from Roumania not so long ago. He confesses that he was puzzled, at first, when he tried to comprehend the American college-student's religion. He found something paradoxical in the spiritual aspirations of the student, as compared with his strictly practical aims. The word "spiritual" was constantly in evidence. When Mr. Ravage tried to arouse interest in Socialism he was told that Socialism laid too much stress on the material side of life. Even literature and the imaginative arts generally were held in light esteem because, as Mr. Ravage gathered, they dealt so much in the sensuous. Yet, in spite of all, Mr. Ravage could not for a long time take the college-student's association with the Church seriously. "He was too modern, too self-assertive and self-reliant, too rational, too much of this world." Only gradually was it made clear that next only to the athletic field, the Church had the strongest hold on the student's affections and his interest. "He gave of his time and substance to a whole chain of institutions connected with the church. He studied or taught, or did both, in the Sunday school, an affair of somewhat odd character and purpose. He belonged to the Y. M. C. A., where he combined shower-baths and athletics with religion, a very significant phenomenon, as you shall see. He maintained a Bible college, which he attended as a matter of devotion rather than of enlightenment."

The problem of reconciling Christianity in whatever sense with the aspiration of the American continued to

puzzle Mr. Ravage until, one fine Sunday, he let himself be persuaded out of his radical prejudices and went to church. The whole town was there, students, faculty and townsfolk, children with shining faces, youthful couples beaming with pride in one another, old men and women scarcely able to stand—all a fine answer, Mr. Ravage thought, to the query propounded in a magazine article he had been reading under the caption, "Why are churches empty?" There was a cheerful hum of subdued voices, with a pleasant holiday air about the scene. After hymns and a prayer the preacher of the day opened a huge Bible and began his sermon. It dealt with the wages of sin, and warned his hearers against the dangers of moral weakness. It was simple, sincere, and held the close attention of the entire audience. Mr. Ravage thought it the most remarkable sermon he had ever heard. He says:

"Truly I had come to mock and had stayed to worship. I had expected mysticism, and had found common sense. In my half-knowledge of the Church on the one hand and the American ideal on the other I had looked for another of those hypocritical exhibitions of which I had seen many in my native country, where men practised one thing and pretended belief in its opposite. I had looked for humbug, and had found the most perfect honesty. I had looked for self-contradictions, for solemn professions of faith in far-away, impracticable abstractions, for pretenses of submission to an ideal of humility and non-resistance and supineness, and I had found, what? A clear-eyed, level-headed, sane body of principles such as a practical modern man could believe in. I had stumbled upon a discovery. For the first time in human history, as far as I knew, a people had evolved a creed that was in harmony with their lives and their ambitions. Instead of making the vain attempt of the ages to practice what he preached, the American characteristically reversed the phrase and preached what he practised."

Mr. Ravage is convinced that the two distinguishing characteristics of Amer-

What a Dweller in New York's Ghetto Found in a Middle Western College

ican religion are practicality and sanity. Our moral code is pragmatic. He speaks of the personal purity of his fellow-students and he says that when he questioned his room-mate in regard to the matter he was told that immorality was un-Christian. But on the next Sunday night he went to a men's meeting at the college auditorium and listened to a semi-scientific sermon on the evils of promiscuous sex-relations, and heard not a word about immorality. "As far as the preacher's utterances were concerned, one might conclude that there was nothing inherently wrong in illicit love or even in misleading an innocent girl. What he brought home to his audience was the unmanliness of the thing, its tendency to vitiate the character of the offender, and its effect on his chances for success in life." Mr. Ravage also speaks of attending a lecture at which the doom of the cigaret-smoker was illustrated on a blackboard. "There were no end of this curious kind of secular meeting," he says, "and I went to them all. They furnished me with the clearest commentary on the religion of America. They answered my big question as nothing else could." Mr. Ravage concludes:

"The American religion, I saw, was a vital, practical religion. If it was ethical, it was concretely so, and cared nothing about the philosophical abstractions underlying good and evil. It asked people to be good in order that the good they craved might come to them. Hence the virtues it preached were the virtues of thrift, sobriety and manliness. If it was spiritual, its spirituality was the spirituality of every-day life. Its business was not to antagonize or to distract the ambitions and the purposes of its adherents but to encourage them and to furnish a divine approval for them. Its concerns were with the common existence of the common man, and with all of that. Therefore it took sides in social issues and in political contests. It had an opinion on everything because the common man in a democracy had an interest in everything. It was as human as a boy and as patriotic as the army."

LITERATURE · AND · ART

REVOLUTION AS AID IN THE RENAISSANCE OF RUSSIAN ART

WHATEVER may be the ultimate results of the Russian Revolution, there is hope that it will help the renaissance of Russian art and architecture, which has been making slow and painful headway almost since 1812. Russian art, as the great French authority, Viollet-le-Duc, pointed out in 1877, has been lost in the woods ever since Peter the Great commenced building Petrograd in 1703. From that period Russian art, as M. Louis Réau, formerly director of the

Artistic national consciousness was finally aroused by the victory over the armies of Napoleon in 1812. There came a reaction against the Empire style of Alexander I. But the fostering of the arts from above continued despite this new nationalism. "Only by penetrating to its origins, by seeking for its own roots in its own soil," Viollet-le-Duc asserted, "will Russian art find again the road it has lost."

In the opinion of M. Louis Réau, Russian architecture has gone practically through the same phases as that of western Europe. But all of it bears a peculiarly Russian stamp.

Baroque, Rococo, Classic, whatever the style might be, all flourished in Russia with unusual freedom, largesse and generosity. M. Réau explains its inevitable downfall:

"Russia simply had the good fortune to be able to realize in stone those conceptions which, through lack of resources, remained on paper in France. Besides, this type of architecture seems, upon reflection, singularly out of place under the Petrograd sky. Antique temples rose above the high pedestal of the Acropolis; but, transplanted to the marshes of the Neva, these very edifices, dominated by horizontal lines, seem to lose their effect; only the vertical lines of Gothic architecture or the wooden architecture of northern Russia are really suitable to a flat country. Peristyles of sunny countries, moreover, are an absurdity in a cold country."

After the advent of the Empire style, a reaction was inevitable. After the war of 1812, which awakened Russian patriotism, the common tendency of all the plastic arts was to return to national motifs. But unfortunately the artists themselves succeeded in creating only a pseudo-Russian style, as they had lost a knowledge of the basis of Russian art. Nicholas I., who undertook, strangely enough, to renovate Russian art, was the son of a Wurtemberg princess and the son-in-law of a Prussian king, and he could think of nothing better for this purpose than to apply to the Germans. Constantin Thon, a German, became the official architect of Nicholas I., and built the Grand Palace of the Kremlin in Moscow, and the famous Cathedral of the Savior, in commemoration of the victory over Napoleon in 1812.

Art and Architecture There Have Been Lost in the Woods Since the Reign of Peter the Great

"From certain signs, we may be permitted to foresee and to look forward to the renaissance of Russian architecture, after this long decadence. There are already signs of this among the most gifted artists of the present epoch: Tchouko, Fomin, Lidval, especially in their entirely new respect for beautiful materials. Disdaining the commonly-used plaster covered with bright colors, they have covered their edifices with sumptuous walls of the gray granite of Finland. But it must be noticed that the artists of the newer and younger school seem less to



ECCE HOMO

Sculpture has been a late arrival among the arts of Russia, nevertheless in this vision of the Savior, S. Soudbinin has added a note characteristically Russian.

French Institute in Petrograd, remarks in a special number of the *Paris L'Art et les Artistes*, has undergone a progressive occidentalization. This process has meant, practically, a submission to German ideals, tho Italian and French architects were imported for the building of Peter's capital. Altho there were in Moscow excellent Russian architects whose talents found no outlet, Peter the Great and his followers continued to import artists from France, Italy, Germany and even Scotland. He wished the city on the marshes of the Neva to have nothing in common with the older cities in which the language of the plastic arts was truly Russian. Amsterdam was his ideal, not Kief, Moscow or Vladimir.



THE DOOR OF THE ADMIRALTY

Built in 1806-23, this building is said to be the masterpiece of the Russian Empire school of architecture. This great arch is imposing for the beauty of its proportions, the equilibrium of its masses and the effective placing of decorative elements. Zakharov was the architect.

resuscitate Byzantine forms than to modernize classic forms. They reject completely the pueril and shallow program of the nationalist of the past generation."

The renaissance of Russian painting truly began, the same authority informs us, about 1890, with the *Mir Iskusstva* group of artists.

"The chief and spokesman of this group of secessionists was Alexander Benois, an adroit spirit and refined artist, a painter and critic both. Among the representatives of the new tendencies are to be classed in the first line three great painters, the greatest Russia has produced since Levitski and Ivanov: Vrubel the visionary, Levitan the landscape artist, and Serov the portraitist.

"Vrubel, born of Polish parentage, be-



OLD RUSSIA

This painting by Nicolas Roerich significantly illustrates the picturesque architecture of old Russia, as opposed to those French and German influences which predominate in the buildings of Petrograd.

gan in Kief in 1884 with the decoration of the Saint Cyril church in Byzantine style. . . . Gifted with a rare genius for color and decoration, he has ventured into the fields of sculpture, ceramics, stained glass and theatrical decoration. His con-

ceptions have a morbid character betraying his mental unbalance. In his illustrations of Lermontov's 'Demon,' his preferred subject, he incarnates sadness and disgust of life. Vroubel died insane and blind in 1910. . . .

WHY GREAT POETS AND FINANCIERS ARE ALIKE

DESPITE everything derogatory that has been said and written concerning the tired business man, the captain of industry and the great financier, they often resemble the greatest of our poets. The business man often possesses imagination; and when he does, it is one and the same with the imagination that animates the poet. This was first suggested by the French savant Ribot. It is now emphasized in a recent study of originality, by Thomas Sharnol, published in London

by Laurie.* There is not one type of imagination for the poet and another diametrically different for the merchant or inventor, Mr. Sharnol claims:

"If a poet forgets his umbrella he forgets it in the same way as the ordinary person; and when the ordinary person has to imagine a scheme for getting out of a difficulty, he uses the same kind of imagination as a poet. An unpalatable truth, doubtless, but still it is the truth.

* ORIGINALITY: A POPULAR STUDY OF THE CREATIVE MIND. By Thomas Sharnol. London: T. Werner Laurie.



THE SMOLNY CATHEDRAL

This impressive structure was designed by the Italian Rastrelli as part of the Smolny Convent. Now it is called the Smolny Institute and is the center of the Bolshevik Government and the Revolution. The Smolny buildings were once used as a convent school for young girls of the aristocracy, modelled after that of Madame de Maintenon at Saint-Cyr.

"Common to all of the group of the *Mir Iskusstva* is the tendency to stylization. Questions of technique, which in the eyes of French artists take precedence over all others, are relegated to a secondary place. The easel-picture is replaced by opera and theater scenery and illustrations. The landscapes of Benois, the retrospective idylls of Constantin Somov, the archaic vision of Roerich, are in reality nothing more than stage settings in miniature. The most gifted artists of the present moment—that is, before the era of the Bolsheviks—Korovin, Golovin, Boboujinski, Bakst, Bilibin, devote the best of their talents to stage setting for ballets and to the illustration of popular fairy tales. Even the humble post-card, so neglected in other countries, has become, thanks to these young artists, a work of art. This blossoming of stage decoration and of the graphic arts is the most salient characteristic of contemporary Russian art."

Cooperation and democracy must be the foundations of the new Russian art, as indicated by the success of these new group movements and the international achievement of the Diaghilev, who has enlisted and developed the talents of so many of the younger artists.

There is Not One Genius for Poetry or Painting and Another for Business Success

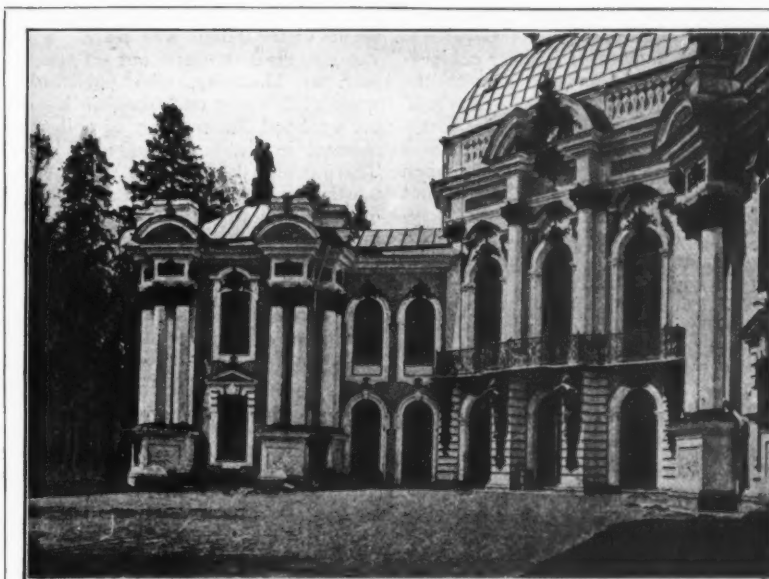
Shakespeare's brain was a human brain, and so is that of the most inefficient playwright of the moment. The bard did not possess Feeling, Thought, Will, and a fourth something which we call Genius. His mind worked according to the mental laws that govern all minds; the difference between him and others lay in one thing: his was a mind of almost infinite compass. The average man has consciousness; Shakespeare had it to the nth degree, so vast was its range, so susceptible its feelings, and so profound its unity of conception."

High talent or genius, from the point of view of this student, is the outgrowth of extensive and intensive sensitiveness to all experience, a vast storage of impressions in the accessible antechamber of consciousness, with an unusual power for unifying and coordinating these impressions and memories. As interpreted by a reviewer in the London *Nation*:

"There is not one genius for poetry or painting, another for scientific discovery, a third for business success. So far as the *modus operandi* of genius is discoverable, it is the same in the 'happy thought' of a great poet and the happy *coup* of a great financier. Inspiration consists of the arrival in consciousness of 'particularly good ideas,' and, so far as there are 'laws of inspiration,' they are much the same in all births of such ideas whatever the milieu. What seems to give support to the miraculous conception—*vis*, the

sudden emergence of the thought from the unknown, the intuitive quality—belongs to all the cases. We recognize at once the operation of the poet's mind in what De Quincey claimed for himself, 'an electric aptitude for seizing affinities.' But is it not equally discernible in the action of a business man to whom a new important 'proposition' is submitted? The business man of genius does not work out all the pros and cons on paper, laboriously reaching his conclusion. He lets the matter sink into his mind and simmer there, and the resulting decision emerges of its own accord. This, of course, is the common mode of what we call intuitive judgment. Newman illustrates the process from literary criticism as 'the computation of probabilities, independent of each other, arising out of the nature and circumstances of the particular case which is under review; probabilities too fine to avail separately, too subtle and circuitous, to be converted into syllogisms.' Psychologists used to call this the 'Illative Sense'—that by which the mind draws remote inferences without a conscious syllogistic process.' The stress here is on the word conscious. For it is clear that what we call the formal laws of logic rule in the subconscious, as in the conscious process: the process of reasoning, so far as it is involved in reaching the result, goes on there, but with far greater rapidity and drawing upon a far wider range of evidence."

Mr. Sharnol suggests that the type of originality that often finds its outlet in business and financial activity may and often does equal literary originality. We have been induced, on the whole, to overrate the achievements of



THE HERMITAGE AT TSARSKOYE SELO

Formerly the home of Russian royalty, built under the reign of Elizabeth (1741) by Rastrelli, this palace became a refuge for the routed army of Kerensky.

popular literary favorites, and to underrate the achievements in other fields. Concerning three great "popular favorites," he offers this challenge:

"We claim that a dispassionate analysis of the type of brilliance associated with much of the work of Oscar Wilde, G. K. Chesterton, and G. B. Shaw—taking them as specimens of some modern literary fashions—proves it to be the result of artificial methods; it does not spring

from greatness of mind so much as skill in dialectics; in short, it is merely the outcome of a trick. . . . That our attitude towards the three men is not hard, unjust, ill-informed or incompetent will be evident if the thinking reader cares to make a few inquiries into the artistic quality and possible immortality of such work as they have produced. Wilde is greatly superior to the other two, and his *De Profundis* will take its place amongst the great Confessions."

THE AGE AT WHICH MEN WRITE IMAGINATIVE MASTERPIECES

IN the course of his memoirs, recently published in England, Sir Edward Clarke, the famous lawyer, made this challenging statement: "The opening of the second half of the nineteenth century found us with a group of writers who were near or who had already reached that age of thirty-seven which marks the attainment of the highest level of the faculties of man." This declaration resulted in a correspondence, published in the *London Observer*, concerning the best mental age of men. Confining himself to the field of imaginative literature, Hall Caine asserted that the contention of Sir Edward Clarke was only partially true. The novelist wrote:

"It is true that thirty-seven does in many cases seem to me the meridian of the imaginative mind. Shakespeare was thirty-seven when he produced 'Hamlet,' Edmund Spenser was thirty-seven when he was writing the last books of 'The Faery Queen,' Thackeray was thirty-seven when he finished 'Vanity Fair,' Zola must have been thirty-seven when he completed 'L'Assommoir.'"

"All this seems to sustain your view; but, on the other hand, I think forty-seven might as justifiably claim to be the meridian of the imaginative mind. Scott was forty-seven when he produced 'The

Do Writers Reach the Highest Level of the Intellect at the Age of Thirty-Seven?

Heart of Midlothian,' Dickens was forty-seven when he produced 'The Tale of Two Cities,' Charles Reade was forty-seven when he produced 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' and Hawthorne was in



A PORTRAIT OF IDA RUBINSTEIN, BY SEROV

Here is an example of the modern note in contemporary Russian art. Style has conquered realism in this picture of the celebrated dancer. It is a poster rather than a portrait, says M. Réau.

his forty-seventh year when he produced 'The Scarlet Letter.'

"A certain number of literary achievements approximate more closely to the earlier than to the later age. 'Macbeth' was written when Shakespeare was forty-one, 'Tom Jones' when Fielding was forty-two, 'Fathers and Children' when Turgenev was forty-four, 'The Count of Monte Cristo' when Dumas was forty-two, 'Anna Karenina' when Tolstoy was forty-one, and 'The French Revolution' when Carlyle was forty-two.

"But against this there are notable imaginative achievements which belong to a much later period of life. 'Paradise Lost' was published when Milton was fifty-eight, 'Clarissa Harlowe' was produced by Richardson when he was fifty-

five, and 'Les Misérables' was published when Victor Hugo was sixty. I leave various great writers out of question, such as Macaulay, who published his wonderful 'Essay on Milton' in his earliest manhood, but writings of still greater moment in the latest years of his life. There is also the fact that Blake, Wordsworth, Ibsen and Björnson retained some of their highest qualities to all but the utmost ends of their long lives."

On the whole, continues Hall Caine, Sir Edward Clarke has placed the meridian of intellect, so far as the imaginative art is concerned, many years too low. But in his opinion it is impossible to fix any age as repre-

senting the period of the highest development of the human mind, without regard to conditions of health, education and general environment. He concludes:

"It would appear that poetic genius develops very early, as shown in the case of Keats (who had written nearly everything his name lives by before twenty-five), as well as of Shelley, of Byron and of Burns. But Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' was his latest, and in some respects his finest, short poem. The power of the novelist and dramatist, being dependent upon observation and knowledge of life, usually develops much later, but in general it lives longer."

THE AMERICAN PIONEER OF THE NEW PSYCHIC ROMANCE

WE must go back, it seems, to Charles Brockden Brown in our search for the veritable forerunner of the new psychic fiction as practiced by the adherents and disciples of the psycho-analytic school. Brown, so Carl van Doren reminds us in the first volume of the "Cambridge History of American Literature" (Putnam), was our first professional novelist. He was born in Philadelphia in 1771. At the age of 25 "he ceased to be even a sleeping partner in his brother's counting-house." He had discovered Godwin's "Caleb Williams." He wrote his masterpiece, "Wieland," in a single month. It created a great stir. The plot was based on the actual murder of a whole family by a religious fanatic of Tomhannock, New York. Brown also succeeded, in his own words, in making up a "contexture of facts capable of suspending the faculties of every soul in curiosity." As described by Mr. Van Doren:

"The apparent scene of action is laid upon the banks of the Schuylkill; this was patriotism. But the real setting is somewhere in the feverish climate of romantic speculation, and the central interest lies in the strange, unreal creatures 'of soaring passions and intellectual energy'; Wieland, crushingly impelled to crime by a mysterious voice, which, however, but germinates seeds of frenzy already sleeping in his nature; and Carwin, the 'biloquist,' a villain who sins, not, as the old morality had it, because of wickedness, but because of the driving power of the spirit of evil; which no man can resist and from which only the weak are immune. These were cases of speculative pathology which Brown had met in his morbid twilights, beings who had for him the reality he knew best, that of dream and passion. It is the fever in the climate which lends the book, in spite of awkward narrative, strained probabilities and a premature solution, its shuddering

power. Here at least Brown was absorbed in his subject; here at least he gave a profound unity of effect never equalled in his later works."

In later books, "The Man at Home" and "Arthur Mervyn," Charles Brockden Brown used the great plagues of Philadelphia and New York of 1793, with somber and memorable detail, as a background for social and mental ills and to reveal the stuff of passion. He is said to have worked too violently in composition to produce calm and deliberate narrative. Nevertheless he was more akin to these modern psychologists like Dostoevsky than any of the later realists are. Mr. Van Doren further explains his forgotten genius:

"Passion, not hard conviction, gives Brown his positive qualities. He had a power in keeping up suspense which no clumsiness could destroy. In presenting the physical emotions of danger and terror he had a kind of ghoully force. Without the deftness to get full value from his material, he had still a sharp eye for what was picturesque or dramatic. In 'Edgar Huntly,' he made notable use of that pioneer life which was to bulk so large in American fiction for half a century. His preface repeats his earlier plea, as 'Speratus,' for native matter in native fiction. From that ideal he never swerved. The plague, Wieland's frenzy, Queen Mab in 'Edgar Huntly,'—these he had studied from the facts as he knew them. That his books are not more realistic proves merely that he was a romancer interested in ideas and abstruse mental states which he saw with his eyes closed. 'Sir,' he told prying John Davis, 'good pens, thick paper and ink well diluted, would facilitate my composition more than the prospect of the broadest expanse of clouds, water or mountains rising above the clouds.' But when Brown opened his eyes he always saw Pennsylvania. His strangest supernaturalisms, too, turn out in the end to have rested on acts of nature which science can explain. It was his characters he romanticized. He saw in man a dignity

Charles Brockden Brown Was One of the First to Explore the Realm of Dream and Passion

which only the days of hopeful revolution can bestow, and he was thus urged to study souls with a passion which took him past the outward facts of humanity to a certain essential truth which gives him, among his contemporaries, his special virtue."

Dr. Dorothy Scarborough, in her recently published "Supernaturalism in Modern English Fiction" (Putnam), gives Charles Brockden Brown a prominent place among the forerunners of our contemporary imaginative literature. Her tribute to his genius is worth quoting:

"Charles Brockden Brown rivals Maturin in his terrible use of insanity for supernatural effect. The demented murderer in 'Edgar Huntly' gives an impression of mystery and awe that is unusual, while 'Wieland,' with its religious mania produced by diabolic ventriloquism, is even more impressive. Brown knew the effect of mystery and dread on the human mind, and by slow, cumulative suggestion he makes us feel a creeping awe that the unwieldy machinery of pure Gothicism never could achieve. In studies of the morbid mentality he has few equals. For psychologic subtlety, for haunting horror, what is a crashing helmet or a dismembered ghost compared with Brown's Wieland? What are the rackings of monkish vindictiveness when set against the agonies of an unbalanced mind turned in upon itself? What exterior torture could so appeal to our sympathies as Wieland's despair when, racked with religious mania, he feels the overwhelming conviction that the voice of God—which is but the fiendish trick of a ventriloquist—is calling him to murder his wife and children as a sacrifice to Deity? Such a tragedy of dethroned reason is intolerably powerful; the dark labyrinths of insanity, the gloom-haunted passages of the human mind, are more terrible to traverse than the midnight windings of Gothic dungeons. We feel that here is a man who is real, who is human, and suffering the extremity of anguish."

MAY SINCLAIR'S IDEALIZED VISION OF THE GREAT WAR

She Has Discovered the Exquisite Moments and the Spiritual Compensations For All the Physical Tortures

THE most arresting and important work of fiction directly resulting from the war yet published, not excepting Wells's "Mr. Britling"—such is one American critic's characterization of May Sinclair's new novel, "The Tree of Heaven" (Macmillan). It differs from the common run of books inspired by the war, says a discriminating critic in the N. Y. *Sun*, because, despite its faults and its lack of the touch of genius, "it is a work of art." This point is also emphasized by Frank Swinnerton, who contributes a detailed criticism of the novel to the London *Bookman*. There is a firmness and clearness in this book, declares Mr. Swinnerton, that is altogether unusual in contemporary literature. His impression is that the book has been coolly and scientifically planned and as strictly and rigorously performed. And yet Ernest Hart, a close student of Miss Sinclair's work, notes in the N. Y. *Evening Post* that despite the hardness of her method, there is no cynicism in the attitude of the novelist. "Not hers to condemn or despise; on the contrary, she possesses the soul of divine pity for the erring and frail which informs the work of some of the great Russians, notably Dostoevsky. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, and one feels that Miss Sinclair knows and pardons all."

Mr. Hart is of the opinion that "The Tree of Heaven" adequately fulfils the promise of "The Divine Fire," that earlier work of Miss Sinclair (published in 1904), which was so enthusiastically acclaimed by the more discriminating critics of this country. But now we must consider "The Tree of Heaven," says Mr. Hart, her greatest achievement. He explains why:

"It is in 'The Tree of Heaven' that Miss Sinclair has risen to her greatest height and has proved herself a novelist of rare distinction. Never have the reactions of the war on a domestic circle been displayed with such penetration and poignancy, and such exquisite sympathy withal. It is an English family of the middle class—the class which is the backbone of the country—and its members, young and old, are depicted with a loving fidelity and an artistic mastery which make each and all as unforgettable as if one had met and known them. There is tragedy which is almost ironic in showing at the commencement of the book the grandmother, the foolish middle-aged daughters, and a worthless wastrel of an uncle side by side with exquisite and captivating childhood, and to realize at the close that, while youth has been ruthlessly sacrificed to the Moloch of War, the old, useless and worthless still survive. And yet Miss Sinclair is able to

find lessons of comfort and consolation amid these sacrifices and losses, and one sees the father and mother at the end proud of the loved and lost ones, and still heroically and patriotically working for their country. 'The Tree of Heaven' is in three clearly defined and separated parts, and, altho there are no complications or interweavings, it is constructed with singular skill, the middle section, in which the children are 'finding themselves,' being remarkable for its study of the life of England when its best wishes saw a falling away from standards and ideals which had helped to make her great. The third section has to do solely with the war, and here the developments, while harrowing, are beautifully told."

Admitting that Miss Sinclair "agonizes to say perfectly what she has to say," and that "this is art, and there is never very much of it in the world at any one time," the critic of the *Sun* somewhat contradictorily declares that there is not one spark of genius in the entire book:

"The whole impression of the work is like an old-fashioned steel engraving; accurate and fine-grained, at once hard and delicate, owing its very softness and refinement to the unyielding nature of the medium, and showing subtleties of light and shade by means of many little precise sharp touches. It is not perfect work, of course. It has limitations, like the characterization of the men; like the restriction of scope to characters of one class and even of one general type; like the perhaps disproportionate emphasis upon Vera and Desmond and their way of living. It has limitations, but no lapses. Miss Sinclair never deceives and never pretends. What she does not know she leaves out, and what she puts in she gets right, if relentless craftsmanship will do it. There is not one spark of genius in the book, not one gleam or echo of that magic which we feel and worship in the work of few artists whom one dare call masters. It is in no sense great; there is no inspiration in it, no speaking with tongues, no wonder of superhuman beauty. But as a work of sheer artistry, well worth the doing and done at the full strength and compass of skilled workmanship, it ranks fairly among the best work of its kind in modern fiction . . . among the very best."

All of the characters of "The Tree of Heaven" are caught and torn and terribly involved in the war. But of them all the most interesting case is that of Michael, a born rebel, who refused to enlist. He was afraid "not of the war so much as of the emotions of the war, the awful terrifying flood that carried him away from his real self and from everything it cared for most." Michael's change of attitude is skillfully indicated. Says the New York *Times*:

"He bitterly resents the war not only because it interferes with his own especial cult of beauty but because he loathes 'collective emotion,' and fears—or fancies he does—this collective emotion, this 'awful terrifying flood' that would surely get him unless he resisted. And resist he does, desperately, refusing to enlist, spending his time on his own chosen occupations, until at last the moment comes when he realizes that at the bottom of all his indifference, his 'wretched criticisms and disparagements,' has been simply—funk. One evening at a railroad station he hears the Highland pipers playing to their comrades; and of the many impressive pictures in the book there is surely none more impressive than this of the passing of the troop train, when, 'solemnly, in the gray evening of the rain, with their faces set in a sort of stern ecstasy, the Highlanders played to their comrades' who were on their way to the front. It was then that Michael was overcome; that 'pity shook him and grief and an intolerable yearning, and shame.' But still he fought the shame, even while acknowledging what he had tried to deny that this is 'the greatest war of independence that had ever been.' And not until a personal loss strips his soul of the last of its defenses does he admit the truth that 'ever since the war began, he had been struggling to keep out of it. . . . Funk, pure funk, had been at the bottom of all he had said and thought and done.' Others had known and seen it; he himself had not. He goes; and in the trenches this extreme individualist learns that 'the things you don't do by yourself are a long way the best.' And he who had seen only the horror, not so much of being killed as of killing, protests vehemently against those who write only of those horrors and ignore 'the spiritual compensation . . . the exquisite moment' of extreme danger when 'actually you lay hold on eternal life, and you know it.'"

To Michael in the trenches comes the glimpse of Reality, the reality of Miss Sinclair's ardent and mystical idealism. In one of his letters he writes: "It is absolutely real. I mean it has to do with absolute reality. With God. . . . Doesn't it look as tho danger were the point of contact with reality, and death the closest point? You're through. Actually you lay hold on eternal life, and you know it. . . . You get the same ecstasy, the same shock of recognition, and the same utter satisfaction when you see a beautiful thing." These letters from the trenches, in the opinion of the literary editor of the N. Y. *Times*, often contain excellent criticism of that literature which has been produced by the war. One of them contains a rebuke to that ultra realism which has so emphasized the horrors of war and ignored its glories and its heroisms. Here is that letter:

"Of course we shall be accused of glorifying war and telling lies about it. Well, there's a Frenchman who has told the truth, piling up all the horrors, faithfully, remorselessly, magnificently. But he seems to think people oughtn't to write about this war at all unless they show up the infamy of it, as a deterrent, so that no government can ever start another one. It's a sort of literary 'frightfulness.' But whom is he trying to frighten? Does he imagine that France, or England, or Russia, or Belgium, or Serbia, will want to start another war when this is over? And does he suppose that Germany—if we don't beat her—will be deterred by his frightfulness? Germany's arrogance will be satisfied when she shows she's made a Frenchman feel like that about it.

"He's got his truth all right. As Morrie would say, 'That's war.' But a peaceful earthquake can do much the same thing. And if our truth—what we've seen—isn't war, at any rate it's what we've got out of it, it's our 'glory,' our spiritual compensation for the physical torture, and there would be a sort of infamy in trying to take it from us. It isn't the French Government, or the British, that's fighting Germany; it's we—all of us. To insist on the world remembering nothing but these horrors is as if men up to their knees in the filth they're clearing away should complain of each other for standing in it and splashing it about.

"The filth of war—and the physical torture—good God! As if the world was likely to forget it. Any more than we're likely to forget what we know."

The spiritual compensation in giving oneself is beautifully suggested in Miss Sinclair's novel, Francis Hackett notes in the *New Republic*. "The leaves with which Miss Sinclair crowns the youth of England are indeed from the tree of Heaven. But her ecstasy is also terrible."

HOW GEORGE MOORE RATES OSCAR WILDE

REPLYING to the request of Frank Harris, editor of *Pearson's Magazine* and the latest biographer of Oscar Wilde, George Moore has expressed one of the most disparaging opinions of that dispute poet that have yet found their way into print. "You know that I came into this world under bonds to speak the truth, I mean the truth about art," the famous Irishman begins his letter (published in *Pearson's*), "and however much I would like to write you a letter that would be of use to you, I can only write the letter the post will put into your hands in ten or a dozen days if the vessel that carries it escapes a torpedo." He thereupon presents his frank opinion of Oscar Wilde:

"You would put him in the first class

"The minute one opens the book one knows that the family peace of the first section is a devised peace, and the moral vortex of the second section a devised vortex, with the victory of the end a devised victory, enraptured and poetized. That is a great flaw in the book, as I see it. The war could not have surprised Mr. Arnold Bennett, let us say, into shifting his values. It has surprised Miss Sinclair, and that is her limitation. . . . Miss Sinclair sees people romantically. Before the war Dorothy might possibly have appealed to her. The young Michael was suffering a maladjustment that would have brought him into relief. The pathos of Veronica, her illegitimacy and her second sight, the repressed desires of the three unmarried aunts, would have distinguished them; but the rest of the Harrisons would have remained outsiders. Now she beholds them with that nimbus around them which is her peculiar poetizing gift. They had a destiny awaiting them, reality, new beauty, utter satisfaction, the kind Miss Sinclair craves. They are to be exalted, . . . because exaltation is Miss Sinclair's necessity. If there were no war Miss Sinclair would not have absorbed herself in these good antisuffrage, non-poetic, prosperous, nice English folk. Now she enthrones their fighting men, crowns their young brows.

"There is something at once commoner and dearer about the prosaic literary method. Thrilling as 'The Tree of Heaven' is, it is too ecstatic to outlive the present mood. The war is all Miss Sinclair makes it, but in the end she prefers young gods to human beings. She has not remembered the place of courage in the human rôle."

Similarly Lawrence Gilman, writing in the *North American Review*, registers his disappointment in the book despite Miss Sinclair's "triumphant lucidity." The preparatory chapters, which really absorb two-thirds of the book are found admirable by Mr. Gil-

man—remarkable for their probing and sensitive comprehension, their veracity and charm, their fineness and elasticity of texture, their recurrent loveliness of mood and indication. The novel is however disappointing in its "Big Act."

"Her manipulation of the War is conventional and formularistic. One had suspected her of nursing for her Big Act a precious opportunity: the chance to exhibit the inadequacy of 'solitary, fugitive, private souls, in the light of a spreading communal awareness. The larger human and social commitments of the War—the vast emancipations and renovations that, God willing, are the smouldering dawn behind its appalling night: these implications concern her, at the climactic moment of her history, not at all, tho earlier you had seemed to feel her groping toward them. Instead, she writes with her mind wholly engaged and exalted by the spectacle of private sublimations—almost you fancy that you hear the voice of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

"Almost—but not quite. For the essential distinction of this book, that comes near to yielding compensation for its restricted humanism, is its saturation in spiritual beauty—its continued response to a sense of exquisite certitudes that haunt it like remembered music."

Mr. Gilman, like Mr. Swinnerton and other observers of Miss Sinclair's development since the brilliant days of "The Divine Fire," notes in the present work a distinct change of technique. Like one of the characters she describes, she too seems to be aiming at "an art as clean and hard and powerful as Nicky's (an engineer), as naked of all blazonry and decoration, an art which would attain its objective by the simplest, most perfect adjustment of means to ends." To-day, says Lawrence Gilman, May Sinclair adores clearness and hardness, clean surfaces and definite edges.

"His Talent Was Rootless and Unoriginal, Like Something Growing in a Glass"

"If I understand your letter rightly you seem to think that Wilde's abnormal impulses mark him out as an interesting subject for literary study. It might be so if Wilde were a great writer. He is that in your opinion, but in my opinion, as I have already said, he is in the third or fourth class and, therefore, not worth troubling about, and I do not think that anybody would have troubled about him if the Marquis of Queensbury had not written him a post-card; had it not been for that unlucky post-card Wilde and his literature would be sleeping comfortably in the dust at the bottom of an almost forgotten drawer in company with Frank Miles's drawings. I never had any other opinions about Wilde than those I am expressing in this letter, and as time has confirmed me in my opinions regarding him, you will understand that I am more unfitted than perhaps anybody else to write an article on your biography."

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

A NEW and interesting venture in poetical lines is the publication of *Pan-American Poetry: A Magazine of Song in English and Spanish*. The thought behind the venture is the most interesting part of it. In the winter of 1916-17, the Joint Committee of Literary Arts held a meeting in the National Arts Club, New York City, devoted to the subject of Pan-American Literature. The meeting excited so much interest in the three Americas that another meeting of a similar sort was held last winter. Out of these meetings, originally suggested by Salomón de la Selva, has grown the new magazine, which is edited by Mr. de la Selva, and the idea that vitalizes it is that any real Pan-American movement that is to endure must rest not upon a commercial or political basis but upon a closer knowledge of one another's intellectual processes and spiritual ideals. This, in the opinion of Mr. de la Selva, who is a well-accredited poet in English as well as in Spanish (he has been for years a member of the Poetry Society of America), can be effected by poets rather than by diplomats. He calls on the poets, accordingly, "to build and make solid the foundation of respect and sympathy on which the peace of the hemisphere must rest." It is a bold and novel idea that the poets are the real architects of international peace and it is an idea in favor of which much can be said. Mr. de la Selva has as associates in his new undertaking, Alfonso Guillén Zelaya, of Honduras, Pedro Henríquez Ureña, Martín Luis Guzmán, of Mexico, Prof. John Pierrepont Rice, of Williams College, and Thomas Walsh, the American poet.

Just before sailing for France last month, Ella Wheeler Wilcox published her latest volume of poetry—"Sonnets of Sorrow and Triumph" (Doran Co.). All the poems (not all of which are sonnets) are closely related to her own poignant experience in the loss of her husband something more than a year ago. They are far and away the best work Mrs. Wilcox has ever done, tho not likely to be her most popular work. The book is charged with deep emotion that is at once individual and universal. Mrs. Wilcox has in the past injured her standing as a poet by publishing a good deal of trumpery first and last. But there is no trumpery in this little volume. It is all genuine and vital and will come close to the hearts of all those who have been through experiences similar to hers. We quote below

as many of her sonnets as we have space for, selected from different parts of the sequence:

FROM "SONNETS OF SORROW."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

PRAYING for light, and praying all in vain,
Since not one lamp was shining in God's tower;
Praying for strength to bear consuming pain,
Yet growing weaker with each passing hour;
Praying for hope the while relentless Fate
Marked out hope's grave, and dug it dark and deep,
My trembling lips at last could formulate
Only a prayer for sleep—forgetting sleep.

That plea was answered. From her silent place
Sleep came and touched me with oblivion:
Yet was that touch robbed of all healing grace:
For when she rose up in the awful dawn
She left but this in answer to my prayer—
New strength to suffer with renewed despair.

You understood the woman side of me;
My vanities you met with smiling lip;
The fabrics that I wore you first must see,
And pass upon them with wise censorship.
You loved things not too sombre or too bright,
But tender toned with colors softly blent;
Yet, when I leaned above you, draped like night,
You were unmindful and indifferent.

One sigh of mine, one tear upon my face,
Wrenched your dear heart with sympathetic grief.
Yet, when I held you in that last embrace,
Torn with a torture which found no relief,
You lay and smiled with such a knowing air
Of mighty peace as if you did not care.

At last a dream—at last a dream of you!
Against the blank black curtain of the night
I saw you stand. 'Twas but a dream, I knew,
And yet my hungry eyes fed on the sight,
My aching arms embraced you, and I cried,
"How good, how good God is to let you come
And bridge the chasm that has seemed so wide!"
You listened smiling, but your lips were dumb.

And then you vanished. All alone I stood
(As evermore I stand, alone, apart)
Repeating softly, "God was good, so good,

To let me dream of you." Oh, ravenous heart,
How pitiful, how pitiful it seems
To feed such hunger with but husks of dreams!

From land to land, from coast to bloody coast,
Our planet trembles with loud sounds of strife.
The seas are ravaged by a warring host,
The air is filled with menaces to life.
Men talk of nothing but the news of war;
And with the coming of each crimson dawn
Come new calamities and horrors, for
Events are shaped by what minds feed upon.

As in a nightmare, we unheeding hear
That which awake would fill us with affright.
The woes of earth fall dully on mine ear,
Nor am I moved by its appalling plight.
For all these things seem trivial beside
This monstrous fact—one night in May
you died.

Oh, to wake once again with that old joy,
That consciousness of angels hovering near!
Oh, for a shaft of light that would destroy
This dark despondency, this nameless fear!
My radiant thoughts had never given form
Or substance to those two unbidden things;
Yet in that night of devastating storm,
Bat-like they came on black and brooding wings.

My mind has lost its optimistic course
And sunk in quicksands of despair and gloom,
Nor have my wildest prayers the drawing force
To lift me back to sunlight and to bloom.
Oh, Everlasting Arms, reach out, reach out,
Before I sink in madness, or in doubt!

An interesting contrast with Mrs. Wilcox's work is afforded by Miss Millay's first published volume, "Renaissance and Other Poems" (Kennerley). Mrs. Wilcox's genius has reached a ripe fruition; Miss Millay's is in its spring burgeoning. It is amazing to find in this first volume such maturity of feeling and depth of thought and skill in craftsmanship. Miss Millay is in the early twenties and some of the best of her work ("Renaissance" for instance) was written in her teens. Her lines sing and glow, and her three longer poems, "Renaissance," "Interim" and "Suicide" are in themselves sufficient to make a lasting reputation. The

passionate love of beauty in her work is almost heartbreaking at times. Here are two of her shorter poems:

GOD'S WORLD.

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

O WORLD, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

WHEN THE YEAR GROWS OLD.

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

I CANNOT but remember
When the year grows old—
October—November—
How she disliked the cold!

She used to watch the swallows
Go down across the sky,
And turn from the window
With a little sharp sigh.

And often when the brown leaves
Were brittle on the ground,
And the wind in the chimney
Made a melancholy sound,

She had a look about her
That I wish I could forget—
The look of a scared thing
Sitting in a net!

Oh, beautiful at nightfall
The soft spitting snow!
And beautiful the bare boughs
Rubbing to and fro!

But the roaring of the fire,
And the warmth of fur,
And the boiling of the kettle
Were beautiful to her!

I cannot but remember
When the year grows old—
October—November—
How she disliked the cold!

Another first book of poems is "The Door of Dreams," by Jessie B. Rittenhouse (Houghton Mifflin Co.). It is a thin little volume of delightful lyrics, most of them but two or three stanzas in length. Miss Rittenhouse has attempted nothing very ambitious but everything she has attempted she has succeeded in. She has opened her heart and melodiously sung of its sor-

rows and joys, its defeats and its raptures, with an unreserve that stirs the feelings but never offends the taste. Many of the poems we have published from time to time; but we are sure our readers will like to see them again.

FROM "THE DOOR OF DREAMS."

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

DEBT.

MY debt to you, Belovèd,
Is one I cannot pay
In any coin of any realm
On any reckoning day;

For where is he shall figure
The debt, when all is said,
To one who makes you dream again
When all the dreams were dead?

Or where is the appraiser
Who shall the claim compute,
Of one who makes you sing again
When all the songs were mute?

WORDS.

I WEAVE you, dear, when you are far,
Words fairer than all things that are:
Words fairer than the light that falls
At night in Rome on ruined walls;
Words fairer than an Alpine Spring
When all the dawn is glistening;
Words fairer than the petals shed
From the pomegranate's blossom red.

And all these words, in dreams apart,
Keep a still wonder in my heart,
And every night they carry me
Out on a tide of ecstasy,
And every day they bring me back
Along the same enchanted track,
Until that one day when you come,
And our eyes meet—and I am dumb!

MY WAGE.

I BARGAINED with Life for a penny,
And Life would pay no more,
However I begged at evening
When I counted my scanty store;

For Life is a just employer,
He gives you what you ask,
But once you have set the wages,
Why, you must bear the task.

I worked for a menial's hire,
Only to learn, dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have paid.

CALVARY.

I WALKED alone to my calvary,
And no man carried the cross for me.
Carried the cross? Nay, no man knew
The fearful load that I bent unto,
But each as we met upon the way
Spoke me fair of the journey I walked
that day.

I came alone to my calvary,
And high was the hill and bleak to see,
But lo, as I scaled its flinty side,
A thousand went up to be crucified!
A thousand kept the way with me,
But never a cross my eyes could see.

SONGS TO ONE PASSING.

I.

YOUR wistful eyes that day you left,
They haunt me all the night,
I never saw in any eyes
So mystical a light.

I knew the day you went from me
That you would come no more,
And yet I said the casual words
That I had said before.

If only then I had been true
And held you in my arms,
And shielded you a moment's space
From death's alarms!

II.

The world of careless people
It will not even know
The day your lonely spirit
Is called to go;

Nor all the months of exile,
Lying on your bed,
That you have heard the wings of death
Hovering overhead.

To all the careless people
Who hurry to and fro
That day will be as other days—
But I shall know.

III.

I cannot sing, words mock me so.
I cannot sing, I only know
That you are lying far from me,
Almost within the Mystery.

I only wonder what you think
As you draw nearer to the brink,
I only wonder whose the hand
Will welcome you to that strange land.

IV.

I send no message to you now,
There are no words to say,
I would not grieve you by a thought
Before you go away;

But thoughts of mine already fledge
Themselves for farther flight,
And they will meet you when you come
Within The Light!

Conrad Aiken's new book, "Nocturne of Remembered Spring" (The Four Seas Company, Boston), is a book of remarkable power and remarkable perversity. His mind puts a sort of reverse English, so to speak, on everything. The cheerful hurdy-gurdy is not cheerful to him; it sings, "Death is hiding among the cherry-blossoms." When he hears the bargemen singing over the waters it is "a smutty song" they sing. The breath of spring is to him a "warm air bringing pain to snows," and the sun is a "hostile sun." In a June evening he sees the "wry-faced moon" go "leering up the sky" and the stars are not twinkling but "tittering in the skies." But his work has sustained power and a beauty of its own in spite of his passion for seeing always the seamy side of everything. From his "Sonata in Pathos," a real *tour de force* in four parts, we print extracts:

SONATA IN PATHOS.

BY CONRAD AIKEN.

I.

WELL, I am tired . . . tired of all these years,
The hazy mornings, the noons, the misty evenings,
Tired of the spring, tired of the fall;
The music starts again, I have heard it all,
I cannot escape, it whispers in my ears . . .
I have pursued you in so many places,
In a thousand times, with a thousand wistful faces,
I have pursued you so many times in vain . . .
Wherever I turn you rise in the shadows again,
Wherever I turn you are smiling there,
Touching the one white rose that stars your hair.
Why do you follow me, why do you seek me,
Why do you rouse strange music in my heart?
You laugh and enter the shadows and change once more,
You step transformed from a lamplit door,
You touch my arm and silently vanish away . . .
Why do you never stay? . . .
Only this afternoon, this rainy afternoon,
There, in the darkness, where I listened to music,
You came and sat beside me, with golden hair;
Were you the music itself, come to betray me?
For the music stopped, and you were no longer there;
And I sought in the darkness for you, and touched but darkness,
Reached out my hands and touched but air.
And suddenly, in the evening, you came again,
Sombre, in silver rain,
And drew the darkness about you, and the gleam of lights . . .
Where have you gone? Through what succession of nights
Must I pursue you from place to place,
And face to face?
You are like music, forever moving and changing,
Forever weaving a lovelier melody . . .
You are like music, weaving and interweaving;
You plead and sing, but will not wait for me.

The naked elms that lift their writhing branches
In sinister patterns against the twilight sky,
They are monstrous corals in the coldness of an ocean;
And beneath them strange things creep and die.
I am tired, I have come a long way from the sun,
I have forgotten the wind on hills of blue.
I walk in the twilight, under strange black branches,

And try in vain to remember a face I knew.
My soul is green with cold sea-slime,
The slime of graceless lusts and awkward loves . . .
I would like to climb these frozen corals, climb
To the shining waves where a bright wind moves . . .
I would like to climb these cold black boughs, and see
A star above the waters . . . But can that be? . . .
You who have sought me, whom I have sought so often,—
Come down to me!
I would like to rise to a room where yellow candles
Shine in a golden row:
I would like to sit with you, and hear soft music
Intensely and persuasively follow . . .
I would like to hear you talking of simple things,
Of the leaves that hang on trees and softly fall:
I would like to have your hands touch mine like wings,
And see your face, so white and young and fragile,
Against the golden darkness of a wall. . .

Camels spell mystery and romance to most of us. They are a part of the Christmas scene. They smell (when they are not too near) of myrrh and frankincense. What a delightful vision is evoked by such a line as

"Velvet-footed camels on the road to Samarkand."

in the poem below taken from the *Century*:

CAMELS.

BY WILL THOMPSON.

YOU may talk of horses, of the wild and speedy mares,
Thunderers fire-footed, where the prophet's weapon fares,
Saracens and Afghans out the highway of Jehad:
Give me strings of camels on the road to Astrabad!
Camels and processions on the road to Bagdad town,
Drawn like notes of music on the desert, gold and brown;
Do, re, me—I count them as they string along in line,
Laden with their treasure-chests and jars of Syrian wine.

Dream your wiry mustangs in the sage and chaparral,
Broncho-busters on the plains and ponies by the wall;
Horse-dealers and horse-stealers my heart cannot command:
I have strings of camels on the road to Samarkand!

Orderly and dutiful, the little door of years
Opens up in wonder-land: the camel-train appears.

Who that knows the gorgeous East their magic can withstand—
Velvet-footed camels on the road to Samarkand!

Mr. Towne has written many fine things but nothing finer than this which we find in *Harper's*:

A PRAYER FOR THE OLD COURAGE.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

STILL let us go the way of beauty; go
The way of loveliness; still let us know
Those paths that lead where Pan and Daphne run,
Where roses prosper in the summer sun.

The earth may rock with War. Still is there peace
In many a place to give the heart release
From this too-vibrant pain that drives men mad.
Let us go back to the old love we had.

Let us go back, to keep alive the gleam,
To cherish the immortal, God-like dream;
Not as poor cravens flying from the fight,
But as sad children seeking the clean light.

O doubly precious now is solitude;
Thrice dear yon quiet star above the wood,
Since panic and the sundering shock of War
Have laid in ruins all we hungered for.

Brave soldiers of the spirit, guard ye well
Mountain and fort and massive citadel;
But keep ye white forever—keep ye whole
The battlements of dream within the soul!

There is a slackening in good war poetry in the last month or two. Here, from *London Times*, is one of the best we have seen lately:

WOODEN CROSSES

By E. W. HORNUNG.

GO live the wide world over—but when you come to die,
A quiet English churchyard is the only place to lie!
I held it half a lifetime, until through war's mischance
I saw the wooden crosses that fret the fields of France.

A thrush sings in an oak-tree, and from the old square tower
A chime as sweet and mellow salutes the idle hour:
Stone crosses take no notice—but the little wooden ones
Are thrilling every minute to the music of the guns!

Upstanding at attention they face the cannonade,
In apple-pie alignment like Guardsmen on parade:
But Tombstones are Civilians who toll or sprawl or sway
At every crazy angle and stage of slow decay.

For them the Broken Column—in its plat
of unkempt grass;
The tawdry tinsel garland safeguarded
under glass;
And the Squire's emblazoned virtues, that
would overweight a Saint,
On the vault empaled in iron—scaling
red for want of paint!

The men who die for England don't need
it rubbing in;
An automatic stamper and a narrow strip
of tin
Record their date and regiment, their
number and their name—
And the Squire who dies for England
is treated just the same.

So stand the still battalions: alert, austere,
serene;
Each with his just allowance of brown
earth shot with green;
None better than his neighbor in pomp or
circumstance—
All beads upon the rosary that turned
the fate of France!

Who says their war is over? While
others carry on,
The little wooden crosses spell but the
dead and gone?
Not while they deck a sky-line, not while
they crown a view,
Or a living soldier sees them and sets
his teeth anew!

The tenants of the churchyard where the
singing thrushes build
Were not, perhaps, all paragons of prom-
ise well fulfilled:
Some failed—through love, or liquor—
while the parish looked askance;
But—you cannot die a Failure if you
win a Cross in France!

The brightest gems of Valor in the Army's
diadem
Are the V. C. and the D.S.O., M.C. and
D.C.M.
But those who live to wear them will tell
you they are dross
Beside the Final Honor of a simple
Wooden Cross.

CAPTURING A SUBMARINE SINGLE-HANDED

This remarkable narrative is written by Arthur Bennington and published in the *World Magazine*. The facts were secured by him from "a British naval officer of high rank," who recently visited America. The identity of the hero of the story is (more or less) concealed; but as there are but two cases in which the Victoria Cross has been awarded since the war began without any official account being given of the deed that earned the honor, the inference seems clear that the hero of this story is either Commander Gordon Campbell, of the Royal Navy, or Lieutenant-Commander W. E. Sanders, of the Royal Naval Reserve. It was probably the latter.

ROLLING slowly on the cold gray swells of the English Channel, westward over a certain number of miles of waves, then back eastward over the same miles, steaming steadily to and fro like a policeman over a lonely beat, a trawler was patrolling monotonously, the young lieutenant who commanded her scanning the tossing surface about him as a detective scans the faces of a crowd.

Nothing relieved the monotony of the rhythmic rise and fall of the boat and the westward and eastward patrol except an occasional British or French cruiser and the regular exchange of signals with other patrolling trawlers as either end of the beat was reached.

The young lieutenant had plenty of time to growl inwardly at his luck. Why was he not on some great battleship where there was at least room to stretch his legs, where one could keep dry and where there was some slight chance of battle, instead of on this bobbing tub where there was not room to whip a cat, where every wave drenched all on board with spray, and where there was never a show for any sort of fight? What opportunity was there here to do anything that might win promotion, higher pay, a medal, a few days' leave? He had entered the Navy because he wanted to have a part in the fighting and here he was doing the work of a marine policeman!

A WHITE streak—different to his practiced eye from the white streaks of breaking waves—tore through the water, coming straight toward him.

A shock, and it seemed as if an earthquake had struck the trawler. An explosion smashed her to bits in an instant, and the young lieutenant found himself swimming with bits of wreckage and dying men about him.

Slipping out of the hampering folds of his great coat, he swam. He saw some of his men seize bits of wreckage and drift away. He saw the mangled bodies of others bob up for an instant in the trough of a wave. There seemed no piece of wreckage big enough to sup-

port him. But he was a strong swimmer, and he kept afloat. He did not know in what direction he was swimming, he just swam.

Suddenly his feet struck something solid. He pushed back on it and gave himself a forward spurt, but as he extended his feet backward again they touched that solid submerged something a second time. He rested his feet against it, and it seemed like a great smooth rock. But it was moving! It was coming up under him! "The submarine that sank us!" This thought flashed into the swimmer's mind. Turning quickly in the water, he saw already above the surface a pair of periscopes and the top of a conning tower, with the sea-water streaming down them as they rose.

He ceased swimming instantly, and braced his feet upon the slippery solid, which he knew now was the deck of the U-boat that had just sent his vessel and crew to the bottom. As it came up he came up with it. A few seconds more, and the conning tower was out of water and the decks awash.

The eye of the lieutenant was fixed upon a little narrow trap-door, expecting every instant to see it open and the head of the German commander emerge. He drew his Colt's automatic pistol from its case and pointed it at the door. (The modern naval pistols are water-proof.)

SCARCELY were the waves pouring off the glistening steel of the deck that was now above the surface than the door swung open and the face of a German officer appeared. The automatic pistol barked once and the German lurched forward. Springing upon him like a cat, the young Briton seized the body of the enemy, that it might not be drawn back down the ladder and so make it possible to close the door and submerge again. He had aimed to kill and had made a bull's-eye.

The body blocked the closing of the door. Still holding his pistol pointed toward the single exit, he squatted upon the shoulders of the dead commander whose legs dangled down the ladder and might be pulled in by the crew below.

He waited for the second head to

emerge. There were five shots still left in the magazine of his pistol, and he planned that five more Germans should die. They must come up in single file. The doorway was so narrow that there was not room for more than one at a time.

He squatted and waited, holding his pistol pointed through the open doorway, that could not be closed because it was blocked by the body on which he sat.

Minutes passed. Still the second head did not appear. Would they rush him? Would they wait until he was too stiff with cold and wet to shoot straight? He thought of what the Germans below must be discussing. There were enough of them to overpower him if they could get at him. They could not know how many cartridges he had in reserve. They must know that the first five at least who came up would be killed. Were there five of them brave enough to commit suicide? For coming up the ladder would be sure death.

And still he waited. He expected they would rush him, and he was ready. But nothing happened. All was silent, except for the splash of the choppy waves on the metal deck of the man-made sea monster. Minute after minute passed. The tension was great and the Lieutenant lost all track of time. Motionless and wet, he began to feel numb. But his right hand holding the pistol never shook, and he never took his eye off the doorway.

AFTER an interminable wait he became aware of a stream of smoke over the waves. Turning his eyes away from the doorway for an instant he saw a British destroyer darting swiftly through the water and coming in his direction. He stood up and waved his hand. A toot from the whistle informed him that he had been seen.

In a few minutes the destroyer was alongside. The lieutenant, amid the cheers of the destroyer's crew, turned over to its commander the prize he had captured single-handed, intact, with all her crew save the one dead officer as prisoners. The Victoria Cross was his reward.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

[Unless otherwise stated, prices are net and binding is cloth. Orders for any book in this list may be sent direct to the publisher, but any regular subscriber for CURRENT OPINION may, if preferred, send order with money to the Service Department of CURRENT OPINION.]

AIR-LINE TO LIBERTY. By Gerald Stanley Lee. Argues that the war must be won by a campaign of ideas rather than of munitions. \$1.25. Kennerley.

BRAVE BELGIANS. By Baron C. Buffin. With preface by Baron de Broqueville, Belgian Minister of War. Awarded the Audifred Prize by the French Academy of Moral and Political Science. \$1.50. Putnam.

CONSCRIPT 2989. First story of life in a big National Army Cantonment by a drafted man. \$1.00. Dodd, Mead.

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WORLD WAR. By Lieut.-General von Freytag-Loringhoven. An argument addressed to the German people and preparing the way not for a lasting peace but for increased military strength. \$1.25. Putnam.

"EN L'AIR." By Lieut. Bert Hall, American Ace of the French Flying Corps. Hall was one of the ten original members of the Lafayette Escadrille. Ill. \$1.50. New Library, N. Y.

FATHER OF A SOLDIER. By W. J. Dawson. Dr. Dawson (father of Lieut. Coningsby Dawson) here describes the gradual transformation in the mind of a parent whose three sons have gone "over there." \$1.00. Lane.

FOR THE RIGHT. Essays and addresses on the war by Viscount Bryce, Maurice Hewlett, Gilbert Murray, and other Englishmen, with preface by Sir Francis Young-husband. \$1.50. Putnam.

FRANCE, ENGLAND AND EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY, 1215-1915. By Charles Cestre, Prof. à la Faculté des Lettres de Bordeaux. Historical survey of the principles underlying the entente cordiale. \$2.50. Putnam.

FROM SHAKESPEARE TO O. HENRY. By S. P. Mais. Essays on Samuel Butler, Richard Middleton, John Masefield, Thomas Hardy, etc. \$1.50. Dodd, Mead.

GERMAN ATROCITIES. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Col. Roosevelt predicts that when the revelations of this witness are known they will "wake up every man and woman in America." \$1.00. Revell.

GERMAN TERROR IN FRANCE. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Companion vol. to the author's "German Terror in Belgium." With maps and ill. \$1.00. Doran.

GLORY OF THE TRENCHES. By Coningsby Dawson. What it means to be at the front in the greatest war of all the ages is here most vividly told. \$1.00. Lane.

"HOLDING THE LINE." By Sergeant Harold Baldwin, of the First Division, Canadian Expeditionary Forces. A realistic description of fighting in Flanders. \$1.50. McClurg.

IN MESOPOTAMIA. By Martin Swayne. Describes campaigns in the Garden of Eden,

the site of Paradise, the eerie Arabian Nights front of the war. \$1.50. Doran.

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE. By Demetra Vaka. Story of the attempt of an American girl, a Greek by birth, to reconcile Venizelos and King Constantine and save Greece for the Allies. \$2.00. Houghton, Mifflin.

GUNNER DEPEW. By Albert N. Depew, ex-Chief Petty Officer, U. S. Navy, Private in the Foreign Legion, Captain of Gun Turret French Navy. A description of war experience in the simple, straight-forward language of the sailor. \$1.50. Reilly & Britton.

IN OUR FIRST YEAR OF WAR. By President Woodrow Wilson. Opens with the second inaugural address and contains the President's messages and addresses in the first calendar year of the war. \$1.00. Harper.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS BETWEEN THE U. S. AND GERMANY. By James Brown Scott, Pres. Am. Institute of International Law. Covers period from Aug. 1, 1914, to April 6, 1917. Based on official documents. \$5.00. Oxford Univ. Press, N. Y.

LEADERSHIP AND MILITARY TRAINING. By Lieut.-Col. Lincoln C. Andrews, U. S. A., Commandant, Officers' Training Camp, Camp Dix, N. J. Explains the spirit, rather than the technique, of army service. \$1.00. Lippincott.

MAD MONK OF RUSSIA, ILIODOB: LIFE, CONFESSIONS AND MEMOIRS OF SERGEI M. TRUJANOFF. An amazing exposure of ecclesiastical and political corruption in Russia before the Revolution. Ill. \$2.00. Century.

MEXICO'S DILEMMA. By Carl W. Ackerman. Describes Mexico divided by German intrigue and pro-Ally propaganda. \$1.50. Doran.

NATIONAL PROGRESS, 1907-17. By Frederic Austin Ogg. A summary of the last decade of American history. \$2.00. Harper.

NEW SPIRIT OF THE NEW ARMY. By Dr. Joseph H. Odell. Essays based on a tour of the army cantonments. \$0.75. Revell.

OUR REVOLUTION. By Leon Trotsky. Socialist essays, written twelve years ago, published in part in Russia, translated with biography and explanatory notes by Moissaye J. Olgin. \$1.25. Holt.

"OVER THERE" WITH THE AUSTRALIANS. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett, Anzac Scout, Intelligence Officer Fifteenth Australian Infantry. Tells of the German-Turkish expedition against the Suez Canal, of Gallipoli, Bapaume, the Somme. Ill. \$1.50. Scribner.

RASPUTIN AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Princess Catherine Radziwill (Count Vassili). First accurate account of the notorious "Black Monk." \$3.00. Lane.

RIISING JAPAN—MENACE OR FRIEND. By Jabez T. Sunderland, M.A., D.D. With foreword by Lindsay Russell, Pres. Japan Society. The author was Billings Lecturer in Japan, China and India in 1913-14. \$1.50. Putnam.

SERBIA CRUCIFIED. By Lieutenant M. Krunich. Some of the grimmest and most tragic moments of the war described by a Serbian. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin.

THE IRON RATION: THREE YEARS IN WARRING CENTRAL EUROPE. By Captain George Abel Schreiner. The author represented the Associated Press for several years in various European capitals. \$2.00. Harper.

THE QUESTION: "IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?" By Edward Clodd. With Postscript by Prof. H. E. Armstrong, F.R.S. A modern and scientific treatment of the whole question of Spiritualism. \$2.00. Clode.

TRENCH PICTURES FROM FRANCE. By Major William Redmond, M.P. With int. by Miss E. M. Smith-Dampier. Story of the life and death of the brother of John E. Redmond, the Irish leader. \$1.25. Doran.

TWO WAR YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By Dr. Harry Stuermer, former correspondent of the Cologne Gazette and late officer in the German army. \$1.50. Doran.

VOICE OF LINCOLN. By R. M. Wanamaker, Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Interpretation based on Lincoln's own utterances and writings. \$2.50. Scribner.

WINNING OF THE WAR. By Roland G. Usher, Ph.D., Prof. of History, Washington Univ. A striking and novel presentation of the Allies' case by the author of "Pan-Germanism." \$2.00. Harper.

FICTION.

ALIENS. By William McFee. A war romance, laid in New Jersey, by the author of "Casuals of the Sea." \$1.50. Doubleday, Page.

FIVE TALES. By John Galsworthy. A return to the author's earlier manner. \$1.50. Scribner.

HIS DAUGHTER. By Gouverneur Morris. Story of a man whose nature is refined in the fire of war. \$1.35. Scribner.

THE BROWN BRETHREN. By Patrick MacGill. A picture of the London Irish in France. \$1.35. Doran.

THE FLOWER OF THE CHAPELAINES. By George W. Cable. Love story permeated by the old Creole atmosphere. \$1.35. Scribner.

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER. By Rebecca West. A psychoanalytic novel describing the revolution in a soldier's love-life caused by "shell-shock." \$1.00. Century.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB NOTES

The National Arts Club, New York, is the latest voice to be heard regarding a national art in America. It is planning a "patriotic" exhibition to be held during May which is expected, after it has been lent to various museums throughout the country, to be "a milestone" on the way to giving art "a commanding influence in the affairs of the nation."

"The great war has shaped and colored your every thought and observation," says the announcement to invited sculptors and painters, "and it is subconsciously present in your mood as you work, no matter what the subject. Your function and privilege at this time is to express the great inarticulate impulse that moves the nation. It will be your vision to see not only a world at arms and a world on fire, but a new world to be built upon the ruins of the old. And incidentally you will be making a record for posterity."

In addition to those invited, space will

admit of about twenty-five other competitors—competitors because a prize of \$1,000 is offered for the most meritorious work under the conditions named. Treatment of subject may be realistic or symbolical, historical or imaginative; but the picture must convey a patriotic message and, of course, be backed by adequate technical execution. The exhibition committee includes E. H. Blashfield, Francis C. Jones, Arthur I. Keller, Duncan Phillips and Douglas Volk. Herbert Adams, Gari Melchers, W. T. Smedley, J. Alden Weir and Irving R. Wiles are on the jury of award.

The latest meeting of the Poetry Society of America, at the Arts Club, had the largest attendance thus far of the year. Among some twenty poems that were read, "The Sacred Ships," by Edwina Stanton Babcock, and "All Hallow," by Allene Gregory, received the votes of excellence. A feature of the meeting was a talk by Kahlil Gibran,

a Syrian poet, on some contemporary Oriental poets and their work, supplemented by a reading of several of his own poems.

During the last two weeks in March the galleries were occupied by an exhibition of Life Membership pictures taken from the permanent collection of the club.

Lieutenant Bill O'Hara, of baseball celebrity, who, as an officer of the Twenty-fourth Canadian Battalion, was one of the first to go "over the top" with the tanks in Flanders, has been telling the open table of his experiences.

At a recent meeting of the Municipal Art Society of New York, Frederic W. Keough, editor of *American Industries*, gave an interesting address on the reeducation and reemployment of disabled soldiers. It was illustrated with cinema views supplied by the French and Canadian governments.

THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM

In this department, edited by Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant and A. Lyle De Jarnette, respectively President and General Director of The International Forum, Inc., CURRENT OPINION undertakes to aid the development of a peculiarly American institution and one of peculiar importance in the world at this time. It is likely to be of even greater importance in the readjustments following the war.

OPEN FORUMS STIMULATE PATRIOTISM IN THE WAR

THE development of the Forum movement throughout America has already done much, and promises to do a great deal more, to mobilize public opinion to back up the war. In the course of a Forum season more than twelve thousand meetings are held and they have proved conclusively that many of the fears regarding public discussions were quite unfounded. Not one of these Forum meetings has been broken up because of seditious utterances. This does not mean that there have been no criticisms of the war expressed, because the Forum encourages freedom of discussion; but there are always plenty of people at hand to answer effectively any misunderstandings of America's motives in the war. Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, before the Senate, recently expressed his approval of the President's policy of addressing Congress from time to time in "the open forum of the world," and said: "I deprecate the undemocratic and un-American suppression and repression which characterized the first months of our entrance into the war and which yet obtain in some circles. Disloyalty and treason cannot thrive in the light. Neither can incompetence, that strong ally of failure. The pretence that the people cannot be told the truth is the artifice of incompetent men who are afraid to face the test of public scrutiny. No man, of course, is entitled unjustly to criticize, nor to indulge in unfavorable license of expression. The real test of criticism is, whether it is just or unjust."

Forum to Help Meet the Present Emergency.

THERE are three hundred and fifty Forums in the important cities of the United States, sixty-five of which are in greater New York and vicinity. Canada has twenty Forums in important centers. So great is the faith, based upon the experience of the Forums in America, that this method will stimulate interest and assure our success in the war against Prussianism that the International Forum Association, Inc., has developed a plan for the organization of War Community Forums under the direction of the mayors

of the cities and towns. The plan provides that the mayors may appoint, as an executive committee to be responsible for the organization and management of the Forums, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the President of the Board of Education, the President of the Central Labor Council of the American Federation of Labor, the President of the Ministerial Union, and the President of the Social Service Group of the community. Another type of Forum which has been suggested by the International Forum Association might be called the Industrial Relations Forum, which provides that the Chamber of Commerce and the Central Labor Union of each city and town shall get together and plan Forum meetings for the discussion of problems concerning the relationship of capital and labor, employer and employee.

The difficulty is not that differences are irreconcilable but in persuading people who have differences of opinion to get together and calmly discuss their problems. Where this method prevails, abundant proof of its effectiveness is apparent. The churches of America have afforded to the people of their respective communities unusual opportunities for social amalgamation, but those churches which are adopting the Forum as one of the methods of functioning in the community have increased their power of service and usefulness manyfold. Women's clubs and commercial organizations and various other societies which have public addresses have found that the Forum method makes it possible for those meetings to reach a greater degree of interest and usefulness than it is possible to attain in any other way.

Why George Creel Indorses the War Forum.

GEORGE CREEL, chairman of the Committee of Public Information at Washington, who naturally has done more to give the public reliable information on the war than any other man in America, has keenly appreciated the great value of the Forum in the present crisis. In a recent letter to the General Director of the International Forum Association, Mr. Creel

Movement That Involves Twelve Thousand Meetings a Year Encouraged by the Government

said: "Please let me thank you for your copy of outline for the War Community Forums. Always, and especially since the entry of the United States into the war, have I had the belief that the gathering of people into deliberative bodies would prove the solution of most of the troubles that beset us. I like the Forum idea, just as I like any other idea that brings the citizenship of the United States together to consult for the common good. In this war we are asking nothing for ourselves that we do not ask for all, and the purity of our purpose is not stained by a single ignoble motive. The more we can have them discussed the better for the country. Most of the outcry against public assembly springs from a distrust of democratic common sense."

The Forum Method and International Relations.

EVIDENCE as to the value of the Forum can be found in abundance by a survey of the field of recent Forum activities in relation to some of the great questions of the day. Take the relation between America and Japan in the present world crisis. One of the biggest meetings of the year was the American-Japanese Mass Meeting held by the Civic Forum of the Japanese Society at Carnegie Hall, New York. The speeches and spirit of this meeting afforded abundant proof that such methods of public discussion afford the best possible opportunity for cementing the friendship between the United States and Japan.

America must get ready for the social reconstruction which is being hastened by the war. The most solid basis for optimism in our social reconstruction will grow out of healthy and free discussion. Instead of resorting to strikes and lockouts, the Open Forum says, "Let us resort to the platform, and by education and mutual understanding omit the necessity for strikes and lockouts." In a single strike on the street railways several months ago, employers and employees sacrificed millions of dollars. These strikes are usually the outcome of the refusal on the part of either employer or employee, usually the former, to talk

things over; and the refusal of any party in the dispute to meet his opponent in free and open discussion may be regarded as proof that the logic of his position is insecure and justifies the contention often made that might takes the place of right in the industrial struggle.

It was thought at the beginning of the war that the only way to assure a successful outcome was for the Government to take an autocratic hand in dealing with labor. It was contended that democracy and war could not pos-

sibly go together, but the developments of the last few months have indicated that an autocratic attitude toward labor cannot produce satisfactory results. The enthusiasm of labor for the war can be enlisted only if labor is assured that its rights are to be considered. Discontent usually arises through lack of appreciation of all the facts in a given situation; and, of course, without the facts, an agreement between contending parties is difficult to reach. The Forum suggests that the first steps in arriving at a satisfactory con-

clusion, where discontent is apparent, is through accurate knowledge of the facts. The democracy of discussion, for which the Forum provides, brings contending elements face to face in public. There is abundant evidence to show that through such opportunity to know the facts, people will have much greater enthusiasm for the war. Democracy is not only necessary for the successful prosecution of the world war, but the freedom which democracy demands is equally necessary to prevent serious trouble at home.

OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM

A MOST significant development in the Forum world has been the organization of the International Forum Association, Inc., with offices at 10 West Eleventh Street, New York. The officers of the Association are Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, Church of the Ascension, New York, President; Edward Jewitt Wheeler, President of the Poetry Society of America, Vice-President; Harold Arthur Lynch, of the Public Forum of New York, Secretary-Treasurer; and A. Lyle De Jarnette, formerly Executive Secretary of the Congress of Forums, Inc., General Director.

An Unprecedented Demand For Open Forums.

THE announcement issued by the organization states: "The time is past when men shall think in terms narrow or confined. Our citizenship is no longer limited to the community and nation. We have been thrust into a new world of internationalism. The manhood and wealth of America have been dedicated to promote the principles of democracy. The present moment demands constructive methods for meeting the sweeping changes which are coming. There is an unprecedented demand for Open Forums in schools, commercial associations, women's clubs, churches, granges, economic societies, political bodies, labor councils, fraternal organizations, and in fact all groups which have public meetings. The International Forum Association is organized to help meet this demand."

Tho the modern Forum is distinctly an American institution, the first gathering of people for public discussion, which bore the name of *Forum*, was in ancient Rome. The roots of the idea in America were found in the New England town meetings. Emerson says: "In the town the great secret of political science was uncovered and the problem solved, how to give every individual his fair weight of the government."

Two types of Forums have developed in America. The first type confines its discussions to questions from the audience. Charles Sprague Smith developed such a Forum twenty-one years ago at Cooper Union. The second type of Forum not only has questions, but short speeches from the floor as a method of discussion, and is, of course, the more complete development of the Forum idea. In 1907 the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant and Alexander Irvine instituted such a Forum at the Church of the Ascension, New York. The second type of Forum seems likely to become the prevailing standard in Forum development. In 1908 Mr. George W. Coleman, having visited Cooper Union, carried the Cooper Union type of Forum into New England.

The International Forum Association was organized to help popularize this American institution. It desires the cooperation of all those interested in Forum development, and all organizations which believe in the value of the movement. It seeks to accomplish its purpose by publicity through pamphlets, newspapers and magazines. The Association has a Department of Organization, handled by experts in Forum development, which is giving personal attention to the many inquiries which are coming from every direction regarding Forum organization and management. Its lecture department has already enrolled an unusually large list of lecturers who are available to the Forums. Lecturers interested in this department would do well to communicate with the Association.

How an Open Forum is Conducted.

THE method is simple. An expert is called in to lead the discussion, then the people thresh out the subject through questions, and sometimes short speeches. So it provides a combination of science and democracy. The Forum is giving back to America the town meeting, with slight modifica-

tions, adapted to present-day needs. There is a technic of the Forum meeting that is absolutely essential to success, and those who contemplate the organization of Forums should avail themselves of the opportunities which the Association gives them to secure the advice of expert Forum leaders. The Forum is only a going concern when it is properly managed.

Notable Speakers on the Forum Platforms.

THE recognition which the Forum method has received from public speakers includes representative men and women from every department of human activity. A few of those who have spoken from Forum platforms are: William Howard Taft, William Jennings Bryan, Charles W. Eliot, Charles E. Hughes, W. C. Adamson, Jane Addams, Waldo A. Amos, John B. Andrews, Herbert S. Bigelow, Ernest Bohn, Robert W. Bruere, James Bryce, Nicholas Murray Butler, Evans Clark, George W. Coleman, John J. Dillon, Helen Duey, Edwin R. Embree, Wu Ting Fang, Irving Fisher, Joseph W. Folk, John H. Foster, Hugh Frayne, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, George W. Goethals, Sidney L. Gulick, Frank Harris, Morris Hillquit, Frederick C. Howe, Woods Hutchinson, Florence Kelley, Ali Kuli Khan, Dr. Yamei Kim, Philander C. Knox, Henri La Fontaine, Ivy Lee, Ben. B. Lindsey, Meyer M. London, Owen R. Lovejoy, Alfred W. Martin, Shailer Mathews, Charles S. McFarland, Henry Neil, Pauline Newman, George W. Perkins, Amos Pinchot, Edward Polak, Louis F. Post, John Cowper Powys, Lajpat Rai, S. L. Rothapfel, John A. Ryan, Miriam Finn Scott, Henry R. Seager, John W. Slaughter, David Snedden, Lincoln Steffens, Charles Stelzle, Rose Pastor Stokes, Carl D. Thompson, André Tridon, Frank P. Walsh, James P. Warbasse, Wm. English Walling, George W. Wickersham, Ira S. Wise, Charles Zueblin.

NEWS AND A REVIEW OF THE FORUM WORLD

AT the annual meeting of the Congress of Forums, Inc., held recently at the Free Synagogue Forum in New York, the speakers were Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Dr. Jonathan C. Day, Dr. Edgar S. Wiers, and Walter S. Heilborn. New officers were elected for the ensuing year and plans were made for the enlargement of the work of the Congress in New York City and vicinity. The Congress of Forums enrolled more than thirty Forums last year, which brings the total of Forums of greater New York and vicinity up to nearly sixty.

Attitude of Forum Speakers on the War.

IN the discussion which followed Norman Angell's address on the war, at the Detroit Open Forum, the speaker was asked to give a recipe to pacifists for keeping out of jail. He replied: "This is a very pertinent question, and I will give you the secret. Make it clear that you are not opposing the prosecution of the war. Then insist that it be a radical war, reiterating that the radical policy will win the war and a conservative policy will lose it. I want to say also that I believe that the defeat of Prussian militarism is essential to any real settlement that we can make; that any really triumphant conclusion must make it unprofitable for the Prussian autocracy to try to force its will upon the world. So far as I know, I have never said a word in favor of an early peace, because I think that the kind of peace that follows is so much more important than the date at which the war ends."

Professor Charles Zueblin, of Boston, recently addressed the Forum at the Civic Club in New York, taking as his subject "No Peace with the Hohenzollerns." While saying that Prussianism, as the menace of the world, must be completely crushed before peace is declared, he maintained that German genius for organization is one of the most valuable contributions to world progress, and that the world shall utilize this genius in reorganization along the lines of the International Postal Union. As soon as opportunity was given for discussion from the floor, Professor Zueblin was called upon to defend his opposition to self-determination for Ireland, Finland, and other small nations. His statement that India would not have any voice in the reorganization of the world was hotly contested. S. K. Ratcliffe, noted English journalist, also spoke.

Margaret Slattery recently said, at the Ford Hall Forum, Boston: "You business men of America keep your hands off American girlhood. If there

is a shortage of man labor, call upon women of over twenty-five. They can do this work with less danger to prospective citizens of America than can girls in their teens." John B. Meade, at the Brockton, Mass., Forum recently spoke on the subject of serving the working people in time of war. Many Forums are discussing the prospects for peace.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot advocates the establishment of an Army in America like that of Switzerland.

Those Forums interested in the relation between Socialism and the war should know that Albert Thomas, former Minister of Munitions in France, has recently said that the war aims of the Socialist Party in France are identical with those of President Wilson. "It has been one of my dreams that delegates of English and French Socialists should visit Washington, if the President would receive us, to explain to him that his purposes in the war are our purposes. President Wilson's power can be much greater than the military action of the American Army. He can become not only the leader of American Democracy, but the leader of World Democracy."

The Forum as a University Feature.

AN interesting development of the Forum movement is to be found in its introduction, as a student activity, into educational institutions. Among the most conspicuous of these are the Forums of the University of Wisconsin, organized and directed by the students, and at the Universities of Columbia and Colorado. Other Forums are at the University of California, Hobart College at Wellesley, Massachusetts.

The Brooklyn Civic Forum, which

meets in Public School 84, is said to be the best attended Forum in America. It has adopted the plan of introducing an occasional debate. On February 3, Professor Scott Nearing, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, and I. B. Stoughton Holborn, M.A., F.R.G.S., debated on the merits of Socialism. Hon. Isaac Franklin Russell, former Chief Justice of the Court of Special Sessions in New York, presided. Nathan H. Seidman is the director of the Forum.

The Forum and Our New Citizens.

THE Women's Suffrage Party of New York is organizing Forums throughout the State as the effective means of educating new voters. Mrs. Marian Booth Kelly conducts Forum meetings at the party headquarters. Miss Mary Garret Hay, speaking of the work of the New York City Woman's Suffrage Party, said recently: "The women reached through our Open Forum meetings to teach voting procedure, have shown intense interest."

Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President and a great advocate of the Americanization Forum, recently said: "All civic work should be focussed in school buildings. In each school building there should be one organization in authority, and it should be open to every citizen residing within the limits of the School District."

That the Forum is a useful instrument for educating immigrants in American citizenship, is demonstrated by the Italian Forum, at the Greenwich Settlement House in New York, which has been recently organized by Theodore Barbato. Other Forums are being organized for this work.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Is there a good book on the Forum movement?—M. S.

A.—Yes, George W. Coleman's *Democracy in the Making*, may be ordered through the office of the International Forum Association.

Q.—We have a small town of a little less than two thousand population. How can we organize a Forum and how can we finance it?—A. C.

A.—The Forum in a small town is entirely practical. Your inquiry will be turned over to the organization department of the International Forum Association.

Q.—Our Forum has been organized for three months. How can we get the attention of the public to our Forum?—C. A. J.

A.—Such information is given free to members of the International Forum Association. The membership fee is \$3.00.

Q.—What is the Forum movement doing to solve the Negro problem?—W. E. J.

A.—There are at least two Forums among colored people—the Problems of Life Forum, New York, and the St. Andrews Church

Forum, Cincinnati. In addition to this, we have had inquiries from institutions among colored people who expect to establish Forums. Our list of lecturers contains several colored speakers who will discuss the negro problem before Forums.

Q.—Some people spend a lot of time in lunches and dinners, etc. Why not introduce some discussion at such functions and make them Dinner Forums?—H. A. L.

A.—The Brooklyn Civic Club has what is called a Forum Luncheon. At one of their recent meetings, Dr. George E. Vincent, of the Rockefeller Foundation, spoke on "Internationalism and the Public Health."

Q.—How may we become members of the International Forum Association and what are the benefits of membership?—G. C. W.

A.—Membership in the International Forum Association is \$3.00, which entitles each member to (1) a year's subscription to *CURRENT OPINION*; (2) personal attention of experts to inquiries regarding Forum organization and management; (3) free literature distributed by the Association; (4) lists of available Forum lecturers.

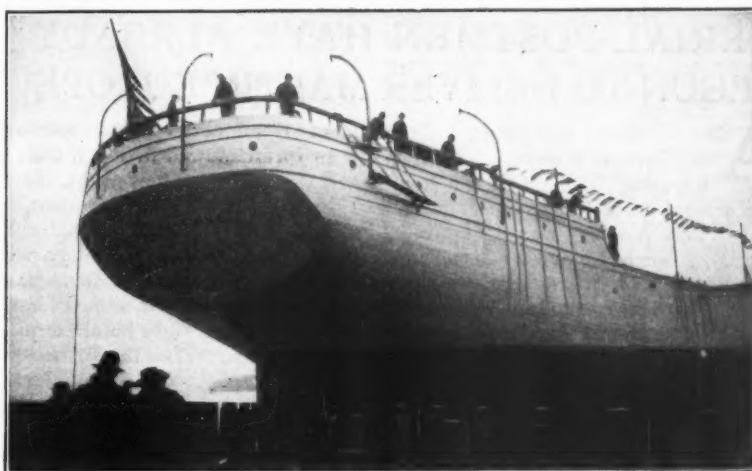
THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

SOME COLD FACTS ABOUT THE SHIPPING SITUATION THAT ARE APPALLING

A Million Instead of a Mere 150,000 Men Should Be "Building Anything That Will Float"

THE people of the United States, a few weeks ago, had what might be described accurately as their first shock of war. It was not much of a shock, as war-shocks go. They simply awoke one morning to be confronted with a Government order to close down some of their shops and some of their places of amusement for a few days. It caused some excitement, and yet it was merely a premonitory tremor compared to the crisis that is directly ahead of us, exclaims Mark Sullivan in *Collier's*, unless we speed up in shipbuilding and otherwise get busier in making war on a big scale. This *Collier* article has in it a few shocks that compare in effect with the Garfield heatless-Monday order. The seriousness of the shipping situation, for instance, has not begun to be realized, we are told. The British Admiralty once a week reports that the submarines have sunk a certain number of ships "of over 1,600 tons," which is an ambiguous phrase in view of the fact that "the British Admiralty knows what our Shipping Board knows and what every practical shipping man knows that 'over 1,600 tons' means about 5,000 tons." Which means that during a week when twenty ships of over 1,600 tons are reported, the actual tonnage sunk is about 150,000. "And they know further that during the same week the amount of new shipping built by all the yards in all the Allied world was less than half the amount sunk by the submarines." Furthermore "the proportion in favor of the submarine is going to be maintained for an indefinite time to come." For every ton of new ships built by all the Allies and all the neutrals, in other words, the submarines have been sinking more than two tons. We read:

"During 1917 the submarines accounted for 7,000,000 tons. During the same year England built about 2,000,000 tons; the United States built about 1,400,000 tons; France, Italy, and the neutrals, Holland, Norway, and Spain, all told, did not build enough to take any account of. But the case is worse than that. It is only the submarine sinkings that are reported. The public is not informed of the ships which the submarines have incapacitated, which are towed limping to port, and which often turn to be a more or less total loss. Nor is any account taken of the ships which are sunk or otherwise put out of business through the normal opera-



Copyright by Committee of Public Information

HUNDREDS OF SHIPS LIKE THIS WILL BE LAUNCHED IN AMERICAN YARDS THIS YEAR

At the same time, we should have a million instead of a mere hundred and fifty thousand men building them to insure against disaster, we are told.

tion of accident or other misadventure. This source of loss is greater now than during peace times, for ships are badly manned; they run without lights, and in the emergencies of war they take big chances. However, one grows desperate through trying to explain it with figures. What one feels like doing is to shout to Heaven that the submarine is beating the builders at the rate of two to one; that we are facing a crisis; that unless we Americans can now, this year, pull ourselves together and turn out as much tonnage in one month as we turned out in the whole year of 1917 the world will suffer a calamity such as one hesitates to put in words. . . .

"All the available ships now remaining afloat in the Allied and neutral world do not aggregate more than about 30,000,000 tons. And the submarine is sinking just about a quarter of them this present year. . . . It is not when the last Allied ship is sunk that the crisis will come. Starvation does not wait on a nation until the last loaf of bread has been eaten. Starvation begins when the food supply falls a certain percentage, a not very large percentage, below normal. And the Allied shipping has long been below normal. As long ago as January 1, 1917, before we were in the war, before our army added to the need, the British estimated that shipping had fallen more than three hundred vessels below their normal requirements. And bear in mind that our entrance into the war does not help, but makes worse, the shortage of shipping."

Taking up the announcement of the War Department that "we will have

more than half a million men in France early in 1918," this writer deduces that with such an army transported we will have permanently mortgaged three million tons of shipping to keep them supplied. The supplies—wheat and other foodstuffs—are available in enormous volume, but there are no ships to carry them. The situation, we are warned, is not unlike that in which Australia finds itself:

"Three years ago the Australian Government bought and contracted for all the wheat crop of that country. Then it bought some twenty-one ships to carry the wheat to Europe. But the submarine has had its way with those ships, and today not more than four or five of them are left. Meantime the wheat piled up along the Australian docks and railroads. They put some of it in sacks, made walls of the sacked wheat, and poured the rest within the walls. There were great piles of wheat ten or twenty feet high and wide, and more than ten miles long. Soon mice appeared. They began to gnaw through the bags, and the hempen walls collapsed. Under such favorable conditions, the mice multiplied until they became a plague. The Government put its shoulder to the perfectly serious business of fighting mice. It had special ways of catching them, and crews of men with specially constructed incinerators. They burned five to ten tons of mice in a single night. But the mice continued to increase. On the soil of Australia, for a few days, man's agelong contest with the forces of nature became an acute pitched

battle. Man won a respite only when some mysterious law of nature brought a plague upon the mice, a disease described as a sort of soft ringworm. Then the mice, fleeing from the infection, deserted the wheat piles and ravaged the fields. Meantime men who had been trying to salvage the piled-up wheat were infected by the disease whose germs had been left in the wheat by the departing mice. From the workmen the infection spread; and throughout Australia there is a serious plague."

Instead of scoffing at Russia about the paralyzing congestion of supplies both at Archangel and Vladivostok, with inadequate transportation facilities to get them to the front, we had better wake up because "within a few months the Russian situation is going to be duplicated in the United States." Greater than ever is the need of ships, and instead of having a mere hundred and fifty thousand men building them

we should have a million at work building anything that will float. "Consider that it takes about one ton of shipping one year to carry one soldier to Europe and to keep him there." That is the situation in a nutshell and this writer insists that it is appalling.

Promptness on the part of employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad system in extinguishing fires before the arrival of the public fire companies last year, saved \$10,445,196 in company property from destruction.

AERIAL POSTMEN HAVE ALREADY Italy Has Established Regular Air Postal Routes and Is Being Followed by France and England

AERIAL postal service in Europe has become a reality. In Italy a regular service between Rome and several north Italian cities, notably Turin and Venice, was inaugurated last May when an aviator left Turin for Rome, carrying letters weighing more than four hundred and forty pounds and more than two hundred newspapers. He flew at an altitude of from three thousand to thirty-two hundred yards, and in the face of adverse winds made the distance of three hundred and twelve miles in four and a quarter hours—less than half the time it would take the fastest express train to do it. This trial trip, organized by an Italian firm under the supervision of the Aeronautic and Postal Services, was such a success that mail routes have been established successively between Rome and important cities within a radius of four hundred miles, and also is contemplated with Sicily and Sardinia. We read in *Lectures pour Tous* (Paris):

"All water communication with Sardinia has practically ceased because of the danger of crossing the Tyrrhenian Sea. The postal traffic to and from this island amounts to about eight hundred and eighty pounds each day, which it is believed can be carried satisfactorily by aeroplane when the new service is established. The machines and men to be used in this work will be taken from the military aeronautic service. Provisions are being made for them to carry packages as well as letters. It is thus hoped that soon a direct, rapid and safe mail service will be established between Italy and her two largest islands."

In France and England the establish-

ment of an aerial postal service has been foreshadowed by much discussion and some actual achievement. In June, 1916, the French army aeronaut, Lieutenant Marchal, in an attempted flight from Nancy across Germany with a message to the Russian headquarters, was obliged to land in Poland, but succeeded in flying eight hundred miles in eleven hours. When the British garrison at Kut-el-Amara was under siege for thirty days news was carried to the garrison by aeroplane that provision ships were coming up the Tigris. These achievements have convinced the French of the practicability of air-mail service. Further:

"Up to the present time one thousand two hundred men have applied for aeronautic service in France. Even if three-fourths of these resign after the war, there will still be enough left to carry the French mail. Equipment in the form of aeroplanes, hangars, shops, service automobiles, wireless telegraph apparatus and special aero instruments of various sorts exist in abundance, ready to be used industrially at the end of the war. It is believed that no time will be lost in establishing mail routes as soon as peace is declared. These will have stations at various intervals, where the pilot may land if necessary. Special signals will be used that may be seen by day and night, as the mail carriers of the air will make several trips in twenty-four hours.

"In England Lord Montagu, one of the greatest English scientists, has worked out a plan for a mail route to India. As ordinarily traveled, the distance between London and Bombay is six thousand miles. By an air route going over Russia, Austria and Germany, this distance would be reduced three thousand six hundred miles, and could be traveled at a

safe flying speed in thirty-five hours. Another air route to India has been designated by Lord Montagu as The Red Route because for almost the entire distance it lies over countries that are under the dominion of Great Britain. It is five thousand two hundred and thirty miles long and with day and night flying by hydroplane and aeroplane it could be traveled in seventy-five to eighty hours. The aviator on his way from Karachi would leave mail at Basra, Alexandria, Malta and Gibraltar, finally landing in London.

"His route would be marked by captive balloons equipped with lights. Stations would be located at sufficiently frequent intervals to enable him to volplane to a safe landing from any point in his flight. At these stations searchlights, one directed in the sky, and one on land, would serve at night and special signals by day to mark his course. Where this lay over the ocean, supply-ships would be anchored along it. These stations would be in communication with each other much as are the stations in a railroad system. Thus Lord Montagu believes that mail will be carried by aeroplane as safely as it is now by trains and boats."

The establishment of aerial postal lines throughout Europe only awaits action on the part of the various governments now at war. In view of the demoralization of the international railway services, it is predicted by the conservative French journal that such postal lines will be in running order within a year or two after peace is declared.

A cargo of German toys valued at \$4,000,000, bought by American importers and paid for before the beginning of the war, but held up on the other side of the Atlantic by British embargo, has been released for sale in this country.

FRANCE, SPURRED ON BY AMERICA, IS DOING WONDERS INDUSTRIALLY

A YEAR or more ago the American salesman went to France carrying a sample case and was looked upon as a bird of prey. To-day he arrives with a gun in his hand and is hailed as a deliverer. Such is the transformation wrought by war in this era of swift and sudden change. It epitom-

izes a transition of immense significance to American business, especially in France where the fraternal invasion for war promises to be followed by a secondary commercial invasion for peace. Reports from overseas indicate that Yankee methods of doing business—aside from the sentiment created

Yankee Methods, Once Viewed Askance, Are Being Generally Adopted with Astonishing Results

by our entry into the war—are rapidly growing in French favor. In banking, for instance, the Frenchman has long been accustomed, in negotiating a loan, to begin making preparations for it a month ahead. It is like entering into a momentous experience such as matrimony. By contrast, the prompt and

decisive Yes or No of the American banker, "with whom he is dealing more and more, first startles and then pleases him tremendously—the idea that so solemn a performance as getting money out of a bank can be so quickly decided. The result is that the business men representing the new France welcome an opportunity for negotiation with American financial institutions.

The same endless red tape that clogs banking in France, we are reminded by Isaac F. Marcossin, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, applies to all other activities. The advent of American troops, for instance, jolted the telephone mails from their lethargy. Sammee wanted telephones, and in a hurry; and this is how he got them on one occasion: A battalion of engineers was camped somewhere in the north, but still in the civilian zone. They desired to establish telephone connection with the base, about thirty miles away. After making the necessary application to the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs, they started to put up poles and stretch wires. A gendarme at once tried to stop them, saying: "You cannot have a telephone until it is officially ordered." "But we've got to have these telephones at once," replied the officer in command. While the gendarme gesticulated the work went on. The telephone system was in operation exactly three weeks before the official sanction arrived. This energetic procedure is opening the eyes of the French to the fact that if they are to hold their own in the war-after-war struggle they will have to reform their ancient methods of doing

business. In their aptness as pupils, however, this investigator finds the promise of a formidable rivalry to American enterprise in the reconstruction of France.

Already the war needs have developed many French captains of industry whose genius, courage and energy have put them in the Carnegie, Frick, Schwab and Westinghouse class. One of them, André Citroen, was just getting launched as a small manufacturer of gears when the war broke out. He was a reservist and at once joined the colors. After the battle of the Marne, in which he fought, the French Government suddenly awoke to the fact that it needed shells in immense quantity. The American supply had not begun to come in to any appreciable extent.

"Citroen knew of the difficulties that confronted his government. He got a leave of absence from his colonel, went to the War Office in Paris, and said: 'If the government will give me a contract I will produce more shells than any individual in France.' His argument prevailed. When you meet Citroen you realize how and why he persuaded the Ordnance Department to sign a contract with him at once for an output of fifty thousand shells a day. He is a born salesman. Armed with this contract, Citroen borrowed a million francs from a bank. He then engaged the best shopman and the shrewdest practical financier he could find in France. He sent these two men to the United States—they could both speak English—with these instructions: 'Buy all the machinery you can lay hands on and get it on the water as soon as possible. If there is any delay in shipping the equipment to New York by freight send it by express.'

"This is the brand of talk that Harri-man or Frick or Henry Ford might have indulged in when faced with such an emergency. It takes on added meaning when you realize that it was uttered by a Frenchman under thirty-five, just embarking on his first big business venture. The two envoys left on the next steamer, established a small office down on Broadway, in New York, and began to scour the country for machinery. They followed their chief's instructions to the letter; and more than one automatic machine was rushed from Bridgeport or Philadelphia to New York by express. Meantime Citroen leased a tract of semi-improved land on the Quay Javel, on the banks of the Seine, and almost within the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. On January 15, 1915, he began to convert the two old buildings that stood there into factories, and break ground for a new and up-to-date concrete structure. On April first he was turning out a thousand shells a day. When I last visited his plant in October, 1917, he was employing ninety-five hundred men and women, and producing fifty thousand shells a day."

Asked what he would do with his immense factory when the war was over, this great French munition-maker said he intended to manufacture cheap motor cars in quantity output; and in this answer is to be found the key to the industrial future of France. She, along with Great Britain, "will produce the munitions of peace in such quantities as will make America hustle in the markets of the world." Citroen, we are told, is merely one of many kindred industrial spirits. Take the case of an engineer, Mayen, who is his full brother in resource and ingenuity:

"Before the war he was a comparatively small producer of screw-machine products. The incessant destruction of airplanes led to a shortage of engines. France had urgent need of factories that could produce them on French soil in a hurry. Like some of the shell-makers, Mayen went to the government and agreed to manufacture airplane engines if he could get a contract. When this document was forthcoming he borrowed three million francs from the banks and started to build. On May 1, 1917, his workmen dug the first hole in what was a sea of mud in the outskirts of Paris. Mayen is a galvanic person. He wanted to produce motors while he was building his factory. This is a pretty difficult proposition in peace; it is infinitely more so in war, when labor is scarce and machinery scarcer. But he did it. He organized his workers into two shifts and worked them day and night. They had to have light, and lighting plants are hard to obtain in these war days. In some way he discovered a partly dismantled establishment in a town near Paris. He had it removed bodily to the ground on which he was building, set it up and erected his factory round it. He wanted power to drive his first engines; so he bought all the accessible motor tractors he could find, belted them up together, and thus got the



WOMEN ARE DOING A GREAT WORK IN MAKING MUNITIONS FOR FRANCE

André Citroen, a young Frenchman, told the War Office at the outbreak of the war that he could manufacture more shells than any individual in France—and he is now producing fifty thousand shells a day.

energy needed for the start. It was a genuine piece of Yankee enterprize. Some of these makeshift plants are still in action. He got the license for France of a well-known Spanish motor, developed it, and within two months after he invaded that sea of mud he was turning out ten complete airplane motors a day—a big output when you consider the intricacy and delicacy of the mechanism of an aviation engine. When I saw his plant, in October last, thirty-five hundred men and women were working under more than twelve acres of glass, and new construction was going up on every side.

The output was forty complete airplane motors a day, and growing."

Also, there is a growing conviction abroad, this writer reports, that the only way Americans doing a large business in France, especially since the beginning of the war, can hold their trade is to establish branch factories. As evidence of which is enumerated such enterprises as the American Radiator Company, which operates a large factory in the eastern part of France, known as the Compagnie Nationale des

Radiators; the United Shoe Machinery Company de France, which has a large, well-equipped factory near Paris; the International Harvester Company, which has established a branch factory near Lille; the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, at Francheville, near Paris, and the E. W. Bliss Company, at Saint-Ouen, near Paris. All these factories are doing a profitable business and the Government is encouraging others of similar American caliber to follow their lead.

WHY MUSK IS WORTH TWENTY TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN SILVER

MUSK is one product of world commerce of which China practically enjoys a monopoly. It is of industrial interest inasmuch as the United States, since the outbreak of the war, has replaced France as the largest foreign buyer of Chinese musk. China itself, we read, consumes about one-half the musk it produces in compounding pills that form the best-known remedy in the Chinese pharmacopœia for Asiatic cholera. The Chinese, like ourselves, however, use great quantities of musk as a perfume, and also as an insurance against moths in furs and clothing.

This precious secretion of the male musk-deer is of a dark purplish color, prior to chemical treatment, and is dry, smooth, unctuous to the touch and bitter to the taste. A grain of musk, says the *Far Eastern Review*, will distinctly scent millions of cubic feet of air without any appreciable loss of weight, and its scent is not only more penetrating but more persistent than that of any other known substance. As a basis of perfumery it is of the first importance, its powerful and enduring odor giving strength and permanency to the vegetable essences which also enter into colognes. We read:

"Three kinds of musk are distinguished in commerce, the most important and valuable being the Chinese or Tongkin musk, imported principally from Shanghai. It is put up in small tin-lined, silk-covered caddies, each containing from two to three dozen pods. These are generally adulterated with dried blood,

fragments of leather, leaden pellets, peas, etc., so that often little more than the smell of the original tenant of the pod remains. The Chinese pods vary greatly in value according to quality and genuineness. Some musk collected from the western Himalaya is exported from India. It is much less prized than genuine Tong-



AN OUNCE OF MUSK IN THE SMALL BOTTLE IS WORTH \$115

In the jar are 130 ounces of grained musk worth \$32 an ounce.

kin musk. The third variety, known as Kabardine, or Siberian musk, is exported from central Asia by way of Russia. It is in large pods, said to be yielded by a distinct species of deer, and is very inferior in point of odor.

"Practically all of China's musk comes from Tibet through the Szechwan frontier, the chief markets being Sungpan

A Grain of It Will Scent Millions of Cubic Feet of Air Without Loss of Weight

and Tachienlu, the former being by far the more important. Sometimes, when the road from Sungpan to Chengtu is unsafe, owing to brigands, part of the musk will be taken south and marketed in Tengyueh to go to India. This happened to a considerable part of the output in 1915, when 6,890 ounces out of a total of 25,367 were so shipped. The value of the 1915 musk crop was \$266,000 gold. In 1916 some 25,160 ounces, valued at \$407,000 gold, were shipped."

Good musk is bought for ten times its weight in silver at Sungpan, and at Chungking for eighteen to twenty-five times, so there is a heavy profit somewhere. Supplies are brought out to various points along the Lungan road, we are told, where every coolie seems to have some about him and the inns reek with the sickly smell. The musk is brought to market in its pod, the best kind being recognized by its color and, in its pure state, by its overpowering stench. It is retailed in one-hundredth of an ounce particles, but is subsequently adulterated more than any other article in the Chinese market.

The musk-deer differs from the typical members of the deer family in that both sexes are entirely devoid of any sort of horns and the upper canine teeth of the males are remarkably developed—long, slender, sharp-pointed and curving downward out of the mouth, with the ends turned curiously backward. It also differs from the true deer in that it has a gall-bladder which contains the unique secretion known as musk.

FEMALE LABOR AROUSES HOSTILITY AND APPREHENSION IN UNION RANKS

A CONFLICT that was peacefully adjusting itself before the war has been churned into fresh fury. It is the ancient contest between male and female labor. Those with ears close to the ground are hearing what they claim to be the rumblings of an approaching storm. Is it true that America, like Europe, is to have

feminized industry? If so, will man resign his present place without a struggle? If he does fight, what form will the contest take? Answering these and related questions, a prominent labor leader, James M. Lynch, who is a member of the New York State Industrial Commission, admits the gravity of the problem without, however,

Women Must Demand "the Same Pay for the Same Job," to Prevent Trouble

going so far as to be an alarmist. He deplors the fact that increasing numbers of women, in the ranks of unskilled labor, are replacing men at wages that range from a half to two-thirds of the wage accepted as a minimum for men. On a recent railway journey, for instance, his attention was called to a section-gang composed en-

tirely of women were worse than less than as the basis for men cents and offices a find work thing and the explosion least corner of labor rights of antagonism and it will them unplace in petent fcepted a of the v er goes Times, and Am

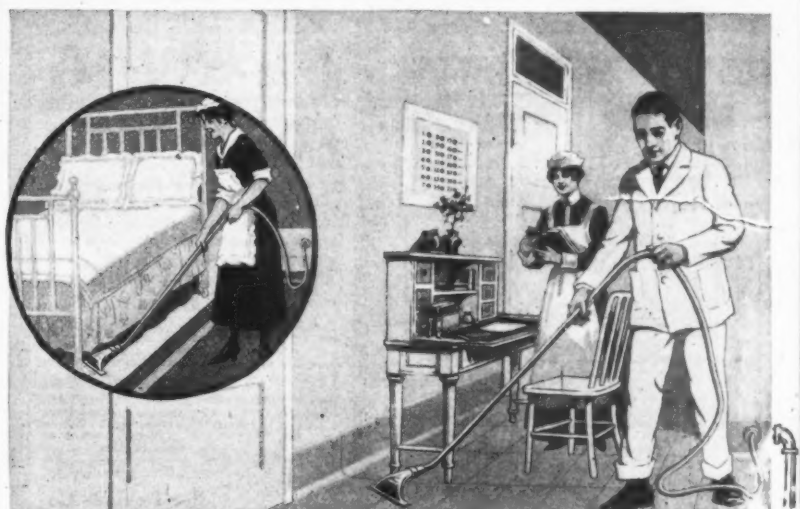
"WE the war ine Americanous and so long are taking impressiother w the nation to work charitab not rea never r reaching manner problem Contin In Fran has be which rushed slightes women In Eng still im males, twenty Theref has be industr States, pointed purpos only th of the men), has be averag three p of wor has ta to the Theref lem is work, them neither them, and so

April ident

tirely of women in overalls. They were working for \$1.50 a day, or for less than twenty cents an hour, whereas the basic pay-rate for common labor for men in the same State is thirty cents an hour, while the employment offices are filled with men unable to find work. "Why mince words? The thing amounts simply to one thing—the exploitation of women, without the least consideration either for the rights of labor, the rights of women or the rights of society." Kept up, "it will antagonize and demoralize male labor, and it may even result in open revolt; it will defeminize woman and render them unfit for anything but a second place in industry and eventually incompetent for that." As to its being accepted as one of the unavoidable results of the war, this industrial commissioner goes on to say, in the *New York Times*, that the situations in Europe and America are not analogous.

"WE are still suffering from both ignorance and hysteria concerning the war and what it demands. No genuine American desires anything but a vigorous and efficient prosecution of the war, so long as we are in it. But employers are taking advantage of the general public impression that, because of the draft and other war demands on the man power of the nation, women must be impressed into work formerly done by men. To be charitable, they are anticipating. We have not reached that point yet. We may never reach it, but the employers who are reaching out for women in this wholesale manner are taking no chances. . . . The problem is totally different from that of Continental Europe—France, for instance. In France for more than three years there has been a life and death struggle in which every available man has been rushed to the front. There was not the slightest doubt about the necessity for women's stepping into the men's places. In England the need was less striking, still imperative. Out of twenty million males, England has taken five millions, or twenty-five per cent., for war purposes. Therefore, no one can doubt that there has been a genuine need for women in industry in England. But in the United States, as Secretary of Labor Wilson has pointed out, there would be taken for war purposes during the first year of the war only three per cent. of the male strength of the nation (or approximately 1,500,000 men), and it is a curious fact that there has been for years in this country an average, in season and out of season, of three per cent. of the male population out of work. In other words, the war so far has taken only a number of men equal to the number formerly out of work. Therefore, it seems to me that our problem is to put the unemployed men to work, not to seize the women and impress them into industrial pursuits for which neither nature nor training has fitted them, thus demoralizing our entire labor and social structure."

Apropos of the recent order of President Wilson creating a new bureau



The ARCO WAND is accepted as the standard sanitary cleaning equipment for the best hospitals—where quick, noiseless, and thorough cleaning is the law. You should have this benefit and labor-saving feature in your own home by installing the ARCO WAND.

A war-time necessity

The buying of labor-saving devices for the home or other building is just now the very best economy. Every woman wants to accomplish more these days and with the ARCO WAND she makes house-cleaning an easy matter of a few minutes, thus gaining time and freedom for other things.

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

Every day's possession of the efficient ARCO WAND cleaner makes it more indispensable to the housewife in cutting down her household expenses to the minimum. The ARCO WAND makes all fabrics last longer and keeps them brighter and fresher with less effort than any other method of cleaning. The floors, carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstered furniture, mattresses, clothes, etc., are quickly and dustlessly renovated with a few quick strokes of the ARCO WAND cleaner. Your household cleaning will never again be a worry or a task to you.

Our monthly payment plan a desirable way to buy

Go to your dealer and ask him to submit an estimate on equipping your home or other building with an ARCO WAND cleaner. He will be glad to explain our plan of easy buying.

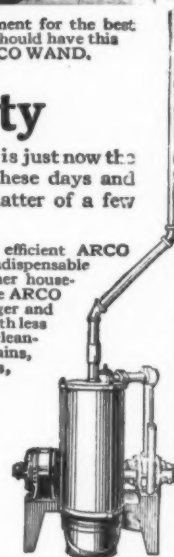
SEND TODAY FOR COPY OF FREE CATALOG the "ARCO WAND," which explains and illustrates its many labor-saving uses—you will never regret your investment in an ARCO WAND.

Write to
Department
C 2

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Makers of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

816-822
S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago



Machinae is set in basement or side room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade.

CAN YOU SPARE AN HOUR A DAY

There is now in store for the American public, news of greater importance and interest than that of any other period of a lifetime.

The vast majority insists that this news be presented to them impartially and in clear perspective.

That is precisely the service CURRENT OPINION renders its thousands of readers—giving a clear presentation of every important phase of the world's affairs; a presentation of THINGS AS THEY ARE.

There are hundreds of prospective CURRENT OPINION readers among the progressive men and women of your community, and we want a representative who knows how to meet and interest this class of readers.

We offer most liberal commissions and rebates for this representation.

Write to Us To-day For Full Particulars

CURRENT OPINION

63 West 36th Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The fatigue uniform for civilians and service men

Faultless since 1881

Pajamas & Night Shirts

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"





Equip your Ford with a
**New Stromberg Carburetor
FOR FORDS**

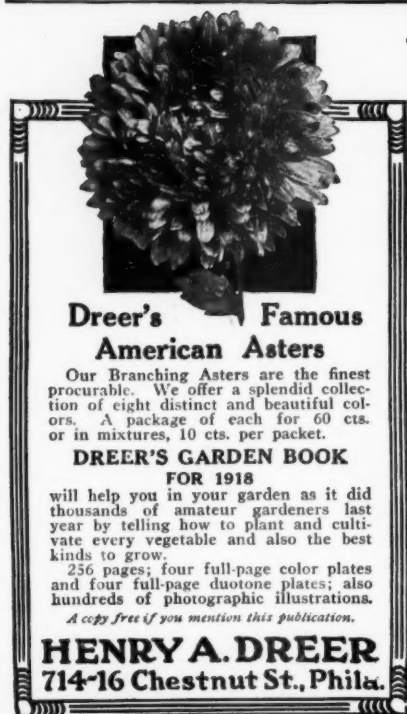
It will solve the stubborn cost of operation problem. It holds the World's greatest official Ford economy record—

37 1/2 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline

Right now—thousands of Fords are being run at savings that should startle you into purchasing a new Stromberg Carburetor—**immediately**. Order direct from ad. Enclose purchase price. Put it to a **10 days' Trial**. Keep strict track of the gas used. If you are not convinced that it is an immense money-saver—send it back and purchase-price will be refunded. Send today. Feel the thrill of thrills that springs from knowing that you are getting greatest value for your money—most miles per gallon. Free literature—on request.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
Dept. 440, 64 East 25th Street, Chicago, Illinois

**New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR**



**Dreer's Famous
American Asters**

Our Branching Asters are the finest procurable. We offer a splendid collection of eight distinct and beautiful colors. A package of each for 60 cts. or in mixtures, 10 cts. per packet.

**DREER'S GARDEN BOOK
FOR 1918**

will help you in your garden as it did thousands of amateur gardeners last year by telling how to plant and cultivate every vegetable and also the best kinds to grow.

256 pages; four full-page color plates and four full-page duotone plates; also hundreds of photographic illustrations.
A copy free if you mention this publication.

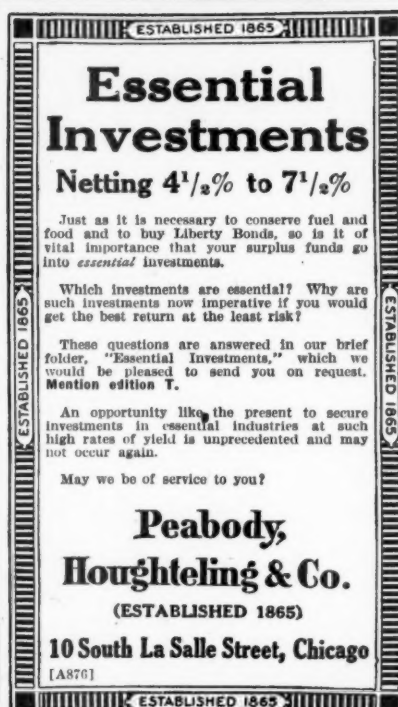
HENRY A. DREER
714-16 Chestnut St., Phila.



**SAFEGUARD
Your Children**

**KEEP a Tycos
FEVER THERMOMETER
IN THE HOME**

*Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N.Y.*
There's a Reason Why Tycos Thermometers are Everywhere



ESTABLISHED 1865

**Essential
Investments**

Netting 4 1/2% to 7 1/2%

Just as it is necessary to conserve fuel and food and to buy Liberty Bonds, so is it of vital importance that your surplus funds go into essential investments.

Which investments are essential? Why are such investments now imperative if you would get the best return at the least risk?

These questions are answered in our brief folder, "Essential Investments," which we would be pleased to send you on request. Mention edition T.

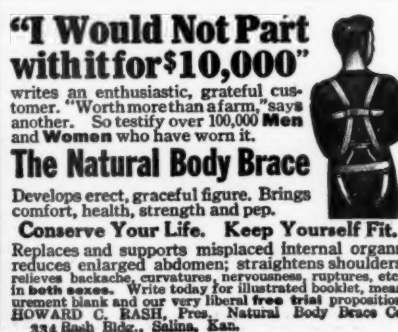
An opportunity like the present to secure investments in essential industries at such high rates of yield is unprecedented and may not occur again.

May we be of service to you?

**Peabody,
Houghteling & Co.**
(ESTABLISHED 1865)

10 South La Salle Street, Chicago
[A870]

ESTABLISHED 1865



**"I Would Not Part
with it for \$10,000"**

writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. So testify over 100,000 Men and Women who have worn it.

The Natural Body Brace

Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings comfort, health, strength and pep.

Conserve Your Life. Keep Yourself Fit.

Replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens shoulders; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, etc., in both sexes. Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal free trial proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres., Natural Body Brace Co.
334 Rush Bldg., Salina, Kan.

within the Department of Labor to handle such problems (with the cooperation of organized labor), the writer apprehends the increasing employment of women in industry, especially "if the war continues and two to five million men are employed in war purposes. Male labor will not oppose this if it be properly controlled and adjudicated." However, "practically all the ugly features of the case will automatically disappear when the principle of 'the same pay for the same job' is universally recognized and applied."

NEEDED: MORE SNAKES— THEY ARE AN IMPOR- TANT NATIONAL ASSET

WITH the world at war and with precedents being daily knocked topsyturvy in every department of industry, it takes something very startling indeed to furnish a surprise. There is nothing any longer surprising in the huge hills of money that are being raised in the form of Liberty Loans, Red Cross funds and so on, to carry on the war. There is nothing surprising in the news that the cow, whether considered as beef or milk, is jumping over the moon, or that the advancing price of the daily loaf is swiftly sending it out of sight and reach of many. But it is surprising to read that the millions of snakes that coil and crawl over the United States are easily worth a dollar a head and are, therefore, an important national asset that we are wilfully and ignorantly bent on destroying. Instead of being the arch-enemy of man, the snake, according to Gayne T. K. Norton, writing in *American Forestry*, is one of the best friends the farmer has or ever had, and, "instead of being killed, the snake (particularly at this time) should be conserved. . . . The relation it bears to successful crops is important—more important than the average farmer realizes."

"Reptiles may not manifest friendship toward us, few would welcome such a condition, yet they are not enemies. They never attack unless in self-defense. Of our one hundred and eleven species, but seventeen are poisonous—two species of Elaps, coral snakes, and fifteen species of Crotaline snakes, the copperhead and moccasin, the dwarf and typical rattlesnakes. On the other hand the help they render is valuable. The pests destroyed each year, especially the rodents that injure crops and carry communicable diseases, roll up a large balance of good service in their favor.

"Rodents are destroyers of farm products, cause loss by fire through gnawing matches and insulation from electric wires, and of human life, through germ-carrying, particularly the bubonic plague.

Before the war the Department of Agriculture placed the bill at \$500,000,000, one-fifth of which represented the loss of grain. With advanced prices this is increased. . . . The explanation of the big figures representing damage from rodents is due to their vast numbers, owing to the characteristic fecundity of the species. One investigator paired two common house-rats late in December. By the middle of the next September he had eight hundred and eighty rats.

"Reptiles are a very important factor in the natural work of restraining the too rapid increase of rodents. Practically all our snakes feed upon rodents. One in particular which has a wide range is the *Lampropeltis doliatius triangulus* (milk snake, house snake, spotted adder, checkered adder), which finds ninety per cent. of its diet in small mammals. This reptile, together with dozens of others, is absolutely harmless, defenseless and in no way destructive, tho many ridiculous tales are told about it.

"The gross ignorance regarding our snakes causes slaughter of all things that wear scales and crawl. Farmers should protect and breed the harmless snakes rather than kill them. Many European countries have protective legislation. . . . Until a person is able to immediately distinguish and name a snake, and know whether it is dangerous or not, that person has no right to kill any snake. Every time a snake is killed more damage is being done than good."

An organized movement tending toward the conservation of non-poisonous reptiles is being conducted by the Reptile Study Society which, we read, is pushing an educational campaign, especially in the agricultural districts throughout the country. Practically all the leading zoologists are active in the work and a considerable army of boys is being recruited through the Y. M. C. A. and Scout organizations.

AMERICA CAN'T FIGHT THE KAISER AND HARD TIMES SIMULTANEOUSLY

WHILE the manufacturers of this country have almost unanimously notified the Government that they are anxious to help in the production of war materials, there seems to be no way of determining as yet to what degree war essentials will absorb the entire productivity of the country. Any attempt to direct public purchases beyond the limit of war essentials would undoubtedly work a vigorous hardship on many industries. If, as John N. Willys, head of the Willys-Overland Company points out in an article widely circulated in the newspaper press, thousands of people were thrown out of employment, a depression would be created which might be reflected immediately in the public attitude toward the war. In other words, we cannot fight the Kaiser and

A Glass of Wine with the Borgias

The youth hesitates, hand on glass. Will he obey the imperious look of command in the eyes of the beautiful Lucrezia—the magnet that has drawn him to this supper in the pontifical apartment? Will he yield to the ingratiating advances of Caesar and partake of the proffered cup? Or will he be warned before it is too late by the sinister glance shot from the cruel eyes of the old Pontiff as he coldly calculates the destruction of the young gallant?

To comply or refuse is equally hazardous. If he decline the poisoned draught will he escape the knife of the hired assassin even now lurking in the shadows of the Papal Palace?

Rodrigo Borgia (Alexander VI), Lucrezia and Caesar formed the diabolical trinity which sat for eleven years upon the papal throne in Rome, an impious parody of the Holy Trinity—the most perfect incarnation of evil that ever existed on earth. How many gallant lives thus darkly and without commotion passed out of sight, whirled away by the headlong torrent of the ambition of that terrible triumvirate, is told as only that great weaver of word pictures, Alexandre Dumas, could tell it in his



THE CELEBRATED CRIMES OF HISTORY NEVER BEFORE TRANSLATED

The millions of English readers and admirers of the works of Alexandre Dumas will hail with keen delight this, the first and absolutely the only complete and unexpurgated translation of Dumas' *LES CRIMES CELEBRES*, now for the first time available at a price within the reach of all readers. Printed from the same plates as the edition sold by the publisher at \$125.00 a set, which was eagerly snapped up by wealthy connoisseurs, the small edition it is our privilege to offer our patrons has all the unusual features so much appreciated by lovers of books as works of art. The eight volumes are beautifully bound in cloth, stamped with emblematic design, with monogram in gold field. The print is large and clear and the paper all that could be desired. The illustrations were made in Paris by M. Jacques Wagrez, and the specially designed Renaissance title pages are by Giralton.

Nothing in the Whole World Like Them

"Great crimes have played so large a part in the world's history that one cannot obtain a thorough knowledge of past times without the aid of such a book as this"—Says *THE NEW YORK HERALD*, recently reviewing *THE CELEBRATED CRIMES OF HISTORY*. The lover of History is enraptured with the wealth of facts, from new authorities, brought to bear by Dumas upon the life of the charming and beautiful, but indiscreet and ill-fated, Mary Stuart as Queen of France and Scotland. Read the story of her amours, and of her barbarous imprisonment and murderous execution. There is no other work like this. None of the editions of Dumas contain these stories; and no set of Dumas is complete without them.

A Licentious Court

Brilliantly worked into a vivid picture of the Dark Ages are the vices and crimes of that extraordinary family, the Borgias, that furnished one Pope of Rome and some of the blackest pages in history.

Here we see the whole murderous, poisonous crew with their greedy craving for debauchery, flattery, titles and gold. We watch the career of the beautiful and depraved Lucrezia, who with the head of a Madonna of Raphael had the heart of a Messalina beneath her demure exterior. We see the intrigues of the medieval papal court—the murders, abductions, poisonings—drawn from the chronicles of eyewitnesses, those naive accounts which, without embarrassment, call a spade a spade.

Dumas' Masterpiece

THE CELEBRATED CRIMES OF HISTORY is considered by many in France as Dumas' masterpiece. The highest praise has been bestowed on it by Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, and other competent judges.

Think of a fascinating new historical series by Dumas of which only the highly privileged few among English readers heretofore had any knowledge. And all yours at a really nominal price!

SEEING IS BELIEVING

\$1 Is all you need send now, with the coupon. But be sure to send today. We don't want to disappoint you. You will never forgive yourself if you let this opportunity pass.

We deliver the set, express prepaid. And we refund your money if you're not satisfied.

BRUSSWICK SUBSCRIPTION CO.
1110 Brunswick Building, New York City

Enclosed is \$1.00, first payment on the 8-volume set of Dumas' "Celebrated Crimes." I agree to remit the special price, \$13.00, at the rate of \$1.00 per month following receipt of books. Otherwise I will within five days ask for instructions for their return, my \$1.00 to be refunded on their receipt.

Name
Address
Occupation..... State.....

DURAND Steel Racks



IN building a new factory or an addition to your plant consider the many advantages of a complete equipment of Durand Steel Racks.

Durand Steel Racks are very strong, neat in appearance, fire-proof, convenient, durable, will increase your storage capacity and reduce losses, waste and delays.

Write today for catalogue.

We are also manufacturers of Durand Steel Lockers, designed to meet the most exacting locker requirements.

DURAND STEEL LOCKER CO.
1507 Ft. Dearborn Bk. Bldg. 907 Vanderbilt Bldg.
Chicago New York

You Can Be So Well

Do you know, ill health or chronic ailments, in nine out of ten cases are due to improper food, poor circulation, insufficient exercise, incorrect breathing and incorrect posture.

Remove those unnatural conditions and your ailments vanish.

This may surprise you, but I am doing it daily: I have done it for eighty thousand women.

Without Drugs

I will send you letters of endorsement from eminent physicians and tell you how I would treat you.

Physicians endorse my work — their wives and daughters are my pupils. Don't let writing a letter stand between you and GOOD HEALTH, ANIMATION, Correct weight and a perfect figure. Write now — today — while this subject is uppermost. If you will tell me in confidence your height, weight, and your ailments, I will tell you if I can help you.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 6 624 South Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Ill.



hard times at the same time. Continued prosperity is a necessity in the matter of winning the war, and, as this industrial leader pertinently asks, is it not, therefore, wisest for manufacturers to follow the policy of filling the Government contracts with the utmost speed and to keep the rest of our productivity going in accord with public demand, so that the vast army of the American people at home are in a position to support the Government with a spirit of optimism and also with enough money to help market the bond issues which are coming up from time to time? His complaint is that certain industries, notably the automobile, are being classed as non-essential and that such arbitrary classifications are pernicious and dangerous:

"What is essential to me may not be to you. As a matter of fact, you may say that even the clothes you have on your back and the boots you wear are non-essential, because the North American Indians lived here in the same climate for thousands of years without them. Similar comment might be made concerning many industries.

"To illustrate: I was talking the other day to a man who was inclined to refer to motor-cars as a non-essential while he regarded the railroad as a necessity. That man did not know that several of his neighbors were saving many dollars every year by traveling from their country homes to town in their cars instead of by railroad. He did not know the motor-car is taking an even greater part in the pioneer development of the country than is the railroad. Nor did he know that the seating capacity of automobiles in this country is greater than that of the railroads. He had not been informed that the pleasure-driving of automobiles is less than fifteen per cent.—probably less than the pleasure-riding on trains and trolleys. He had not considered that every automobile parked down-town in our cities represents a man or woman on some time-saving business event or that the 2,700,000 automobiles in rural communities are transporting millions of pounds of produce daily, bringing farms nearer to town and saving millions of hours for productive time to farmers who formerly had to master their transportation problems with horses. He did not know that salesmen to-day are saving ten to fifty per cent. of their time with the automobile—leaving that much extra power for Uncle Sam."

HIS HUNDRED ACRES HAVE MADE HIM "THE BEST FARMER IN KANSAS"

THE best farmer in Kansas does not have the biggest or showiest place. He has only a hundred acres of land, his house is not thoroughly modern, his horse-barn is antiquated, the hog-pens form a rickety and rustic frame for his pedigreed pigs, the fences and other farming paraphernalia are quite ordinary; but, we are assured, the whole place has a homely look—one visiting it has the sensation of smelling apple butter cooking in the well-sprayed orchard—the yards are neat and the motor-car and farm machinery are carefully stored in tightly-roofed sheds. Also, there are other things which the Kansas Agricultural College has taken into consideration in dubbing him the best farmer in the State.

Walter J. Burtis, the farmer in question, was loading a car of wheat at a siding in Fredonia when a writer for the *Country Gentleman* found him. That fact was interesting, for twelve hundred bushels of wheat is quite a crop from a hundred-acre farm where the chief output is cattle and hogs. However, as he explained, a hundred acres is a good deal of land when you farm it top and bottom and keep it working winter and summer, as Burtis does by his highly-efficient plan. For instance, in the matter of wheat this champion farmer, who is to Kansas what H. G. Windsor (told of in the March CURRENT OPINION) is to Mis-

souri, generally puts in fifty acres, but he concentrates it on thirty acres of ground. He plows fifty acres by the simple expedient of adding twenty acres to the bottom of his furrow. He harrows fifty acres by putting twenty acres more work on it. He sows fifty acres by adding twenty acres to the selection and grading of the seed. He harvests fifty acres, as is proved by comparison with his neighbor, who actually sows fifty acres. Burtis keeps pace with the neighbor in effort, putting as much time and work on the thirty acres as his neighbor does on fifty, and his yield is equal to that of the larger area. He thus explains the difference between his wheat and ordinary wheat:

"Some years ago I made up my mind that blood will tell as much in wheat as in humans or in animals. I decided it would be just as foolish to sow scrub-wheat as to breed scrub-ponies expecting to get work-mules. So I got some Fultz wheat from the agricultural college. Each year I sow a little seed plot. In this plot I put nothing but seed which I have selected by hand from the seed plot of the previous year. I choose long, well-filled heads, true to type. Then I grade this wheat and eliminate small grains, because there are bound to be runts even in the best stock. I want to eliminate the weaklings."

Has it paid? The Burtis farm is not in the wheat belt. It is near the gas,

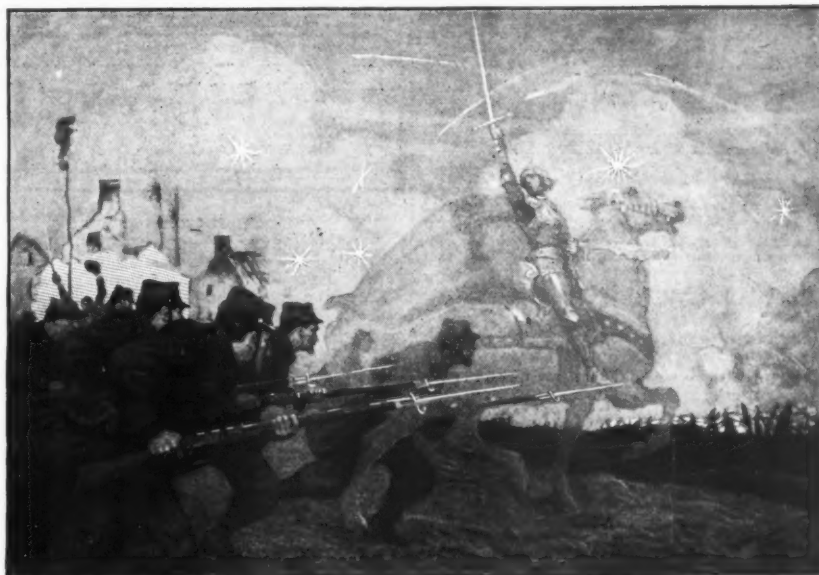
oil and mineral fields. Nineteen seventeen was a very poor wheat year for Kansas. Millions of acres were abandoned. Yet his average yield was forty-five and one-half bushels to the acre. Indeed, the county agent, measuring a small plot, found a yield of fifty-three bushels to the acre, while the average in that section was under twenty bushels.

"The field-crops on this farm are corn, wheat and alfalfa. Corn follows alfalfa in a rotation of five years to each crop. The plan with wheat is duplicated with corn. Burtis also finds it quite profitable to grow fifty acres of corn on thirty acres of land. The farm just below the loose top soil or 'wheat surface' is used for this purpose. That is to say, he plows about eight inches deep for corn and plans the labor of harrowing and cultivation as if he had a larger area than thirty acres to handle. Of course this increases also the labor of gathering to fifty acres, for he figures on a yield of sixty-five to seventy-five bushels to the acre, and oftentimes he has it when nature fails to come to the assistance of the neighbors who overplant and undertill. Of course this is good land. It has been made so by twenty-seven years of well-planned farming."

THO hogs and cattle are the big money-making products of the farm, it is of passing interest to note that the Burtis family is not eating fresh beef at all, but is leaving that for the soldiers. From its smokehouse and chicken-yard come all the meat the family requires.

Thirty acres of corn, thirty acres of wheat and thirty acres of alfalfa total ninety acres. The house and barns and orchard and hog-lot huddle in one corner of this farm, on six acres, leaving four acres to be tilled. They are used for Sudan grass or other sorghums, cut for hay. But the most important crop on this farm remains to be mentioned—the family. Asked for proof of the profits of his farm, the owner pointed them out—a daughter who is teaching domestic science and a son who is being used by the State as an assistant county agent. Both were given a high-school and college education, paid for by the farm. Financially, we read, Burtis is far from being the best farmer in Kansas; but his hundred acres have produced a happy family, provided vacations and a comfortable living for all of them, and there is not a dollar of encumbrance on the place.

The number of stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad has passed the one-hundred thousand mark,—the exact number being 100,038. Of these, 49,492 are women. The total number of stockholders increased 9,650 last year, and the total number of women stockholders 4,555.



The Miracle of the Marne

The battle of the Marne halted the rush of the Germans towards Paris. It aroused the French to superhuman bravery. They fought as if led by the spirit of the Maid of Orleans herself.

The Marne was a demonstration of the power of patriotism with its back against the wall. The same sacrifice of self, the same love of country and unity of purpose that inspired the French people must inspire us, and we must win the war.

We are sending our best manhood to fight for us. They must be armed, fed and clothed, cared for through sickness and wounds. This is the work of every individual as well as the Government.

It is the proud duty of the Bell System to coordinate its purpose and equipment to the other factors in our national industrial fabric, so that the manufacture and movement of supplies to our boys abroad be given right of way.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

IMPORTANT!

WHEN notifying **CURRENT OPINION** of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about 2 weeks before the change is to take effect.

You Can Earn More—

Through our liberal commissions and large rebates to representatives. **CURRENT OPINION** subscribers are among the best people in your community, and we want a representative who can meet and interest this class of readers.

Write us for full particulars to-day
CURRENT OPINION 63 West 36th St.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

No Other Typewriter Can Do This—

Condense typewriting to $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of space usually occupied

Wonderful for loose-leaf manuals, index cards, statistics and refined correspondence.

Multiplex Hammond type is instantly interchangeable for many languages in many styles of type. Here are a few samples, slightly reduced—

Vertical script - private letters.
Medium Roman-general letters.
Italic - emphasizing.
SPECIAL GOTHIC - CLEAN CUT
Large Gothic - sermons, lectures.
Large Roman - sermons, lectures.
Print-type - new, attractive.

**A NEW
PORTABLE**
Condensed Aluminum

Only 11 Pounds
Full Capacity

Many Typewriters in one

MULTIPLEX HAMMOND
"WRITING MACHINE"

Let us send you, free, our interesting booklet, fully describing the unique features of this extraordinary machine. Write your name, address and occupation on margin of this page and mail to

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.
598 East 69th Street, at East River, New York City
Inquire of special terms to professionals



TRY BEFORE YOU BUY

Select the bicycle you prefer from the 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous "Hanger" line. We send it on approval and 30 DAYS TRIAL, freight paid to your town. Return it if not pleased and the trial costs you nothing. Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing complete line of bicycles, tires and supplies, and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. H-217 CHICAGO, ILL.



A Complete Adding Machine for \$25

Try It Free for 20 Days
RAY Adding and Checking Machine



Adds with speed and accuracy of highest priced machines. Also directly subtracts. Eliminates errors. Is portable and handy for use on desk, ledger, etc. Used by U. S. Govt., B. & O. Ry., International Harvester Co., and thousands of business and professional men. Sent anywhere by parcel post upon request for 20 days free trial. Send no money, but write today.

The Ray Co.
Room 2121
220 W. 42 St.
N. Y. City

To Get and to Hold.

With **WARRANTON CHARTS**, with Statistics and Chronology, as your guide you can safely, and surely, increase both your principal and income. The **WARRANTON** method of mathematical business barometer readings is of the highest value to the Banker, Business-Man and Investor.

To Foresee is to Foretell.

They show future movements from today's causes, and direct your buying and selling foresight. Arranged by months. Each month \$1. Set of 12, \$10.

Particulars Sent Free.

Write for circular No. 21, or send one dollar for specimen month today.

FINANCIAL STATISTICS CORPORATION, Scranton Life Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Instructions

A soldier at the Front, who has occasion to send post-cards to a certain small town where there is an inquisitive postmistress, writes this caption on the top of the card: "Please forward after perusal."

Thank God!

Charles Lamb was once asked to say grace at a dinner. He was surprised and asked: "Is there no minister present?" He was told there was not. "Then," he continued, "let us thank God."

Irony

A stingy old lady presented the cabman with his exact legal fare and a stale bun, remarking that the latter was for himself. "Oh, thank ye, mum," said the cabby, sarcastically. "But ain't ye got a bit o'hay for the poor old 'oss?"

Not Necessarily

"One wife too many!" exclaimed Mrs. Wederly, as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist?" "Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without daring to look up.

Her Ear Was Tired

The young man had talked for ten or fifteen minutes without a break, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted: "Just a moment, Guy," she said. "What is it, Fleda?" "I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's tired."

An Easy Way to Raise Poultry

"What," said the lady who does her own marketing, "is the price of these chickens?" "A dollar and a quarter apiece, ma'am," replied the market woman. "Did you raise them yourself?" asked the lady. "Oh, yes, ma'am. They was only a dollar ten last week," was the reply.

He Forgot

Here is a "substitution" story from the San Francisco *Argonaut* that will take a lot of beating. It concerns a farmer who was given a shopwalker as a farm laborer. The first morning he said to his new hand, "Take a horse and go to the station for a load of potatoes." When he arrived the station agent said, "All right; but how are you going to take them without a cart?" "Dear me," said the man, "I've forgotten the cart."

It Would Scare Any Wolf

A rising young artist was showing a lady through his studio. "This picture," he said, stopping before one of his early efforts, "is one I painted to keep the wolf from the door." "Indeed!" replied the woman. "Then why don't you hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it?"

Bright Boston Pupil

"What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin. "It means the 'other I,'" responded a pupil. "Give me a sentence containing the phrase." "He winked his alter ego."—Boston Transcript.

She Had Not the Heart

A country woman came along the railway platform and sat on a seat beside a hospital nurse who was waiting for a train. With a sigh of relief she disposed of her

parcels and umbrella. Then, says *Answers*, she began to chat.

"Ah," she said, looking at the nurse's uniform admiringly, "I don't know what we'd do without the likes of you."

"Oh, you are too kind!" protested the nurse. "I'm sure you do things as worthy every day."

"Not me, miss," said the old lady. "I can kill a duck or fowl with the best—that I admit. But when it comes to human bein's, my heart fails me."

How It Happened

"The stage drivers in Yellowstone Park," says a Denver man, "are bothered by many foolish questions from their passengers, and often resort to satirical replies. Once a lady tourist who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs inquired:

"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the response. "A lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded."—*Harper's*.

A Proper Return

A non-commissioned officer entering a barrack-gate in Dublin was mistaken by a raw sentry who immediately saluted him.

The non-commissioned officer, unaware that his colonel was just behind, returned the salute, a thing not permissible in the circumstances. Arrived at his quarters, he was surprised to find an order for him to attend before the colonel. On presenting himself he was asked how he came to return the salute, knowing full well he was not entitled to it.

Not in the least embarrassed, he promptly answered: "Sir, I always return everything I am not entitled to."

The colonel, taken aback by his ready wit, laughingly dismissed him.—*Tit-Bits*.

Afraid He Might Enlist

General Pershing is fond of telling this story. It happened when he was on the Mexican border.

A regiment was marching by when it met a small, tow-headed, ragged Irish boy clinging to a moth-eaten, dilapidated donkey he had been riding, and which had become restless owing to the noise of the band. It was all the boy could do to hold the beast.

A joker in the ranks called out to the boy as he swung past:

"Say, kid, what are you holding your little brother so tight for?"

"Because," came the reply from the Irish kid, "he sees you guys and I'm afraid he might enlist."

An English Idea of American Humor

The following is clipped from *Tit-Bits*: Scene: An American storehouse. Enter a Yankee customer.

Customer: "Say, boss, have you got any red flannel shirts?"

Boss: "Waal, stranger, I guess I can just fit you out beautiful—now, here's a fine red flannel shirt, price two dollars—may I let you have half-a-dozen of these red flannel shirts for eleven dollars?"

Customer: "You may not; I'll take wan red flannel shirt, and if I like it I'll come back again for the other five at your reduced price."

Same scene three weeks later: Enter same customer.

Boss: "Waal, stranger, I guess you've come back for those other five red flannel shirts."

Customer: "I guess I have not, but I've come back for my two dollars. That red flannel shirt you sold me came back from the wash this morning—I put it on, and while I was brushing my hair, my wife said to me: 'Sam, where did you get that little coral necklace?'"

Will You Invest Your Money
With Uncle Sam Now?

or

Let Germany Take it
away From You Later?



BE practical. Look squarely at the facts. We will either invest our money with Uncle Sam now, at good interest rates, to help him win this war, or we will give it up later to pay Germany's war cost—and as much more as Germany chooses to collect. Invest in

U. S. GOV'T BONDS Third Liberty Loan

This space contributed to the Winning of the War by
GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO. - - AKRON, OHIO
through the Division of Advertising, U. S. Government Committee on Public Information.





These Young Men and Women and Many Others of the Same Type Are Working Their Way Through College

in accordance with a plan that you should know about if you are ambitious to win a college education—with all that it means to you in your future career—but lack the financial resources to put you through.

The CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

was established in 1908 and has helped thousands of students to pay their college expenses in amounts ranging from \$100 to \$3,500. Not a few have worked under the direction of this Fund during their four years at college. One young man actually put himself through his last year at preparatory school, then through Cornell, and is now defraying his expenses at the Harvard Law School by means of the splendid opportunities the Fund offers to those who have the energy and intelligence to profit by them. The Fund is

Endorsed by Many of the Most Prominent Educators of America

and the distinction of the men and women who serve on the supervising committee is a guarantee of the high plane on which it is conducted. The members of this committee are as follows:

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Ex-President of the United States

FRANKLIN K. LANE

Secretary of the Interior

JOHN H. FINLEY

Commissioner of Education, State of New York

MARY E. WOOLEY

President, Mt. Holyoke College

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD

Ex-President, Lafayette College

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Chancellor emeritus, Leland Stanford Jr. University

If you want a college education and cannot see your way clear to obtaining it, or if you are already in college and are hampered by lack of funds, write today for a copy of our booklet entitled

"THE OPEN DOOR TO A COLLEGE EDUCATION"

which gives you full particulars about the plan, with the names and photographs of many successful students with whom you may communicate if you wish. Writing for this booklet will place you under no obligation and will subject you to no interviews. A post card saying: "Send me the Open Door," with your name and address will do.

CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND, 65 W. 36th St., New York

